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THE GIRL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHILDHOOD

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I

THEY seem as a long garden at evening, these earliest years. The stalks of hollyhocks are silhouetted vaguely, and the outlines of rose-bushes blotched. The flowers have no color — only a deepening of the shadows here and there. But the air is filled with a sweet essence. It is the piquancy of old wonders. Why do men sow in the spring, and not at any other time of year? In winter it is so much colder, and they will need warm new clothes. How could the stork carry the awkward long-limbed calf which came to the Guernsey cow? Did the widow who cast into the treasury all that she had, even her living, have to go to the poor-house afterwards? How can your guardian angel fold her wings about the head of your bed, when it is pushed against the wall?

The minister was coming to dinner. Grandmother Crosby sent for me, so Olga put on my second-best dress and we drove over to the house in my pony cart. Lizzie opened the door for us. Her cheeks always made me think of the scum which formed on my glass of

hot milk. They were slick and white, with tiny lacy wrinkles. She wore a black dress with a high starched collar. Once I had been upstairs in her room on the fourth floor. My locket came unfastened, and when I picked it up my nails were filled with fine grit, and several long black hairs were wound about the chain. She shook me quite roughly when she saw them, and snatched the necklace out of my hand.

The minister was stout and short of breath. He darted his eyes round suddenly, and, when he thought no one was watching, jerked his forefinger to one nostril, and sniffed shrilly through the other. If somebody looked at him unexpectedly, he grew quite red, and made a queer, chuckling noise in his throat, trying to imitate the shrill sound.

During dinner he sat in grandpa's place at the foot of the table. Grandmother was at the other end, behind the great silver tea-kettle. Nobody paid any attention to me, and so I sat in my high chair, whispering softly, 'There were Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, and Abel got killed. — Dr. Gordon,' I asked abruptly, 'who did Cain marry?'

The minister set his cup down with a sharp little click, and, looking at grandmother, ran his fingers quickly through his hair.

'There are some pages missing from that particular portion of Genesis,' he said.

I did not like him, and was glad when Olga came to take me home.

Going away to heaven was different from going away to New York. People left their watches and their long fur coats and their Bibles at home. These were given to others. You were silly if you cried and protested as you saw the things being carried off by their new owners. He to whom they belonged was not coming back to ask for them. He would not use them again.

One day, while we were walking, Olga looked across the tracks at the lake. 'That is where poor grandfather is,' she said.

When we came home, I was crying. Mother told me that grandfather had gone to heaven. She sent me upstairs, and then she called Olga quite sharply. I did not hear what they talked about, but Olga shook me when she returned. Then she cried all day.

Several mornings later we were going down to grandma's. When mother opened the front door, a man was passing with newspapers under his arm. He was shouting loudly. Mother jerked me back and closed the door again until he had passed by.

Before we reached Grandmother Crosby's we had to push our way through a crowd of people. The street was filled with carriages. Some had men standing on the rims of the wheels. They craned their necks, and then stooped down and whispered to those beside them. Mother held me tightly by the shoulder. She had on a long black veil. As we were going up grandma's steps, an old woman with a shawl

over her head snatched at mother's dress. She had a wilted pink flower in her hand. Her face was wet and dirty.

'For him, ma'am, on his grave. *Ach, Gott!*' she said.

Mother took it, and we went on, into the house.

Once when we were out, Olga bought me a sugar bun. She told me not to tell mother. I had eaten away the brown rim to the frosting when a little boy asked me for a penny. I gave him my bun. He did not eat the sugar part slowly, as I should have done. He crammed it all in at once. It made a big bump on his throat when he swallowed it. 'But he won't taste the sweet,' I said to Olga. 'He is very hungry,' she replied. Then she asked him some questions and took him home with us to have coffee down in the kitchen.

After that, I did not believe in heaven any more. I thought I should have to come back to earth and be hungry like the little boy. He would return and live in a big house, and have lots to eat, as I did.

I decided that Aunt Ethel's baby must be grandpa. The stork brought him just after grandpa went away. Grandmother told me that grandpa was not always rich. He worked very hard when he was young, and so he would not have to be hungry when he came back. I made Olga walk with me beside the baby's carriage, because I wanted to see if he looked like grandpa. Once auntie brought him to the house, and they left me alone for a few minutes, playing beside him on the floor.

'Oh, grandpa, quickly!' I said. 'Talk to me now; they have all gone away.'

The baby stared and slowly blew a bubble on his lips. I held his shoulders so tightly that he finally began to cry. Then Aunt Ethel came back and took him home.

Sometimes I lived with grandmother. She always bathed me herself before she put me to bed. The bathtub was very long and deep. Grandmother stood on the step which ran beside it, with a big towel pinned about her. She held my neck tightly between her thumb and second finger, scrubbing me with her other hand. I slipped and fell from one side to the other, splashing the water high over the edges, so that, when she finally lifted me to the floor, the towel and her dress were drenched.

'There,' she would say, 'that is hardly better than a sponging-off. You won't sit still while I give you a real bath.'

I used to go to sleep wondering how she would give me a real bath.

For a long time I did not go over to see grandmother. Then, finally, Olga took me to her house again. Going upstairs and through the hall she made me walk very gently. Grandmother was lying in bed looking toward the door. When I saw her, I screamed loudly.

'Silly little thing!' she said. 'She has never seen me lying down.'

She put out her hand on the blanket with the palm turned up. When I ran over and hid my face in it, she moved her fingers slowly once or twice across my cheek.

'Stupid child,' she murmured; but her voice sounded pleased, and she told me to climb up on the bed beside her.

Everything you did your guardian angel wrote down in a little golden notebook which she wore around her neck. If you had a great many good deeds, perhaps you would not have to be quite so hungry afterwards, even if you had been happy and had had enough to eat before you died. Maybe, too, you could give away some of your kind acts to people who had only a few.

I loved Miss Agatha. She was pretty, and her dresses were soft, with colors like a soap-bubble. But Olga said they dripped the blood of the poor. I could never see any blood, but after that I always tried not to touch them. The summer I met Miss Agatha we were staying at the sea-shore. There were hundreds of butterflies lying on the beach, which, falling into the water, had been washed up by the waves. I used to carry them carefully to the warm dry sand. All morning I would do this.

'Please, God,' I said, when Olga called me to go home, 'tell Miss Agatha's angel that these good deeds are for her!'

While we were at the shore, mother let me stay up for a dance at the hotel. I sat in the ballroom between Olga and a young lady whom I did not know. She was talking very quickly to her partner, and laughing, with her head on one side. Presently I went out. I took my rabbit from its cage in the garden and ran down into the ravine. When Olga came, I was lying on the ground in my lace dress, with the rabbit pressed against my cheek. At first I would not speak to her.

'They tell lies in there,' I said at last; 'they don't mean what they say.' Then I began to cry loudly.

Olga laughed, and carried me upstairs to bed.

There came a time when Olga was always crying. She would lift me over into her bed early in the morning and, pulling my hair back, hold my head away from her on the pillow. Then she would look at me, and sigh and sigh. One afternoon mother took me to the circus. When we came back, I ran to tell Olga of the baby camel that I had seen. I could not find her. Her watch-case and the picture of her daughter

were missing from the bureau. She never came back.

That evening mother gave me my supper. Afterwards a strange lady in a long black coat came to see us. Mother put my hand into hers. 'This is your new governess, dear; you must call her Fräulein.'

'Fräulein,' I repeated, staring at her, and drawing away my hand.

'I guess, Miss Schmidt, you had better put Marian to bed now.'

I turned and buried my face in mother's gown, wailing loudly.

Fräulein had a black mole on one cheek. Generally two stiff hairs were growing out of its centre. When I kissed her good-night, they pricked my lips, so that I tried to walk up to her from the other side. It might make her feel badly to see me avoid them. She kept a little pair of tweezers in the back of her bureau drawer with which she used to pull the hairs out.

On Sunday afternoons, a young man came and called for her. Sometimes we met him in the park while we were walking. He always laughed a great deal. 'How is the little Miss to-day?' he would say, putting his hand on my shoulder. His handkerchief smelled of carnations. Before we reached home, Fräulein would make me promise not to tell mother that she had seen him.

One day they sat together on a bench and talked for a long time. I played by the pond with Jack, the little boy who lived next door. We pretended that the Spanish ships were coming. We were the Americans, and threw handfuls of mud into the water. A swan was passing, and some of my mud struck his white wing. When the battle was over I felt sorry for the swan because I had spoiled his clean feathers. Jack and I hunted a long time. We thought we could splash water at him and wash the mud off. But he had paddled away.

My feet were very wet when we came home from the pond. That night I had an ear-ache. I called mother because it was Fräulein's evening out. Next morning Fräulein would not speak to me. She pushed me away when I tried to kiss her. 'Go and tell your mother,' she said, 'that you were only pretending last night — your ear did not really ache. Then I will love you again.' All day she paid no attention to me. At bedtime I went and told mother as she had bade. Then Fräulein smiled and talked again. But I had told a lie and was very unhappy. After she had gone, I cried myself to sleep.

When I think of that night, I always remember the swan that swam away with the mud on his wing.

Jack was younger than I. If we played soldier, I was the captain. If we played train, I was the engine. I was the queen when we played fairies. Almost always he did as I told him. When he refused, we fought, rolling over and over on the grass. He was smaller, so that I beat him easily. One day he said he would not be coal-car any longer. He told me I was only a girl. Then I struck him on the cheek. Suddenly I was lying flat on my back. — 'Now get up,' Jack ordered. 'I am the engine.' I looked at him for a moment. Then I closed my eyes and lay perfectly still. He thought that I was dead and ran into the house screaming. When Fräulein came out, she jerked me to my feet and shook me. Jack was still crying. We played train again, and he let me be the engine.

After a while, Jack and I grew tired of playing engine and coal-car. He said that it was babyish. We decided to raise chickens. He took the tin cracker-box out of the pantry and I brought some candle-stubs. Jack's cook gave us an egg. We wrapped it in cotton and put it in one end of the tin box. Then

we put two of the candles at the other end. The next morning, the cotton was burned and the candles had gone out, but the egg felt heavier, so we kept lighted stubs in the box all day. At night the egg was very heavy. Jack said it must contain a rooster, but I wanted a hen because then we could get more eggs and hatch lots of chickens. We were afraid that it could n't get out, so we broke the shell. The egg was cooked hard and there was no chicken.

Jack loved toads. He used to build little fences of matches and poke his captives with a switch until they jumped over them. One day, he tossed one high above his head and tried to catch it. The toad turned a summersault, and its four legs waved in the air until it resembled a huge spider. It fell to the ground and lay perfectly still on its back, with the two front paws folded. They looked like a baby's hands. I began to cry and ran into the house. Pretty soon I heard Jack tiptoeing upstairs. He tried the knob, but my door was locked.

'Marian,' he called, 'only see what I have brought!'

Then I twisted the key slowly. Jack came in with a pop-corn bag in his hand. He carried it carefully to the bureau, and tipped it upside down. The toad hopped out, and squatted among my cologne bottles, blinking, with its toes turned in.

Fräulein gave me lessons for two years, and after that I went to school. When I came home from my walk in the afternoon, I would run upstairs to a corner of the attic and read. I liked books with big words and long sentences. I read the New Testament, and after that the Talmud, parts of the Koran, and Blackstone's *Commentaries*. I liked the latter best. I used to

learn its sentences by heart and say them over and over at night before I went to sleep. Once we went on a Sunday-school picnic to a deserted farmhouse. I climbed in through the window and found a copy of Robinson's *Elementary Law*. It was torn and yellow. I sat down on the floor behind the old wood-box. I did not hear them calling me outside. Finally one of the boys saw me through the window. I was walking up and down when they came in, repeating, 'Incorporeal real property embraces all those permanent rights which concern, or are annexed to, or are exercisable within, or result in the enjoyment of corporeal property.'

After a while I began to read novels too. I stole candle-ends from the pantry and hid them under my mattress. When Fräulein left me, I stuck them to the closet floor, where she could not see the light, and lay on my stomach with my face close to the book. Sometimes I acted out the characters. My favorite was a girl who kept a dance-hall in a western town. When her patrons grew familiar she boxed their ears. I used my long, brown school coat for the patrons.

When I read this story, we were living in a hotel. Fräulein used to let me sit downstairs for a while after supper, to listen to the music. A little boy with red hair always sat with me. One evening I asked him if my cheek was chapped. My face was very close to his. I waited breathlessly. 'Yes,' he said, 'right there,' and touched me gently. 'How dare you!' I screamed, and boxed his ear. 'Keep your dirty hands off!'

Fräulein jerked me upstairs and washed my mouth out with soap.

Helen Ware sat behind me in school. She was a Catholic, and when she came to spend the night with me she always knelt, for a long time, at the foot of the

bed, saying her prayers on a string of gold beads. Then we would talk together until almost morning.

One night I sat up suddenly.

'Helen,' I whispered, 'who would you rather be, Effie or Cleopatra?'

Effie was the maid who helped us to take off our wraps at school. She was small and very white. Her hair was thin, and the rims of her eyes were pink. She always wore a brown woolen dress, with a little gold cross hanging round her neck on a worn brown ribbon. All morning she would sit by the hall window, stitching white linen altar-covers for the church.

By the dim light of the night lamp, I could see Helen's round, surprised eyes, looking at me from the pillow.

'Why, Effie, of course!' she answered. 'She is a good, pious girl. Cleopatra was a very bad woman.'

'Well,' I said, lying down again with a flounce, 'I'd rather be Cleopatra.'

'Marian!' Helen gasped fearfully.

After this, there was a silence for several moments. Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

'Marian, dear,' she whispered, 'don't talk that way, because you know you don't mean it, and it sounds very wicked.'

'No,' I repeated stubbornly, 'I would rather be Cleopatra.'

Helen crawled out of bed slowly, and began to say her beads again. I fell asleep before she had finished. But presently, she shook me gently and awakened me.

'Marian,' she said, 'would you still rather be Cleopatra?'

'Of course,' I answered her.

I heard her sigh as she slipped back on the floor, and then I slept once more.

In about half an hour, she woke me again.

'Helen,' I said, solemnly this time, 'I would rather be Cleopatra, and have people love me, and fight great battles

over me, and go to hell afterwards, than be Effie, and wear brown dresses, and sew for the church, and sit on a cloud playing a gold harp when I died!'

She began to cry, with soft, slow little sobs, so that I put my arms around her when she had wiggled back under the covers. We did not speak again, and presently she fell asleep, her breathing broken now and then by a little jerk.

I used to think that if I tiptoed to the door of father's study, and jumped in suddenly, I might catch the bronze mask of Voltaire with his eyes open. I tried many times, but always I looked up again on the same smooth, gleaming surfaces of downcast lids. It hung on a dirty, red-plush panel over the organ. On the mantel stood a marble bust of Voltaire, and an etched portrait hung over the door. His works, and those of others about him, almost filled one of the bookcases which lined the room, reaching from floor to ceiling. I had my first lessons in French, learning to pronounce their names.

'La Bible enfin expliquée,' I would say, carefully pronouncing each syllable as it was spelled. Then father would laugh, and make me say the words again as he told me.

One afternoon, Miss Ellen came up to the study to talk to father. I sat on my little stool beside them, cutting out paper dolls. Miss Ellen was tired and gray. She lived across the river where the streets were always muddy and lined on either side with garbage-cans. The little children playing 'seek and find' used to crouch down in the bottom of them to hide. She and father were talking about a new kindergarten. Suddenly she bent down and laid her hand on my shoulder. Her voice sounded like crying, yet she laughed. 'Oh, honey,' she said, 'when you grow up,

if you go into settlement work, don't get lean and eager as I am.'

The words made me wonder, but the tones were like warm, soft arms which held me close.

Father got up, and walked to the window. 'I can understand your studying and reading, Ellen, but why in the name of reason must you go over and live in that place?' He spoke quickly and his eyes were very bright as he waved his arm about the book-lined room. 'Is n't your love for all of these big enough to fill your life?'

Miss Ellen closed her eyes slowly, and smiled, and shook her head. Before she went away that afternoon, she asked father to play. We sat together on the green plush sofa, listening, and she held my hand. Father had on his felt slippers and an old corduroy smoking-jacket. It was frayed at the cuffs, and one pocket was torn. Mother had given it to him years before.

While he played, he swayed back and forth. He never watched the keys, but fixed his eyes, which were very wide and blue, on the mask of Voltaire above the organ. He played continuously, running one theme into another. Sometimes it was his own music, and he would hesitate for a moment, searching for the proper harmony, and striking the notes softly and tentatively. Then, when the right one was found, he would smile gently, and nod his head. 'So,' he would whisper to himself. Sometimes, if the strain pleased him particularly, he repeated it several times, insistently.

Afterwards I could never hum the things which father played. They made me think of colors. Sometimes the notes were soft, dull colors, shading one into another. Then again they were brilliant, and sharply divided, like patches in a crazy quilt. They made pictures. But when I asked him what the pictures were, he would laugh and

shake his head. He could not speak them.

To-day the music was gay.

'See now, I will play away your hungry babies and sad-eyed women,' he said to Miss Ellen.

I knew not how or why, but suddenly hot tears were rolling down my cheeks, and I buried my face in Miss Ellen's lap. Her fingers stroked my hair as she bent over me. 'You are like him,' she whispered, 'very like him, — but, darling, through your whole life remember this — it means *responsibility*.'

Across the years that have gone, those notes come back — dancing, rollicking still, to fall on the heart's ear in the plaintive minor of that afternoon. Again they bring tears, and again I hear Miss Ellen's whisper, but I know now why I cry.

II

I called aloud in the forest, and the shout came back. Then I searched long, to find who answered me — but the sound had no source. I followed the will-o'-the-wisp through swamps at evening. It led me hither and yon, but I came nowhere. It was only the ghost of a light. I saw an apple hanging in the depths of a pool. I stooped to pick it, and laved my hands in the water. The apple had no form. This is dream-life.

First there was Margaret. She wore hoopskirts, curls, and a cameo brooch. Her face was like Miss Agatha's, and she had a voice that seemed to cuddle you, like Miss Ellen's. Fräulein always put a chair for her at the foot of the table during my supper-time. I used to knock when I went into the dressing-room before breakfast, because Margaret was getting dressed

there. At night she would sit beside my bed, while I told her of everything that I had done during the day. Sometimes she would stroke my hair and laugh, and sometimes she became very angry.

Once, on Fräulein's day out, Jack and I took five cents out of mother's purse. There were five more in his pocket. We went around the corner to the drug-store for a soda. It was the first time we had ever had one. When the man asked us what flavor we wanted, I looked anxiously at Jack, who kicked his toe against the counter, and took the other nickel from his pocket. Then he smiled suddenly, holding it out to the man. 'We'll take the best you've got,' he said. The man laughed, and gave us chocolate, with two big spoonfuls of ice cream.

That night I told Margaret. The following afternoon I was going to a birthday party. She said I must stay home in bed. For a long time I begged her to forgive me, but she only shook her head. Then I became very angry, and stamped my foot. 'You're nothing but a pretend!' I said to her. 'Go to the party,' she answered quietly, 'but I shall leave you, and never come back.'

The next day, I watched Fräulein lay out my lace dress and pink sash. Then she came over and started to unfasten the rags in my hair. I turned away abruptly. 'I'm not going.'

'Hm,' she replied, 'take care, or I'll not curl your hair, and you will really have to stay at home.'

'I'm going to, anyway,' I said.

Fräulein stared at me. 'Well, where do you expect to go?' she scoffed.

'To bed,' I answered shortly.

When at last she had dressed me in my nightgown, with my hair braided, and had gone away muttering to herself, I crawled under the covers, and hid my tears in the pillow. 'There was

a Punch-and-Judy show, and a grab-bag, and —'

Then Margaret came to sit beside me. I buried my head under the sheet, but at last I turned over and took her hand, and, holding it, fell asleep.

In a cabinet near father's organ stood a small squat bottle of stones. A missionary had brought them from the Jordan. Once, when father was away, I took one out. It was clear and purple, with a smooth surface, across which straggled a faint blue vein. I held it in the palm of my hand, while shivers of awe ran up and down my back. Perhaps Jesus had trod upon it as he waded out into the river! It would have wonderful powers to heal sickness and work miracles, like the bones or pieces of wood we read about in books.

When I went upstairs I took the stone with me. All afternoon I sewed tiny bags to carry it, on a chain around my neck. I made a pink satin one from a bit of ribbon that mother had given me; another of white leather from an old kid glove; and a third of chamois, with blue cross-stitching, for rainy days. While I sewed, I decided that I must have precious ointment or lotion in which to wash it every evening. I could think of nothing worthy, until I pricked my finger and a tiny spot of blood appeared. Then I sprang up, and ran downstairs to ask the cook for a knife. I had had a sign from heaven.

When I came up again, I closed the door carefully. Then I shut my eyes, and pressed the blade down on my finger. It was very dull. I tried once more, sawing it slowly back and forth. My knees trembled, and there was a little beaded rim of perspiration above my upper lip. At last the knife went through the skin. A drop of blood spurted out, and trickled along my finger, to drip from its tip into the clean,

empty medicine bottle which I had ready. I squeezed the cut until the whole glass bottom was covered with blood. Then I filled the bottle half full of water.

Every evening I washed my stone in the pale brown lotion. At school, we thought of it as something very wonderful. When the girls took it from the little pink bag they always held it fearfully in the centre of their palms. I let Eleanor, my best friend, wear it during spelling class, but I kept it for geography and Latin.

One summer, at the seashore, Jack and I pretended we were knights. He was Launcelot, and I was Galahad. Mother gave us each a tin helmet and breastplate, and father made us oak swords with leather guards. We decided to keep watch over our armor all night. After Fräulein had turned down the lights, I climbed out of bed and propped my sword against the wall, with the other arms beside it. Then I knelt before them. The clock ticked on and on, and finally cuckooed nine times. Outside, beyond the hotel porch, the waves rolled back and forth along the shore. The shade flapped against the window, and in the hall I could hear Fräulein conning French verbs. My knees became very stiff, and I swayed slightly. Then everything grew suddenly still. When I woke up, the light over the transom had gone, and it was very quiet, save for the clock and the waves. I lay on the floor, with my arms around the helmet. Picking it up, I clambered drowsily into bed, and tucked the covers about the smooth, cold tin.

One day, on the beach, another little girl asked to play with us. She said she would be Sir Percival. 'Then you must be honorable and fearless,' we told her.

Presently she jumped out to a rock,

about which the waves swept in shallow, gray currents.

'I vow by the Holy Grail that I shall stay here for three minutes,' she called.

I held my breath while Jack took out his little silver watch.

'One minute gone —' he said at last.

Then a big wave came, and splashed upon the rock. Sir Percival turned and sprang for the shore. Jack and I looked at each other, wide-eyed with dismay. I think we expected her to be struck by lightning. She stood there smiling sheepishly, but nothing happened. Then we picked up our swords and walked away. We never spoke to her again.

One afternoon we were having a tournament in the casino. Jack's sword slipped and struck Billy Fargo on the head. Billy sat in the middle of the ballroom floor, with his face turned away from us. There was a splash of blood on his sleeve. We did not dare speak to him or touch him, for fear that he would cry. Knights never cried. Presently somebody looked in at the casino door. We forgot all about Billy, and stared at the newcomer. It was the great actor from New York, who had ridden down to spend the day with my uncle. He still wore khaki riding breeches and an English army coat. His hair was heavy and black, and he had dark gray eyes. There was a twinkle in them just now, and his lips wore a little twisted smile as he came over to Billy. We parted silently to each side, still staring. Then he bent down, gathered Billy into his arms, to fling him over his shoulder like a meal-bag, and strode out of the door. From the window we watched him go down the terrace to the bay, and aboard my uncle's sail-boat. Faintly there reached us from across the gardens the jerky squeaking of the pulley, as he and Billy lifted the mainsail.

After that, I thought of what had happened in the casino many times. I called him Jim — I did not know why.

One night I was lying in bed making up pictures. There was a log shack on the edge of a muddy, straggling river. Beyond were low sand-hills, purple and yellow in the sunset. I knew this, because I had seen it all from a train window two years before. A grindstone stood beside the stoop, with a tin wash-basin hanging on the nail above it. There was a bench against the house wall, made of a split log. A man in khaki riding breeches was sitting there. He was whittling, and the shavings lay scattered about his feet. He had heavy black hair and gray eyes. Men in my pictures always looked like Jim now. Before him was a boy. Suddenly I jumped out of bed, and stood shivering in my nightgown in the middle of the room, turning an imaginary hat round and round in my hands.

'Please, boss,' I said, 'I want a job.'

Jim looked up slowly. 'Who are you?' he asked.

I told him 'Karpeles.'

Then he smiled his queer little twisted smile. 'That's quite a name for a small boy.'

I tried hard not to jump up and down in my excitement. He really thought that I was a boy.

'It was my grandfather's name,' I muttered, apologetically.

'Well, Karpeles,' Jim asked, 'what can you do?'

There was silence for a moment, then, 'Please, please take me, boss,' I begged, still twisting the hat; 'I'll be Martha and Mary too.'

And so I went to live with Jim, and dream-life became very full.

When we came back to the city, I told Jack about the boss. He said he wanted to work for him too. We pre-

tended that Grandmother Crosby's stable was the barn and outbuildings of the ranch. There was a trap-door in the floor which led to the potato cellar. We fastened a rope to an iron ring above, and lowered it into the hole. Then, through the long fall afternoons, we climbed up and down, up and down, bearing imaginary bags on our shoulders. We were loading the wagons to go into Maverick with the season's sugar-beet crop. When finally the cellar was emptied, we ran back and forth in the yard, lashing the air with long black whips. Here was the corral. We were breaking in Jim's ponies.

The shack had only one room. There was a big fireplace at the end, with shelves on either side. On the floor were bear- and deer-skins. In the centre stood a crooked table. A double bed with log posts was in the corner against the wall. It was covered with red woolen blankets and a buffalo skin. Jim and I slept here. When the nights were very cold, I used to double the comforter and put it all on one side of the bed. I took my school coat from the closet, and laid it over myself. It made Fräulein very angry when she came in next morning. She told me that they locked crazy people in iron cells.

One night there was a blizzard. Jim did not come home. After Fräulein had gone out, I put a candle-stub in the window. The clock cuckooed eleven and then twelve. Still he had not come. At last I heard his horse in the snow outside. He was very cold. All night he tossed back and forth muttering. I sat in an arm-chair beside the bed. When Fräulein came at seven to close the windows, I had fallen asleep. She jerked me by the shoulders and shook me. I crawled into bed without speaking to her, and put my arms around

Jim. He was much better, and said he would not die. Then I laughed. 'He's all right now,' I told Fräulein. 'I don't care what you do to me.'

She turned away. 'Disgusting, indecent child!' she said.

But I was very happy then, and the words held no wonder.

One Saturday, Eleanor and her twin sister Lucy came for luncheon. Afterwards we sat upstairs in my playroom and made bags for the purple stone. The twins were fourteen and I was only thirteen, so that I felt very proud that Eleanor was my best friend.

We had been sewing quietly for several minutes. Presently Lucy turned to her sister. 'Is n't it nice that Mrs. Fargo is going to have a baby?' she said.

Eleanor scowled and raised her eyes suddenly. They met mine, and she dropped them again to her work. She did not answer.

Lucy went on with her sewing; she took careful, prim little stitches. 'Don't be an idiot, Eleanor,' she remarked.

My piece of satin lay in my lap. 'Lucy,' I said, after a while, and it seemed as if I were listening to somebody else speak. 'Why do you think that the stork is going to bring Mrs. Fargo a new baby?'

Lucy smiled. 'Really, you do not believe that silly stuff any longer?'

'Shut up, Lucy,' said Eleanor suddenly.

Her sister shrugged her shoulders. Then she looked at me deliberately. 'I know that Mrs. Fargo is going to have a baby,' she said, 'because she has let out all of her dresses. She only wears loose ones now.'

The cuckoo clock ticked comfortably on. Beneath, in the street, a hurdy-gurdy suddenly began its pulsating, metallic jargon. The lame houseman was thumping unrhythmically up the back stairs. Finally I folded my sewing slowly, and put it in the drawer. Leaning over Lucy's chair, I slipped my arms about her neck, and laid my cheek against hers.

'I want you to tell me everything now,' I begged.

There was a long silence. Eleanor did not look up again.

'All right,' said Lucy at last, and I sat down before her.

'Well,' she began, and then stopped. Her face was very pink, and she turned away her head. 'I cannot talk if you stare at me so,' she said crossly.

After that, I kept my eyes fixed on a figure in the carpet, and she went on, monotonously, with many pauses.

That night seemed very long. Once I screamed, and sobbed Jim's name. Fräulein came running in. She switched on the light, and stood blinking, in her pink flannel nightgown.

'I had a bad dream,' I told her, and hid my face in the pillow.

She came over and tucked my covers tighter. 'I will leave your door open,' she said, and patted me roughly on the shoulder. 'Now close your eyes like a good girl, and go to sleep.'

When she left, the room seemed emptier than ever. At last I got up, and tiptoed down stairs to the guest-room. There were two beds there.

I curled up on the lace counterpane and fell asleep. When I woke up, the sun was shining. My head was on the other pillow, and my arms were stretched out across the other bed.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEXICAN POLICY

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

CONTRARY to a view which has many supporters, President Wilson's Mexican policy has now for the first time approached its supreme test. The situation in Mexico has emerged from the conflict between the old elements which were having at each other's throats in the early days. For a time at least a government exists in the war-worn Republic with which the government of the United States has declared itself happy to maintain relations of amity. Facilitation of the establishment of such a government has, from its very beginning, been the chief aim of Mr. Wilson's much misunderstood Mexican policy. It will soon become possible for the first time to judge this policy in the light of its own ideals. The situation has come to the point where one epoch may be said to have ended—a suitable moment for assessment and review, for separating fact from opinion, and, above all, for reestablishing the perspective.

The coloring of intellectual dishonesty which is present in most political debates has been particularly evident in the discussion of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy. On the one hand, so much has been said disapprovingly of the government's policy of 'inaction' as to leave the impression, seemingly inescapable, that the President's critics advocated armed intervention—a course absolutely at variance with the policy of the American government five years ago, when five American citizens were murdered and eleven wounded by Mex-

icans at Douglas, Arizona. On the other hand, men of no less seasoned judgment than Senator Lodge have chosen to regard the policy as grounded in animosity against General Victoriano Huerta, and have permitted this fallacy to extend through their consideration of all developments in Mexico in the past three years. Withal, Mr. Wilson's critics have utterly ignored the vital relationship between his Mexican policy and the policy of Pan-Americanism.

The most damaging criticism of Mr. Wilson's policy has come from persons who, like Mr. Roosevelt, hold the President guilty of a sort of interference in Mexican affairs and argue that because he interfered he should be held responsible for a continuance of disturbances in Mexico. Mr. Roosevelt said in a special article published in the *New York Times* December, 1914: 'Unless President Wilson was prepared actively to interfere in Mexico and to establish some sort of protectorate over it, he had no more business to pass judgment upon the methods of Mr. Huerta's selection'—which had occurred prior to Mr. Wilson's advent to power—'than Mexico would have had to refuse to recognize Mr. Hayes as President on the ground that it was not satisfied with his economic policy and, moreover, sympathized with Mr. Tilden's side of the controversy.' Mr. Wilson is thus held responsible for inopportune interference and inaction at times of necessity.

The charges that the President's pol-

icy was dictated in its origin by animosity and that his refusal to recognize General Huerta constituted an act of voluntary interference, I am disposed to put aside with little argument. His opposition to the Provisional President was as impersonal as is always the conflict between an ideal and an obstruction. As for the charge that Mr. Wilson interfered unwarrantably in refusing recognition, I think it needs only to be said that before Mr. Wilson entered into office the President of the United States was inevitably responsible for exerting an influence favorable or unfavorable to a head of the Mexican government establishing himself in the manner of Huerta's accession to power. That responsibility existed because of our habitual relationship with Mexico. President Wilson could not in the circumstances escape the exertion of an influence favorable or unfavorable to the new administration at the city of Mexico. It would have been interference, just as potent and just as evident, for him to have recognized Huerta, for that would practically have assured the establishment of the dictator's power. If we must accept the definition of the first step in the President's Mexican policy as 'interference,' we must condition it upon the declaration that the choice between two policies of interference was forced upon him. We must discuss subsequent happenings with this fact in mind. The policy must be judged by its outcome, and not condemned because of this fault in its initiation.

Realizing, then, that the United States must exert a measurable influence for or against the cause of constitutional government in Mexico, Mr. Wilson chose first to withhold the support of the United States from the Huerta administration, and later partially to extend the moral support of the government to the cause of consti-

tutional government in Mexico. It is at this point that many persons, whose honest thinking has compelled them to accede the foregoing, initiate their criticisms. Several friends of Mr. Wilson based their counseling of a change of policy in 1913, not on the ground that he was guilty of interference, but that he was neglecting the readiest means of assuring the safety of American citizens and their property in Mexico — namely, by recognizing and giving strength to the Huerta régime, which gave promise of the iron-handed quality of the Diaz government. If Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy is to be judged solely in the light of the old precept of international relations, that the sole aim of a government's international policy should be the protection of its own citizens and their interests, it cannot be defended. It is true that the policy to which Mr. Wilson has adhered in holding off from Mexican affairs except where the unquestionable responsibility of this government was involved, and then exerting our influence with the hope of aiding the constitutionalists' cause, was possible only through a certain neglect of the material interests of some American citizens.

Two resolutions have been uppermost in the mind of President Wilson in respect to Mexico. In the first place, he believed it the duty of the foremost republic of the world to promote the cause of liberty in Mexico, where it might be practicable to do so, and to secure for the Mexican people a free opportunity to fight their way to a peace based on freedom. His second purpose was that the United States itself should remain at peace and on relations of friendship with all the other republics of this Hemisphere, besides Mexico. It was necessary in the circumstances, he thought, that American property owners in Mexico should fore-

go for a time insistence upon the vigorous assertion of their rights on the part of the government of the United States. With these fallacies set aside and Mr. Wilson's purposes clearly in mind, we may set out upon an examination of the events in which the Mexican policy was unfolded, without fear of committing ourselves to a biased judgment. We shall see whether or not these incidents present themselves as logical steps in the development of a high policy, clung to with an amazing measure of moral courage, at times when there existed a strong temptation for the President to yield to popular clamor and at the same time serve his own political fortunes by sending the American army into Mexico.

II

It is interesting to look back now to the first days of the Wilson administration, with its optimism and confidence in the ideals of international polity which it purposed to apply in its direction of the country's foreign relations. Among the tasks which faced Mr. Wilson, none pressed for so immediate consideration as that growing out of the complicated situation in Mexico. Francisco I. Madero, that weak idealist, had been overthrown and put to death illegally within a few weeks of Mr. Wilson's inauguration on March 4, 1913. His overthrow was accomplished by the treachery of his commanding general, Victoriano Huerta, who, leading the Federal army, deserted the President in the midst of a revolutionary movement begun by Felix Diaz, nephew of Mexico's former President, and formed a coalition with him. Huerta had become the dominant personality among the insurrectionaries. His betrayal of the President under whom he served was made tragically complete February 16, 1913, when

Madero and his Vice-President, Pino Suarez, were taken from the place of their imprisonment and illegally put to death. Affairs were in a serious state. Horrors of assassination and the implacable treatment of its enemies by the Huerta government were described daily in the United States. In addition, reports were in circulation that the American Ambassador, Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, had given evidences of friendliness to the new government.

The final step in the setting of the stage for the Mexican problem of the Wilson administration came February 19, 1913, when Huerta assumed the provisional presidency, having complied technically with the provision of the constitution of the Republic by succeeding Madero's Minister of the Interior and following him in control of the executive power upon his pre-arranged resignation. With fine sensibility, Mr. Taft refrained from taking any decisive step so short a time before his successor was to take office. His only utterance on Mexico was in a speech at Washington, February 26, in which he said, —

'We must not in a case like Mexico — for it differs from the Central American Republics — take such action as shall give them to believe that we are moved by selfish purposes, or arouse them to opposition to us. We must avoid in every way that which is called intervention, and use all the patience possible, with the prayer that some power may arise there to bring about peace throughout that great country. . . . But I have no sympathy — none at all, and the charge of cowardice does not frighten me — with that which prompts us for purposes of exploitation and gain to invade another country and involve ourselves in a war the extent of which we could not realize and the sacrifice of thousands of lives and of millions of treasure.'

It is also to be remembered that Mr. Taft had thrown the weight of his administration against an intervention resolution introduced in the Senate in March, 1912, on the occasion of the killing of a number of American citizens at the Arizona border.

This was the status of the Mexican situation when President Wilson, on March 4, 1913, became responsible for the direction of the foreign policy of the American government. To the President one fact appeared to be of paramount importance to a government which planned to gauge its policy with a high sense of its moral as well as its legal international obligations. That was the fact that Huerta's accession to the presidency was made possible through the overthrow and the unlawful death of President Madero and Vice-President Suarez, at a time when they were in prison under Huerta's order and entitled to the fullest measure of protection which the Huerta government could give. There have been long and dreary debates in the United States since that time as to the responsibility of Huerta for the death of these two men. But it is no longer doubted that they were slain by the hands of those who thought to please Huerta and who were intrusted with a large degree of authority by him. The solidification of opinion on this point is, I think, best indicated by the utterance of Senator Lodge in a Senate debate a year ago: 'The manner of their death has never been made perfectly clear, but that they were unlawfully killed is, I think, beyond doubt.'

The President did not hesitate over the decision of the problem awaiting him. It was just eight days after he assumed control of the executive affairs of this government that he issued a formal statement of his administration's policy for Latin-American affairs. 'Cooperation is possible,' said the Presi-

dent, 'only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government based upon law, not upon arbitrary or irregular force. . . . We cannot have sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambitions. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interests of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provisions.' It was the service of notice to the civilized world that President Wilson would not recognize the government of Victoriano Huerta or that of any other ruler in Latin America whose accession to power was made possible through the forceful deposing or assassination of his constitutional predecessor.

A new revolution was started within two weeks after the issuance of the President's declaration of policy. It aimed to overthrow the Huerta government and establish a constitutional government in its place. The movement was headed by Venustiano Carranza, Governor of Coahuila, who had refused to recognize the legality of the Huerta government from the very first. Before the end of March, Carranza had published the plan of Guadalupe, which was a declaration of purpose of the constitutionalist movement. Carranza went to Northern Mexico, and there he assembled military forces for the revolt and undertook the responsibility of leadership. The Carranza movement was recognized in the United States as representing the democratic ideal in Mexico.

For several months, during which the fortunes of the revolutionists continued to rise and the lives and fortunes of Americans in Mexico were being subjected to cumulative depredations,

the President remained quiescent. Early in the ensuing summer, however, he dispatched Mr. John Lind to Mexico on the important mission of seeking the withdrawal of General Huerta and the reconciliation of the Federal and the Carranzista factions in a manner that would surely promote the cause of constitutional government in the southern Republic. Mr. Lind bore written instructions from the President of the United States, which he proceeded to communicate to General Huerta. Submission of the instructions followed a series of conferences with the Mexican Foreign Minister, during which Mr. Lind tactfully endeavored to pave the way for the consideration of the American demands by expressions of the friendship and unselfish spirit that animated the United States. The communication transmitted through Lind insisted that a settlement satisfactory to the United States must be conditioned on:—

(a) An immediate cessation of fighting throughout Mexico; a definite armistice solemnly entered into and scrupulously observed; (b) Security given for an early and free election in which all should agree to take part; (c) The consent of Gen. Huerta to bind himself not to be a candidate for election as President of the Republic at this election; and (d) The agreement of all parties to abide by the results of the election and coöperate in the most loyal way in organizing and supporting the new administration.

The government of the United States pledged itself to facilitate a settlement on these grounds and 'to recognize and in every way possible and proper to assist the administration chosen and set up in Mexico in the way and on the conditions suggested.'

These demands were rejected August 16, 1913, by Señor Gamboa, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, in

a communication which attracted attention in the United States by its subtle sarcasm and capable statement of the technical aspects of international law which weighed against the American position.

The President appeared before Congress August 27, 1913, to deliver a special address describing 'the deplorable posture' of affairs in Mexico and setting forth what this government had done in an effort to improve conditions. After a spirited declaration that the United States would yet prove to the Mexican people 'that we know how to serve them without first thinking how we shall serve ourselves,' the President spoke of the great gifts the future might have in store for Mexico, provided only that she 'attain the paths of honest constitutional government.'

'The present circumstances of the Republic,' the President regretfully said, 'do not seem to promise even the foundation of such a peace. We have waited many months, months full of peril and anxiety, for the conditions there to improve and they have not improved; they have grown worse, rather. The territory in some sort controlled by the provisional authorities at Mexico City has grown smaller, not larger. . . . Difficulties more and more entangle those who claim to constitute the legitimate government of the Republic. They have not made good their claim in fact. Their successes in the field have proved only temporary. War and disorder, devastation and confusion, seem to threaten to become the settled fortunes of the distracted country.' As a friend, the President thought the United States could not have waited longer than it did to tender its good offices.

It was then that the policy of 'watchful waiting' was enunciated. 'We cannot thrust our good offices upon them,' said Mr. Wilson to Congress. 'The sit-

uation must be given a little more time to work itself out in the new circumstances; and I believe that only a little time will be necessary. For the circumstances are new. The rejection of our friendship makes them new and will inevitably bring its own alterations in the old aspect of affairs.

'We can afford to exercise the self-restraint of a really great nation, which realizes its own strength and scorns to misuse it,' continued the President. 'It was our duty to offer our active assistance. It is now our duty to show what true neutrality will do to enable the people of Mexico to set their affairs in order again and wait for a further opportunity to offer our friendly counsels.'

In pursuance of that 'true neutrality' which the President mentioned, he informed Congress that he would clamp down an embargo on the exportation of arms or munitions of war to any section in Mexico, holding that: 'We cannot in the circumstances be the partisans of either party to the contest that now distracts Mexico, or constitute ourselves the virtual umpire between them.' The administration continued to keep in close touch with Mexican developments, sending various special agents to Mexico; but the policy of 'watchful waiting' was adhered to with consistency. In his annual message to Congress December 2, 1913, the President said:—

'There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until General Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico; until it is understood on all hands, indeed, that such pretended governments will not be countenanced or dealt with by the government of the United States. We are the friends of constitutional government in America; we are more than its friends, we are its champions; because in no other way can our neighbors, to whom we would

wish in every way to make proof of our friendship, work out their own development in peace and liberty. Mexico has no government. The attempt to maintain one at the City of Mexico has broken down, and a mere military despotism has been set up which has hardly more than the semblance of national authority. It originated in the usurpation of Victoriano Huerta, who, after a brief attempt to play the part of constitutional president, has at last cast aside even the pretense of legal right and declared himself dictator.

'As a consequence, a condition of affairs now exists in Mexico which has made it doubtful whether even the most elementary and fundamental rights either of her own people or of the citizens of other countries resident within her territory can long be successfully safeguarded, and which threatens, if long continued, to imperil the interests of peace, order, and tolerable life in the lands immediately to the south of us. Even if the usurper had succeeded in his purposes, in despite of the constitution of the Republic and the rights of its people, he would have set up nothing but a precarious and hateful power, which could have lasted but a little while, and whose eventual downfall would have left the country in a more deplorable condition than ever. But he has not succeeded. He has forfeited the respect and the moral support even of those who were at one time willing to see him succeed. Little by little he has been completely isolated. By a little every day his power and prestige are crumbling and the collapse is not far away. We shall not, I believe, be obliged to alter our policy of watchful waiting. And then, when the end comes, we shall hope to see constitutional order restored in distressed Mexico by the concert and energy of such of her leaders as prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions.'

The succeeding months saw, with the continuance of the policy of 'watchful waiting,' the development of a feeling of friendliness between the Wilson administration and the faction headed by General Carranza—a development that was inevitable from the attitude the Wilson administration had taken in the previous year. It is unnecessary to cite the numerous incidents in which this friendliness was evidenced. Carranza was conducting an orderly civil government in the larger portion of the territory which the constitutionalist army had conquered in Northern Mexico. The constitutionalist government was operating the railroads and telegraph lines and issuing money. Some outrages were committed, but for the most part the constitutionalist government protected foreigners. Carranza himself devoted his energies to the establishment of the executive power as separate from that of the army in the territory controlled, as well as to the centralization and unification of the three branches of the constitutionalist military campaign.

The way toward a settlement of Mexican affairs satisfactory to the United States did not seem clear in this period, however. Huerta had not succeeded in bending to his will the faction opposing him in Northern Mexico; but, despite the military successes of this faction and the frankly avowed disapproval of the United States, his hold upon the Federal military forces and the executive power at Mexico City seemed secure for a long time to come. Serious discussion was heard of a suggestion that a separate republic be established in Northern Mexico—a discussion made possible only by a realization that a deadlock was threatened.

Then came a sudden accession of activity on the part of the United States. The new epoch began with an insult

to the American flag by the Huertista forces at the city of Tampico, coming as the culmination of a series of unpleasant incidents due to the unfriendliness of Huerta's followers to the United States or their inability to carry out the national obligation of protecting the lives and property of Americans. The President discussed these developments in a special message delivered to Congress April 20, 1914, saying in reference to the Tampico incident:—

'On the 9th of April a paymaster of the U.S.S. Dolphin landed at the Iturbide Bridge landing at Tampico with a whaleboat and boat's crew to take off certain supplies needed by his ship, and while engaged in loading the boat was arrested by an officer and squad of men of the army of General Huerta. Neither the paymaster nor any one of the boat's crew was armed. Two of the men were in the boat when the arrest took place and were obliged to leave it and submit to be taken into custody, notwithstanding the fact that the boat carried, both at her bow and at her stern, the flag of the United States. The officer who made the arrest was proceeding up one of the streets of the town with his prisoners when met by an officer of higher authority, who ordered him to return to the landing and await orders; and within an hour and a half from the time of the arrest orders were received from the commander of the Huertista forces at Tampico for the release of the paymaster and his men. The release was followed by apologies from the commander and later by an expression of regret from General Huerta himself. General Huerta urged that martial law obtained at the time at Tampico; that orders had been issued that no one should be allowed to land at the Iturbide Bridge; and that our sailors had no right to land there. Our naval commanders at the port had not been notified of any such prohibi-

tion; and even if they had been, the only justifiable course open to the local authorities would have been to request the paymaster and his crew to withdraw and to lodge a protest with the commanding officer of the fleet. Admiral Mayo regarded the arrest as so serious an affront that he was not satisfied with the apologies offered, but demanded that the flag of the United States be saluted with special ceremony by the military commander of the port.'

The incident at Tampico, said the President, could not be regarded as a trivial one, or attributed to the ignorance or arrogance of a single officer, inasmuch as it followed a series of incidents which had created the impression that General Huerta's representatives 'were willing to go out of their way to show disregard for the dignity and rights of this Government.' The incidents cited by the President included the arrest and temporary imprisonment of a mail orderly from the battleship *Minnesota*, at Vera Cruz, and the withholding of an official dispatch from the State Department to the Embassy at Mexico City by the authorities of the telegraphic service. The President declared his belief that these affronts had been perpetrated in retaliation for the refusal of the United States to recognize Huerta as the Constitutional Provisional President. Because of the extent and inspiration of the offenses the President thought it not only improper, but dangerous, to accept merely formal apologies. It was necessary, he said, that the apologies of General Huerta and his representatives should go much further; that they should impress General Huerta with the necessity of seeing to it that no further occasion for explanation and for professed regrets should arise. 'I, therefore, feel it my duty to sustain Admiral Mayo in the whole of his demand,' said the President, 'and to

insist that the flag of the United States shall be saluted in such a way as to indicate a new spirit and attitude on the part of the Huertistas.'

Huerta had ignored an ultimatum from the United States demanding a salute to be given without condition as to its being returned, and had given passports to Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the American *chargé d'affaires* at Mexico City.

Before going to the Congress, the President had sent a message to Admiral Mayo sustaining his demand for a salute to the flag and had ordered the United States Atlantic fleet to sail southward under sealed orders. In addressing the Congress he asked the adoption of a resolution expressing the approval by the legislative branch of the government of his intention 'to utilize the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such extent as might be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States.' The resolution was passed by the House with little question. The Senate objected to the naming of Huerta in the resolution and caused it to be stricken out. In despite of the fact that the American fleet was then known to be nearing Vera Cruz; that ships from the squadron already in Mexican waters at the time of the Tampico incident were gathered off the Mexican port; that rumors were afloat that the government might feel compelled to prevent forcefully the landing of a great consignment of arms which were then due in Vera Cruz on the German steamer *Ypiranga*, the opposition to the President in the Senate indulged in many criticisms of his policy and endeavored to change the purpose of the venture on which the government was about to embark from that of securing reparation for the insult to the flag to a campaign for the redress of

the wrongs done American citizens in Mexico.

Before the Senate passed the resolution Admiral Mayo had seized Vera Cruz. The seizure was accomplished early in the morning of April 21, after the death of nineteen American sailors and about one hundred additional casualties. Several hundred Mexicans were killed in the shelling of the city which preceded the landing.

The President refused to permit the American forces to continue their military operations after seizing Vera Cruz. It was as if a strong man, hearing himself insulted, had struck one blow and thereupon held the offender motionless in his grasp. When the United States had been in comparatively peaceful occupation of the Mexican port for a week or more, Mr. Wilson accepted the good offices of the diplomatic representatives of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile at Washington, to mediate the differences between the United States and Mexico. Carranza refused to send delegates to the ensuing conference at Niagara Falls, so that the mediation accomplished little toward the immediate pacification of Mexico, though it was highly efficacious in inspiring new confidence in our motives among the republics of this hemisphere.

The seizure of Vera Cruz did not prevent the Ypiranga's consignment of arms from reaching the Huertistas, for it was landed at Puerto, Mexico, and shipped over the Tehuantepec railroad to Mexico City. Nor did the seizure procure the reparation for the insult to our flag which the President had in mind to ask. It did strike a blow against the Huerta régime which it could not survive.

President Wilson took the embargo off the shipment of arms, but by an order to the War Department made the reservation that no shipments should go across the Texas border. The stock

of the constitutionalists rose with a fair degree of steadiness. Tampico was captured and the importation of supplies, as well as arms, was made easy for the enemies of Huerta. As was inevitable, Huerta fell. His hold upon the Federal troops around Mexico City weakened. His power crumbled in every way. July 7, 1914, the iron-handed old dictator, who had defied the power of the United States with such high bravado, resigned and departed on a special train for Puerto, Mexico, to sail into exile. Before his departure an arrangement had been made for turning the Mexican executive power into the hands of a President *ad interim*, Señor Carbajal, a former Cabinet Minister, who in turn undertook negotiations with the constitutionalists looking toward their peaceful entry into Mexico City.

Followed then a period of optimism among the supporters of the American policy. Carranza was in control at Mexico City, the United States troops were withdrawn from Vera Cruz, November 23, 1914, — an event celebrated joyfully in Mexico City, — and the future seemed one of promise for Mexico. In the light of subsequent events it is clear that the President acted upon inaccurate information as to the internal condition of the constitutionalist faction in ordering the evacuation of Vera Cruz. What was the disappointment and chagrin of the President and his advisers when in a few weeks there came threats of a rupture within the constitutionalist faction. A convention called to choose a temporary head of the executive power, pending a general election, developed a contest between General Carranza and General Villa. Carranza outvoted Villa in a costly victory. The military leader of the revolutionists withdrew from the convention and shortly betook himself, with thousands of his followers, to Northern

Mexico, where his military campaign progressed for a time.

Another threat against Carranza's well-being lowered from the region southwest of the Mexican Capital, where Zapata, who had been advertised in the United States as the most vicious of Mexican bandit leaders, controlled two Mexican states. Carranza evacuated Mexico City. He moved his capital to Queretaro, and subsequently sought safety at Vera Cruz. Zapata took possession of the capital.

The situation in Mexico now reverted to a condition fully as unsatisfactory from the viewpoint of the material interests of the United States as that at any time of the anti-Huerta revolution. It had continued in this condition for several months, when in August, 1915, the President made a speech at Indianapolis, reaffirming in unmistakable parlance his faith in the 'watchful waiting' policy and his determination to adhere to it.

As time went by and the summer of 1915 was nearing its end, the realization was borne in upon the administration that the situation could not be permitted to continue so without some effort on the part of the United States to bring about better conditions. The following is quoted from an official document made public at the White House in November, 1915, which set forth the policy evolved by the administration to meet the exigencies of the situation:—

'When Huerta fled from Mexico the revolutionary party split and thereby the pacification of the country was delayed.

'For one year this administration held aloof, hoping that, by reuniting, the revolutionary factions would be able to bring order out of chaos. After the lapse of one year, however, the Mexican situation seeming to be no nearer solution, this government sounded the

six ranking diplomatic representatives of Latin America as to whether they would confer and advise with this government in regard to recognizing a government in Mexico. Under instructions from their governments they consented, and the first conference met on August 5 of this year.

'As a result of that conference, the representatives of the six Latin-American countries, together with the Secretary of State, acting severally, signed an appeal to the men directing the armed movement in Mexico, suggesting that they hold a conference to discuss a peaceful settlement of their differences, and offering to act as intermediaries to arrange the time, place, and other details of such conference. Telegrams were sent to all generals, governors, and leaders of factions known to have authority in Mexico.

'The result was that all of the Villista commanders and authorities replied directly and independently, in varied language, accepting the suggestion for a conference. On the other hand, all the commanders and authorities affiliated with Carranza replied briefly and in similar language, referring the matter to General Carranza, and stating that he would make such reply as he deemed best. The inference was plain. On the one hand there seemed to be no organization, while on the other, unity and harmony were evident. Such discipline looked encouraging for Mexico's salvation, and the conferees, after careful and impartial consideration of all the facts, decided unanimously to recommend to their respective governments that the government of which General Carranza was the leader ought to be recognized as the *de facto* Government of Mexico.'

As a result of the Pan-American conferences, the United States and the chief Latin-American countries accorded a formal recognition to the govern-

ment of General Carranza, the United States naming him in an official communication to his representative at Washington as 'First Chief of the Constitutional Government,' in December, 1915.

The government thus accepted a measure of responsibility for Carranza. It relied upon him to finish, and finish speedily, the task of pacifying his country so that all its international obligations might be met. The extent to which the government of the United States was willing to go in this respect is evidenced by the fact that on two occasions permission was given Carranza to transport troops across American territory along the Texas border, in order to gain strategic advantages over the Villista forces. Some progress was made in the Carranza campaign against Villa, but the country, at the opening of the present year, remained far from the state of pacification necessary to the protection of the lives and property of foreigners. The Villa forces, when defeated, in many cases did not surrender, but disintegrated into guerrilla bands. These bands, supplemented by volunteers from the vagrant element of the population of Northern Mexico, terrorized many districts and caused the State Department, late in December, to take measures to warn all Americans in numerous extended areas to return to the United States.

Carranza's most depressing difficulty had been his inability to raise money through taxation. At the opening of the year he had not reentered the Mexican capital. As late as January 12, 1916, Senator Stone, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations and spokesman for the Wilson administration, said, 'It is only within the last two or three months that anything really approaching a settled government has been established, or the establishment of such a government seri-

ously attempted.' Conditions were improving but slowly, when, on January 12, the United States was horrified by the news that seventeen American citizens had been wantonly murdered by Villistas near Piedras Negras.

In March, Villa made a still more drastic effort to provoke the intervention of the United States in Mexico, when he actually invaded American territory and attacked the town of Columbus, New Mexico, which was guarded by a detachment of cavalry. But, by careful handling, President Wilson reduced to a minimum the possibilities of a rupture with the Carranza government when he took the quite necessary step of sending an American punitive expedition into Mexico to capture Villa. His first act, after ordering the American troops into Mexico, was to convey formal assurances to Carranza that the sovereignty of Mexico was not to be trenchoned upon. Fortunately Carranza suggested the negotiation of a reciprocal treaty, under the terms of which the soldiers of either government are permitted to cross the international boundary line in pursuit of bandits who come from the territory of the adjoining nation to commit depredations.

The success of President Wilson's policy in avoiding a rupture with Carranza is to be attributed to his careful reiteration of this government's intention not to enter upon a general intervention. These statements not only were communicated to Carranza, but they were published throughout Mexico. They did much to ease the tension which arose after the announcement of the plans of the punitive expedition and threatened to make it impossible for Carranza to concur in the American position without endangering his own hold upon the *de facto* government.

The difficulty of convincing the Mexicans of the sincerity of these assur-

ances undoubtedly was great, but I am convinced that it was decreased by the good impression which already had been made throughout Latin America by the Wilson policy of coöperation. It is to be conceded also, I think, that the disposition of Latin Americans generally to accept the President's assurances at par value acted as a strong counter influence to the irritation which at one time seemed likely to inflame the Carranza government against the United States.

III

I have endeavored in the foregoing review of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy to present the main facts, as separated from opinion. Such a review seems to me more necessary than anything else to the formulation of an unbiased judgment on the policy. The tension of our relations with Mexico has been so extreme because of various special incidents that many persons have lost utterly their perspective of the policy as a whole. The significance of the purpose of the American government to stand off, — attentive, but not interfering, — while the people of the sister republic fought their way through the intricacies of their destiny to a fuller measure of freedom, might easily be forgotten at a time of stress such as that created by the murder of nearly a score of American citizens. Mr. Wilson's larger purpose might be ignored in the assertion by so sane a publicist as Senator Borah that 'retribution moves swiftly for the nation which forgets or abandons its own.'

Mr. Wilson, however, at each such critical stage has been capable of an admirable detachment which permitted him to give full consideration to the fact that the wrongs done Americans were not committed by the government establishing itself there, but by irresponsible bandits, — in recent times

by bandits who desired to provoke the intervention of the United States, — and that, therefore, our grievance was not against the Mexican people. There never has been a time since Mr. Wilson became President that general intervention in Mexico would not have solidified all factions there and forced upon the body of the Mexican people the suffering of atonement for wrongs which had been done to Americans by an irresponsible few. It was a moral judgment, formed despite the traditions of international policy, that led Mr. Wilson to conclude that the United States should not make the whole Mexican people suffer for the misdeeds of an uncontrolled minority. Misleading political debates have served to deter the American people from recalling that wars may properly be fought only between governments, between organized peoples. One hears so much of 'Americanism' in these debates that he may overlook the fact that weakness is not an offense punishable in the American code of ethics.

The President has hoped unceasingly for the evolution of order in Mexico through the advancement of the movement for constitutional government. Pending such an eventuality he has striven to keep Americans out of the danger-infested areas. It cannot be questioned that if the advice of our government had been observed by Americans in Mexico most of the offenses against their persons would have been avoided. Had this been done it would now be possible to have an unclouded appreciation of the fact that a constitutional government is establishing itself in Mexico. It would be possible for the American people to realize that by degrees this government is growing stronger; that the ultimate pacification of all Mexico is growing nearer; that the resumption of all its international obligations on the part of

the Republic may not be far off, and that the high purpose of the Wilson Mexican policy may be on the threshold of realization. Should we be surprised that, when this goal seemingly is at last in view, Mr. Wilson's adherence to his policy should be more stubborn than ever before?

The issue which faced the United States at the outset of the Wilson administration was the life or death of the democratic idea in Mexico. It was entirely within the power of the United States to protect the lives and material interests of its citizens in Mexico. This was possible through intervention or the recognition of Huerta — at least, the opinion seems to me defensible that Huerta's iron-handed methods might have succeeded in establishing order. Either course would have meant the end of the aspirations toward free self-government represented by the Madero revolutionary movement and the later movement headed by Carranza. American lives and property would have been safe at the cost of Mexican liberty; and the responsibility lay upon the government of the United States to say whether their safety should be purchased at such high cost.

The responsibilities of our government were peculiar, not only because of our historical relationship with Mexico and of the declarations embodied in the Monroe Doctrine: we were not without responsibilities as the greatest free government in the world. This country has been called the world's great adventure in government, and it has been said that the hopes of all peoples aspiring to freedom are aligned with us. What killing irony it would have been for this custodian of mankind's ideals — herself composite of all the peoples of the earth — to say to Mexico, or to any people for that matter: The germ

of self-government in you is incapable of fructifying. Your revolutions lead only to new revolutions and not to freedom and peace as did the revolutions of France. You must be governed by an iron hand, and the United States will see to it that you are.

And, in withholding recognition from Huerta, Mr. Wilson did nothing more than declare that the United States would not close the door of opportunity to a movement to establish constitutional government. 'Watchful waiting' since that time has been nothing other than a courageous adherence to this resolve.

In passing judgment upon the President's Mexican policy it should be realized that, coincidentally with the handling of the Mexican situation, Mr. Wilson has been busy with the formulation of a common policy for our relations with all the republics of the Western Hemisphere. All these republics have looked on intently as we dealt with Mexico. Mr. Wilson's policy, taken *in toto*, has promoted immeasurably the friendliness with which these republics view the United States. In the great unknown to which American international relations are tending, the United States may come to a realization that Mr. Wilson rendered an inestimable service to his country by the conscious development of this Pan-American sentiment. The foremost critic of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy has asserted that the United States is without a friend among the great powers of Europe. Is not the prediction defensible that the future may produce a favorable judgment upon that policy as having aided in procuring for the United States in the two Americas that abundance of friendship which we are told is utterly lacking in the Eastern Hemisphere?

MANNA

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

THE Petty Sessions court at Linstowe was crowded. Miracles do not happen every day, nor are rectors always charged with larceny. The interest roused would have relieved all those who doubt the vitality of our ancient Church. People who never went outside their farms or plots of garden had walked as much as three miles to see the show. Mrs. Gloyn, the sandy-haired little keeper of the shop, where soap and herrings, cheese, matches, boot-laces, bull's eyes, and the other luxuries of a countryside could be procured, remarked to Mrs. Redland, the farmer's wife, 'T is quite a gatherin' like.' To which Mrs. Redland replied, 'Most like Church of a Sunday.'

More women, it is true, than men, were present, because of their greater piety, and because most of them had parted with pounds of butter, chickens, ducks, potatoes, or some such offertory in kind during the past two years, at the instance of the rector. They had a vested interest in this matter, and were present, accompanied by their grief at value unrequited. From Trover, their little village on the top of the hill two miles from Linstowe, with the squat church-tower, beautifully untouched, and ruined by the perfect restoration of the body of the building, they had trooped in; some even coming from the shore of the Atlantic, a mile beyond, across the downs, whence other upland square church-towers could be viewed on the sky-line against the gray Janu-

ary heavens. The occasion was in a sense unique, and its piquancy strengthened by that rivalry which is the essence of religion.

For there was no love lost between Church and Chapel in Trover, and the rector's flock had long been fortified in their power of 'parting' by fear lest 'Chapel' (also present that day in court) should mock at his impecuniousness. Not that his flock approved of his poverty. It had seemed 'silly-like,' ever since the news had spread that his difficulties had been caused by a faith in shares. To improve a secure if moderate position by speculation would not have seemed wrong, if he had not failed instead, and made himself dependent on their butter, their potatoes, their eggs and chickens. In that parish, as in others, the saying 'Nothing succeeds like success' was true, nor had the villagers any abnormal disposition to question the title deeds of affluence.

But it is equally true that nothing irritates so much as finding that one of whom you have the right to beg is begging of you. This was why the rector's tall, thin, black figure, down which a ramrod surely had been passed at birth; his narrow, hairless, white and wasted face, with red eyebrows over eyes that seemed now burning and now melting; his grizzled red hair under a hat almost green with age; his abrupt and dictatorial voice; his abrupt and mirthless laugh — all were on their nerves. His barked-out utterances, 'I want a pound of butter — pay you Monday!' 'I

want some potatoes — pay you soon!’ had sounded too often in the ears of those who had found his repayments so far purely spiritual. Now and then one of the more cynical would remark, ‘Ah! I told un *my* butter was all to market.’ Or, ‘The man can’t ’ave no principles — he did n’ get no chicken out o’ me.’ And yet it was impossible to let him and his old mother die on them — it would give too much pleasure ‘over the way.’ And they never dreamed of losing him in any other manner, because they knew his living had been purchased. Money had passed in that transaction; the whole fabric of the Church and of Society was involved. His professional conduct, too, was flawless; his sermons long and fiery; he was always ready to perform those super-numerary duties — weddings, baptisms, and burials — which yielded him what revenue he had, now that his income from the living was mortgaged up to the hilt. Their loyalty held as the loyalty of people will when some great institution of which they are members is endangered.

Gossip said that things were in a dreadful way at the Rectory; the external prosperity of that red brick building surrounded by laurels which did not flower heightened ironically the conditions within. The old lady, his mother, eighty years of age, was reported never to leave her bed this winter, because they had no coal. She lay there, with her three birds flying about dirtying the room, for neither she nor her son would ever let a cage-door be shut — deplorable state of things! The one servant was supposed never to be paid. The tradesmen would no longer leave goods because they could not get their money. Most of the furniture had been sold; and the dust made you sneeze ‘fit to bust yourself like.’

With a little basket on his arm the rector collected for his household three

times a week, pursuing a kind of method, always in the apparent belief that he would pay on Monday, and observing the Sabbath as a day of rest. His mind seemed ever to cherish the faith that his shares were on the point of recovery; his spirit never to lose belief in his divine right to be supported. It was extremely difficult to refuse him; the postman had twice seen him standing on the railway line that ran past just below the village, ‘with ’is ’at off, like as if he was in two minds.’ This vision of him close to the shining metals had powerfully impressed many good souls who loved to make flesh creep. They would say, ‘I would n’ never be surprised if something ’appened to ’im one of these days!’ Others, less romantic, shook their heads, insisting that ‘he would n’ never do nothin’, while his old mother lived.’ Others again, more devout, maintained that ‘he would n’ never go against the Scriptures, settin’ an example like that!’

II

The Petty Sessions court that morning resembled Church on the occasion of a wedding; for the villagers of Trover had put on their black clothes and grouped themselves according to their religious faiths — ‘Church’ in the right, ‘Chapel’ in the left-hand aisle. They presented all that rich variety of type and monotony of costume which the remoter country still affords to the observer; their mouths were almost all a little open, and their eyes fixed with intensity on the Bench. The three magistrates — Squire Pleydell in the chair, Dr. Becket on his left, and ‘the Honble.’ Calmady on his right — were by most seen for the first time in their judicial capacity; and curiosity was divided between their proceedings and observation of the rector’s prosecutor, a small baker from the town whence

the village of Trover derived its necessities. The face of this fellow, like that of a white walrus, and the back of his bald head were of interest to every one until the case was called, and the rector himself entered. In his thin black overcoat he advanced and stood as if a little dazed. Then, turning his ravaged face to the Bench, he jerked out, —

‘Good morning! Lot of people!’

A constable behind him murmured,

‘Into the dock, sir, please.’

Moving across, he entered the wooden edifice.

‘Quite like a pulpit,’ he said, and uttered his barking laugh.

Through the court ran a stir and shuffle, as it might be of sympathy with his lost divinity, and every eye was fixed on that tall, lean figure, with the red, gray-streaked hair.

Entering the witness-box the prosecutor deposed as follows: —

‘Last Tuesday afternoon, your Honors, I ‘appened to be drivin’ my cart meself up through Trover on to the cottages just above the dip, and I’d gone in to Mrs. ‘Oney’s, the laundress, leavin’ my cart standin’ same as I always do. I ‘ad a bit o’ gossip, an’ when I come out I see this gentleman walkin’ away in front towards the village street. It so ‘appens I ‘appened to look in the back o’ my cart, and I thinks to meself, That’s funny! There’s only two flat rounds — ‘ave I left two ‘ere by mistake? I calls to Mrs. ‘Oney, an’ I says, “I ‘ave n’t been absent, ‘ave I, an’ left yer two?” “No,” she says, “only one — ‘ere ’t is! Why?” she says. “Well,” I says, “I ‘ad four when I come in to you, there’s only two now. ’Tis funny!” I says. “‘Ave you dropped one?” she says. “No,” I says, “I counted ‘em.” “That’s funny,” she says; “perhaps a dog’s ‘ad it.” “‘E may ‘ave,” I says, “but the only thing I see on the road is that there.” An’ I pointed to this gentleman. “Oh!” she

says, “that’s the rector.” “Yes,” I says, “I ought to know that, seein’ ‘e’s owed me money a matter of eighteen months. I think I’ll drive on,” I says. Well, I drove on, and come up to this gentleman. ‘E turns ‘is ‘ead, and looks at me. “Good afternoon!” he says — like that. “Good afternoon, sir,” I says. “You ‘ave n’t seen a loaf, ‘ave you?” ‘E pulls the loaf out of ‘is pocket. “On the ground,” ‘e says; “dirty,” ‘e says. “Do for my birds! Ha! ha!” like that. “Oh!” I says, “indeed! Now I know!” I says. I kept my ‘ead, but I thinks: “That’s a bit too light-‘earted. You owes me one pound, eight and tuppence; I’ve whistled for it gettin’ on for two years, but you ain’t content with that, it seems! Very well,” I thinks: “we’ll see. An’ I don’t give a darn whether you’re a parson or not!” I charge ‘im with takin’ my bread.’

Passing a dirty handkerchief over his white face and huge gingery moustache, the baker was silent. Suddenly from the dock the rector called out, —

‘Bit of dirty bread — feed my birds. Ha, ha!’

There was a deathly little silence. Then the baker said slowly, —

‘What’s more, I say he ate it ‘imself. I call two witnesses to that.’

The Chairman, passing his hand over his hard, alert face, that of a master of hounds, asked, —

‘Did you see any dirt on the loaf? Be careful!’

The baker answered stolidly, —
‘Not a speck.’

Dr. Becket, a slight man with a short gray beard, and eyes restive from having to notice painful things, spoke.

‘Had your horse moved?’

‘‘E never moves.’

‘Ha, ha!’

The Chairman said sharply, —

‘Well, stand down; call the next witness. — Charles Stodder, carpenter.

Very well! Go on, and tell us what you know.'

But before he could speak the rector called out in a loud voice, 'Chapel!'

'Hsssh!' But through the body of the court had passed a murmur, of challenge, as it were, from one aisle to the other.

The witness, a square man with a red face, gray hair, whiskers, and moustache, and lively excitable dark eyes, watering with anxiety, spoke in a fast soft voice, —

'Tuesday afternoon, your Worships, it might be about four o'clock, I was passin' up the village, an' I saw the rector at his gate, with a loaf in 'is 'and.'

'Show us how.'

The witness held his black hat to his side, with the rounded top outwards.

'Was the loaf clean or dirty?'

Sweetening his little eyes, the witness answered, —

'I should say 't was clean.'

'Liel'

The Chairman said sternly, —

'You must n't interrupt, sir. — You did n't see the bottom of the loaf?'

The witness's little eyes snapped.

'Not eggzactly.'

'Did the rector speak to you?'

The witness smiled. 'The rector would n' never stop me if I was passin'. I collects the rates.'

The rector's laugh, so like a desolate dog's bark, killed the bubble of gayety rising in the Court; and again that deathly little silence followed.

Then the Chairman said, —

'Do you want to ask him anything?'

The rector turned. 'Why d' you tell lies?'

The witness screwing up his eyes, said excitedly, —

'What lies 'ave I told, please?'

'You said the loaf was clean.'

'So 't was clean, so far as I see.'

'Come to Church, and you won't tell lies.'

'Reckon I can learn truth faster in Chapel.'

The Chairman rapped his desk.

'That'll do, that'll do! Stand down! Next witness. — Emily Bleaker. Yes? What are you? Cook at the rectory? Very well. What do you know about the affair of this loaf last Tuesday afternoon?'

The witness, a broad-faced, brown-eyed girl, answered stolidly, 'Nothin', zurr.'

'Ha, ha!'

'Hsssh! Did you see the loaf?'

'Noa.'

'What are you here for, then?'

'Master asked for a plate and a knaife. He an' old missis ate et for dinner. I see the plate after; there was n't on'y crumbs on et.'

'If you never saw the loaf, how do you know they ate it?'

'Because ther' war n't nothin' else in the 'ouse.'

The rector's voice barked out, —

'Quite right!'

The Chairman looked at him fixedly.

'Do you want to ask her anything?'

The rector nodded.

'You been paid your wages?'

'Noa, I 'as n't.'

'D' you know why?'

'Noa.'

'Very sorry — no money to pay you. That's all.'

This closed the prosecutor's case; and there followed a pause, during which the Bench consulted together, and the rector eyed the congregation, nodding to one here and there. Then the Chairman, turning to him, said, —

'Now, sir, do you call any witnesses?'

'Yes. My bell-ringer. He's a good man. You can believe him.'

The bell-ringer, Samuel Bevis, who took his place in the witness-box, was a kind of elderly Bacchus, with permanently trembling hands. He deposed as follows: —

'When I passed rector Tuesday afternoon, he calls after me: "See this!" 'e says, and up 'e held it. "Bit o' dirrty bread," 'e says; "do for my burrd's." Then on he goes walkin'.'

'Did you see whether the loaf was dirty?'

'Yaas, I think 't was dirrty.'

'Don't *think*! Do you *know*?'

'Yaas; 't was dirrty.'

'Which side?'

'Which saide? I think 't was dirrty on the bottom.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yaas; 't was dirrty on the bottom, for zartain.'

'Very well. Stand down. Now, sir, will you give us your version of this matter?'

The rector, pointing at the prosecutor and the left-hand aisle, jerked out the words, —

'All Chapel — want to see me down.'

The Chairman said stonily, —

'Never mind that. Come to the facts, please.'

'Certainly! Out for a walk — passed the baker's cart — saw a loaf fallen in the mud — picked it up — do for my birds.'

'What birds?'

'Magpie and two starlings; quite free — never shut the cage-door; well fed.'

'The baker charges you with taking it from his cart.'

'Lie! Underneath the cart in a puddle.'

'You heard what your cook said about your eating it. Did you?'

'Yes, birds could n't eat all — nothing in the house — Mother and I — hungry.'

'Hungry?'

'No money. Hard up — very! Often hungry. Ha, ha!'

Again through the court that queer rustle passed. The three magistrates gazed at the accused. Then 'the Hon-ble.' Calmady said, —

'You say you found the loaf under the cart. Did n't it occur to you to put it back? You could see it had fallen. How else could it have come there?'

The rector's burning eyes seemed to melt.

'From the sky. Manna.' Staring round the court, he added, 'Hungry — God's elect — to the manna born!' And, throwing back his head, he laughed. It was the only sound in a silence as of the grave.

The magistrates spoke together in low tones. The rector stood motionless, gazing at them fixedly. The people in the court sat as if at a play. Then the Chairman said, —

'Case dismissed.'

'Thank you.'

Jerking out that short thanksgiving, the rector descended from the dock, and passed down the centre aisle followed by every eye.

III

From the Petty Sessions court the congregation wended its way back to Trover, by the muddy lane, 'Church' and 'Chapel,' arguing the case. To dim the triumph of the 'Church' the fact remained that the baker had lost his loaf and had not been compensated. The loaf was worth money; no money had passed. It was hard to be victorious and yet reduced to silence and dark looks at girding adversaries. The nearer they came to home, the more angry with 'Chapel' did they grow. Then the bell-ringer had his inspiration. Assembling his three assistants, he hurried to the belfry, and in two minutes the little old tower was belching forth the merriest and maddest peal those bells had ever furnished. Out it swung in the still air of the gray winter day, away to the very sea.

A stranger, issuing from the inn, hearing that triumphant sound, and

seeing so many black-clothed people about, said to his driver, —

‘What is it — a wedding?’

‘No, zurr, they say ’t is for the rector, like, he’ve a just been acquitted for larceny.’

On the Tuesday following, the rec-

tor’s ravaged face and red-gray hair appeared in Mrs. Gloyn’s doorway, and his voice, creaking like a saw, said, —

‘Can you let me have a pound of butter? Pay you soon.’

What else could he do? Not even to God’s elect does the sky always send down manna.

EDUCATION AS A POLITICAL INSTITUTION

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

No political theory is adequate unless it is applicable to children as well as to men and women. Theorists are mostly childless, or, if they have children, they are carefully screened from the disturbances which would be caused by youthful turmoil. Some of them have written books on education, but without, as a rule, having any actual children present to their minds while they wrote. Those educational theorists who have had a knowledge of children, such as the inventors of kindergarten and the Montessori system, have not always had enough realization of the ultimate goal of education to be able to deal successfully with advanced instruction. I have not the knowledge either of children or of education which would enable me to supply whatever defects there may be in the writings of others. But some questions concerning education as a political institution are involved in any hope of social reconstruction, and are not usually considered by writers on educational theory. These questions only I wish to discuss.

The two principles of *justice* and *liberty*, which cover a very great deal of the social reconstruction required, will not give much guidance as regards education. Tolstoï tried to conduct a village school without infringing liberty; but when anybody except Tolstoï was teaching, the children all talked to each other, and when he himself was teaching, he secured order only by untheoretically boxing their ears in a fit of temper. It is clear that a literal adherence to the principle of liberty is quite impossible if the children are to be taught anything, except in the case of unusually intelligent children who are kept isolated from more normal companions. This is one reason for the great responsibility which rests upon teachers: the children must, unavoidably, be more or less at the mercy of their elders, and cannot make themselves the guardians of their own interests. Authority in education is to some extent unavoidable, and those who educate have to find a way of exercising authority in accordance with the *spirit* of liberty.

Where authority is unavoidable, what is needed is *reverence*. A man who

is to educate really well, who is to bring out of the young all that it is possible to bring out, who is to make them grow and develop into their full stature, must be filled through and through with the spirit of reverence. It is reverence that is lacking in those who advocate machine-made, cast-iron systems: militarism, capitalism, Fabian scientific organization, and all the other prisons into which reformers and reactionaries try to force the human spirit. In education, with its codes of rules emanating from a government office, with its large classes and fixed curriculum and overworked teachers, with its determination to produce a dead level of glib mediocrity, the lack of reverence for the child is all but universal. Reverence requires imagination and vital warmth; it requires most imagination in respect of those who have least actual achievement or power. The child is weak and superficially foolish; the teacher is strong, and in an everyday sense wiser than the child. The teacher without reverence, or the bureaucrat without reverence, easily despises the child for these outward inferiorities. He thinks it his duty to 'mould' the child; in imagination he is the potter with the clay. And so he gives to the child some unnatural shape which hardens with age, producing strains and spiritual dissatisfactions, out of which grow cruelty and envy and the belief that others must be compelled to undergo the same distortions.

The man who has reverence will not think it his duty to 'mould' the young. He feels in all that lives, but especially in human beings, and most of all in children, something sacred, indefinable, unlimited, something individual and strangely precious, the growing principle of life, an embodied fragment of the dumb striving of the world. He feels an unaccountable humility in the presence of a child — a humility not

easily defensible on any rational ground, and yet somehow nearer to wisdom than the easy self-confidence of many parents and teachers. He feels the outward helplessness of the child, the appeal of dependence, the responsibility of a trust. His imagination shows him what the child may become, for good or evil; how its impulses may be developed or thwarted, how its hopes must be dimmed and the life in it grow less living, how its trust will be bruised and its quick desires replaced by brooding will. All this gives him a longing to help the child in its own battle, to strengthen it and equip it, not for some outside end proposed by the state or by any other impersonal authority, but for the ends which the child's own spirit is obscurely seeking. The man who feels this can wield the authority of an educator without infringing the principle of liberty.

It is not in a spirit of reverence that education is conducted by states and churches and the great institutions that are subservient to them. What is considered in education is hardly ever the boy or girl, the young man or young woman, but almost always, in some form, the maintenance of the existing order. When the individual is considered, it is with a view to worldly success — making money, or achieving a good position. To be ordinary, and to acquire the art of getting on, is the idea which is set before the youthful mind, except by a few rare teachers who have enough energy of belief to break through the system within which they are expected to work. Almost all education has a political motive: it aims at strengthening some group, national or religious or even social, in the competition with other groups. It is this motive, in the main, which determines the subjects taught, the knowledge which is offered, and the knowledge which is withheld. It is this motive also which

determines the mental habits that the pupils are expected to acquire. Hardly anything is done to foster the inward growth of mind and spirit; in fact, those who have had most education are very often atrophied in their mental and spiritual life, devoid of impulse, and possessing only certain mechanical aptitudes which take the place of living thought.

II

Some of the things which education achieves at present must continue to be achieved by education in any civilized country. All children must continue to be taught how to read and write, and some must continue to acquire the knowledge needed for such professions as medicine and law and engineering. Except in such matters as history and religion, the actual instruction is only inadequate, not positively harmful. The instruction might be given in a more liberal spirit, with more attempt to show its ultimate uses; and of course much of it is traditional or dead. But in the main it is necessary, and would have to form a part of any educational system.

It is in history and religion and other controversial subjects that the actual instruction is positively harmful. These subjects touch the interests by which schools are maintained; and the interests maintain the schools in order that certain views on these subjects may be taught. History, in every country, is so taught as to magnify that country: children learn to believe that their own country has been always in the right and almost always victorious, that it has produced almost all the great men, and that it is in all respects superior to all other countries. Since these beliefs are flattering, they are easily absorbed, and hardly ever dislodged from instinct by later knowledge.

To take a simple and almost trivial

example: the facts about the battle of Waterloo are known in great detail and with minute accuracy; but the facts as taught in elementary schools will be widely different in England, France, and Germany. The ordinary English boy imagines that the Prussians played hardly any part; the ordinary German boy imagines that Wellington was practically defeated when the day was retrieved by Blücher's gallantry. If the facts were taught accurately in both countries, national pride would not be fostered to the same extent, neither nation would feel so certain of victory in the event of war, and the willingness to fight would be diminished. It is this result which has to be prevented. Every state wishes to foster national pride, and is conscious that this cannot be done by unbiased history. The defenseless children are taught by distortions and suppressions and suggestions. The false ideas as to the history of the world which are taught in the various countries are of a kind which fosters strife and serves to keep alive a bigoted nationalism. If good relations between states were desired, one of the first steps ought to be to submit all teaching of history to an international commission, which should produce neutral textbooks free from the patriotic bias which is now demanded everywhere.

Exactly the same thing applies to religion. Elementary schools are practically always in the hands, either of some religious body, or of a state which has a definite attitude toward religion. A religious body exists through the fact that its members all have certain definite beliefs on subjects as to which the truth is not ascertainable. Schools conducted by religious bodies have to prevent the young, who are often inquiring by nature, from discovering that these definite beliefs are opposed by other equally definite beliefs which are no more unreasonable, and that many

of the men best qualified to judge think that there is no good evidence in favor of any definite belief. When the state is militantly secular, as in France, state schools become as dogmatic as those that are in the hands of the churches; I understand that the word 'God' must not be mentioned in a French elementary school. When the state is neutral, as in America, all religious discussion has to be excluded, and the Bible must be read without comment, lest the comment should favor one sect rather than another. The result in all these cases is the same: free inquiry is checked, and on the most important matter in the world the child is met with dogma or with stony silence.

It is not only in elementary education that these evils exist. In more advanced education they take subtler forms, and there is more attempt to conceal them, but they are still present. Eton and Oxford set a certain stamp upon a man's mind, just as a Jesuit college does. It can hardly be said that Eton and Oxford have a conscious purpose, but they have a purpose which is none the less strong and effective for not being formulated. In almost all who have been through them, they produce a worship of 'good form,' which is as destructive to life and thought as the mediæval Church. 'Good form' is quite compatible with superficial openmindedness, with readiness to hear all sides, with a certain urbanity toward opponents. But it is not compatible with fundamental openmindedness, or with any inward readiness to give weight to the other side. Its essence is the assumption that what is most important is a certain kind of behavior: a behavior which minimizes friction between equals, and delicately impresses inferiors with a conviction of their own crudity. As a political weapon for preserving the privileges of the rich in a snobbish democracy, it is unsurpassable.

As a means of producing an agreeable social *milieu* for those who have money with no strong beliefs or unusual desires, it has some merit. In every other respect, it is abominable.

The evils of 'good form' arise from two sources: its perfect assurance of its own rightness, and its belief that correct manners are more to be desired than intellect or artistic creation or vital energy, or any of the other sources of progress in the world. Perfect assurance, by itself, is enough to destroy all mental progress in those who have it. And when it is combined with contempt for the angularities and awkwardnesses that are almost invariably combined with great mental power, it becomes a source of destruction to all who come in contact with it. 'Good form' is itself dead, static, incapable of growth; and by its attitude to those who are without it, it spreads its own death to many who might otherwise have life. The harm which it has done to well-to-do Englishmen, and to men whose abilities have led the well-to-do to notice them, is incalculable.

The prevention of free inquiry is unavoidable so long as the purpose of education is to produce belief rather than thought, to compel the young to hold positive opinions on doubtful matters rather than to let them see the doubtfulness and be encouraged to independence of mind. Education ought to foster the wish for truth, not the conviction that some particular creed is the truth. But it is creeds that hold men together in fighting organizations: churches, states, political parties. It is intensity of belief in a creed that produces efficiency in fighting: victory comes to those who feel the strongest certainty about matters on which doubt is the only rational attitude. To produce this intensity of belief and this efficiency in fighting, the child's nature is warped, its free outlook is

cramped, inhibitions are cultivated in order to check the growth of new ideas. In those whose minds are not very active, the result is the omnipotence of prejudice; while those whose thought cannot be wholly killed become cynical, intellectually hopeless, destructively critical, able to make all that is living seem foolish, unable to supply themselves the creative impulses which they destroy in others.

III

Certain mental habits are commonly instilled by those who are engaged in educating: obedience and discipline, ruthlessness in the struggle for worldly success, contempt toward opposing groups, and an unquestioning credulity, a passive acceptance of the teacher's wisdom. All these habits are against life. Instead of obedience and discipline, we ought to aim at preserving independence and impulse. Instead of ruthlessness, education ought to aim at producing justice in thought. Instead of contempt, it ought to instill reverence, the attempt at understanding—not necessarily acquiescence, but only such opposition as is combined with imaginative apprehension and a clear comprehension of the grounds for opposition. Instead of credulity, the object should be to stimulate constructive doubt, the love of mental adventure, the sense of worlds to conquer by enterprise and boldness in thought. Contentment with the *status quo*, subordination of the individual pupil to political aims, indifference to the things of the mind, are the immediate causes of these evils; but beneath these causes there is one more fundamental, the fact that education is treated as a means of acquiring power over the pupil, not as a means of fostering his own growth. It is in this that lack of reverence shows itself; and it is only by more

reverence that a fundamental reform can be effected.

Obedience and discipline are supposed to be indispensable if order is to be kept in a class, and if any instruction is to be given. To some extent, this is true; but the extent is much less than it is thought to be by those who regard obedience and discipline as in themselves desirable. Obedience, the yielding of one's will to outside direction, is the counterpart of authority, which consists in directing the will of others. Both may be necessary in certain cases. Refractory children, lunatics, and criminals may require authority, and may need to be forced to obey. But in so far as this is necessary, it is a misfortune: what is to be desired is the free choice of ends with which it is not necessary to interfere. And educational reformers have shown that this is far more possible than our fathers would ever have believed.

What makes obedience seem necessary in schools is the large classes and overworked teachers demanded by a false economy. Those who have no experience of teaching are incapable of imagining the expense of spirit entailed by any really living instruction. They think that teachers can reasonably be expected to work as many hours as bank clerks. The result is intense fatigue, irritable nerves, an absolute necessity of performing the day's task mechanically. And the task cannot be performed mechanically except by exacting obedience.

If we took education seriously, if we thought it as important to keep alive the minds of children as to secure victory in war, we should conduct education quite differently: we should make sure of achieving the end, even if the expense were a hundredfold greater than it is. To many men and women a small amount of teaching is a delight, and can be done with a fresh zest and

life which keeps most pupils interested without any need of discipline. The few who do not become interested might be separated from the rest, and given a different kind of instruction. A teacher ought to have only as much teaching as can be done, on most days, with actual pleasure in the work, and with an awareness of the pupil's mental needs. The result would be a relation of friendliness instead of hostility between teacher and pupil, a realization on the part of most pupils that education serves to develop their own lives and is not merely an outside imposition, interfering with play and demanding many hours of sitting still. All that is necessary to this end is a greater expenditure of money, to secure teachers with more leisure and with a natural love of teaching.

Discipline, as it exists in schools, is very largely an evil. There is a kind of discipline which is necessary to almost all achievement, and which is perhaps not sufficiently valued by those who react against the purely external discipline of traditional methods. The desirable kind of discipline is the kind which comes from within, which consists in the power of pursuing a distant object steadily, foregoing and suffering many things on the way. This involves the subordination of impulse to will, the power of directing action by large creative desires even at moments when they are not vividly alive. Without this, no serious ambition, good or bad, can be realized, no consistent purpose can dominate. This kind of discipline is very necessary. But this kind can result only from strong desires for ends not immediately attainable, and can be produced only by education if education fosters such desires, which it seldom does at present. This kind of discipline springs from within, from one's own will, not from outside authority. It is not this kind which is sought in

schools, and it is not this kind which seems to me an evil.

Ruthlessness in the economic struggle will almost unavoidably be taught in schools while the economic structure of society remains unchanged. This must be particularly the case in the middle-class schools, which depend for their numbers upon the good opinion of parents, and secure that good opinion by advertising the success of their pupils. This is one of many ways in which the competitive organization of the state is harmful. Spontaneous and disinterested desire for knowledge is not at all uncommon in the young, and is easily aroused in many in whom it remains latent. But it is ruthlessly checked by teachers who think only of examinations, diplomas, and degrees. For the abler boys, there is no time for thought, no time for the indulgence of intellectual taste, from the moment of first going to school until the moment of leaving the university. From first to last it is simply one long drudgery of examination tips and textbook facts. The most intelligent, at the end, are disgusted with learning, longing only to forget it and to escape into a life of action. Yet there, as before, the economic machine holds them prisoners, and all their spontaneous desires are bruised and thwarted.

The examination system, and the fact that instruction is treated entirely as training for a livelihood, leads the young to regard knowledge from a purely utilitarian point of view, as the road to money, not as the gateway to wisdom. This would not matter so much if it affected only those who have no genuine intellectual interests. But unfortunately it affects most those whose intellectual interests are strongest, since it is upon them that the pressure of examinations falls with most severity. To them most, but to all in some degree, education appears as a means

of acquiring superiority over others; it is infected through and through with ruthlessness and glorification of social inequality. Any free disinterested consideration shows that, whatever inequalities might remain in a Utopia, the actual inequalities are almost all contrary to justice. But our educational system will conceal this from all except the failures, since those who succeed are on the way to profit by the inequalities, with every encouragement from the men who have directed their education.

IV

Passive acceptance of the teacher's wisdom is easy to most boys and girls. It involves no effort of independent thought, it seems rational because the teacher knows more than his pupils, and it is the way to win the favor of the teacher unless he is a very exceptional man. Yet the habit of passive acceptance is a disastrous one in later life. It causes men to seek a leader, and to accept as a leader whoever is established in that position. It makes the power of churches, governments, party caucuses, and all the other organizations by which plain men are misled into supporting old systems which are harmful to the nation and to themselves. It is possible that there would not be much independence of thought, even if education did everything to encourage it; but there would certainly be more than there is at present. If the object were to make pupils think, rather than to make them accept certain conclusions, education would be conducted quite differently: there would be less rapidity of instruction, more discussion, more occasions when pupils were encouraged to express themselves, more attempt to make education concern itself with matters in which the pupils felt some interest.

Above all, there would be an en-

deavor to rouse and stimulate the love of mental adventure. The world in which we live is various and astonishing: some of the things which seem plainest grow more and more difficult the more they are considered; other things, which might have been thought forever undiscoverable, have been laid bare by the genius and industry of the men of science. The power of thought, the vast regions which it can master, the much more vast regions which it can only dimly suggest to imagination, give to those whose minds have traveled beyond the daily round an amazing richness of material, an escape from the triviality and wearisomeness of familiar routine, by which the whole of life is filled with interest, and the prison walls of the commonplace are broken down. The same love of adventure which takes men to the South Pole, the same passion for a conclusive trial of strength which makes some men welcome war, can find in creative thought an outlet which is not wasteful or cruel, but full of profit for the whole human race, increasing the dignity of man, incarnating in life some of that shining splendor which the human spirit is bringing down out of the unknown. To give this joy, in a greater or less measure, to all who are capable of it, is the supreme end for which the education of the mind is to be valued.

It will be said that the joy of mental adventure must be rare, that there are few who can appreciate it, and that ordinary education can take no account of so aristocratic a good. I do not believe this. The joy of mental adventure is far commoner in the young than in grown men and women. Among children it is very common, and grows naturally out of the period of make-believe and fancy. It is rare in later life because everything is done to kill it during education. Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth — more

than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought, real thought, looks into the pit of Hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence; yet it bears itself proudly, as unmoved as if it were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man.

But if thought is to become the possession of many, not the privilege of the few, we must have done with fear. It is fear that holds men back: fear lest their cherished beliefs should prove delusions, fear lest the institutions by which they live should prove harmful, fear lest they themselves should prove less worthy of respect than they have supposed themselves to be. Should the working man think freely about property? Then what will become of us, the rich? Should young men and young women think freely about sex? Then what will become of morality? Should soldiers think freely about war? Then what will become of military discipline? Away with thought! Back into the shades of prejudice, lest property, morals, and war should be endangered! Better that men should be stupid, slothful, and oppressive than that their

thoughts should be free. For if their thoughts were free, they might not think as we do. And at all costs this disaster must be averted. So the opponents of thought argue in the unconscious depths of their souls. And so they act in their churches, their schools, and their universities.

No institution inspired by fear can further life. Hope, not fear, is the creative principle in human affairs. All that has made man great has sprung from the attempt to secure what is good, not from the struggle to avert what was thought evil. It is because modern education is so seldom inspired by a great hope that it so seldom achieves a great result. The wish to preserve the past, rather than the hope of creating the future, dominates the minds of those who control the teaching of the young. Education should not aim at a dead awareness of static facts, but at an activity directed toward the world that our efforts are to create. It should be inspired, not by a regretful hankering after the extinct beauties of Greece and the Renaissance, but by a shining vision of the society that is to be, of the triumph that thought will achieve in the time to come, and of the ever-widening horizon of man's survey over the universe. Those who are taught in this spirit will be filled with life and hope and joy, able to bear their part in bringing to mankind a future less sombre than the past, with faith in the glory that human effort can create.

KARTÚSHKIYA-BERÓZA

BY ALTER BRODY

It is twelve years since I have been there — in that little town by the river where I was born. It all comes back to me now, as I read in the newspaper:—

'The Germans have seized the bridge-head at Kartúshkiya-Beróza; the Russians are retreating in good order across the marshes; the town is in flames.'

Kartúshkiya-Beróza! Sweet-sounding, time-scented name — smelling of wide-extending marshes of hay, of cornfields, of apple-orchards, of cherry trees in full blossom; smelling of all the pleasant recollections of my childhood, of grandmother's kitchen, grandmother's freshly baked dainties, grandmother's plum-pudding — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I see before me a lane running between two rows of straggling cottages. I cannot remember the name of the lane; I do not know whether it has any name at all, but I remember it was broad and unpaved and shaded with wide-branching chestnuts, and entered the market-place just a few houses after my grandfather's — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see it even now, my grandfather's house — on the lane, to the right, as you come from the market-place — a big, hospitable frame building, big like my grandfather's own heart and hospitable like grandmother's smile. I can see it even now, with the white-pillared porch in the centre and the sharp-gabled roof pierced with little windows, and the great quadrangular garden behind it, and the tall fence surrounding the garden, and the old well in the corner of the garden with the bucket-lift rising high over the fence — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see him even now, my grandfather — bending over me, tall and sad-eyed and thoughtful — lifting me up and seating me on his knees, lovingly, and listening to all my childish questions and confessions; pardoning, admonishing, remonstrating; satisfying my questioning soul with good-humored indulgence.

And my grandmother — dear little woman! I could never dissociate her from

plum-puddings and apple-dumplings and raisin-cakes and almond-cakes and crisp potato pancakes, and the smell of fish frying on the fire. Then there is my cousin Miriam, who lived in the yellow house across the lane — a freckle-faced little girl with a puckered-up nose and eyes like black cherries. I was very romantic about her.

And then there is my curse, my rival at school, my arch-enemy — Jacob, the synagogue sexton's boy, on whom I was always warring. God knows on what battlefield he must be lying now! There is Nathan and Joseph and Berel and Solomon and Ephraim, the baker's boy; Baruch, Gershen and Mendel, and long-legged, sandy-haired Emanuel who fell into the pond with me that time, while we were skating on the ice — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see myself even now in the lane on a summer's day, cap in hand, chasing after dragon-flies. Suddenly, nearby, sounds the noise of drums and bugles — I know what that means! Breathlessly I dash up the lane. It is the regiment quartered in the barracks at the end of the town, in its annual parade on the highway — how I should like to be one of those gray-coated heroes! I watch them eager-eyed, and run after them until they reach the Gentile quarter. — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I am in the market-place at a fair. It is a heaving mass of carts and horses and oxen; the oxen are lowing, the horses neighing, the peasants cursing in a dozen different dialects. I am in grandfather's store on the lower end of the market-place, right opposite the public well; the store is full of peasants and peasant women bargaining at the top of their voices. The men are clad in rough sheepskin coats and fur caps, their women are gay in bright-colored cottons, with red kerchiefs round their heads. My grandfather stands behind the counter measuring out rope to some peasants; grandmother is cutting a strip of linen for a peasant woman, chaffering with another one at the same time about the price of a pair of sandals — and I am sitting there, behind the counter, on a sack of flour, playing with my black-eyed little cousin — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza . . .*

It comes back to me suddenly that I am sitting here with a newspaper in my hand, reading: —

'The Germans have seized the bridge-head at Kartúshkiya-Beróza; the Russians are retreating in good order across the marshes; the town is in flames!'

THE DESERTED TEMPLE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

HAS not the rush of the young through succeeding generations in this country toward the mechanical, the dexterous, already begun to tell in a constantly increasing narrowness, a shrinkage of intellectual and spiritual stature? Has not that preoccupation with the immediate which once served a great idealistic purpose, become in time its own end, the only end at last? Comfort, safety, in the minds of our pioneer ancestors, ministered to the service of God; now, when we are too comfortable to be even happy, too pampered to be blest, we go on trying to be more and more comfortable.

Is our boasted mechanical progress entirely a triumphant exhibition of the growth of humankind, or is it partly a case of arrested mental development? In many ways, perhaps, it is pleasing and convenient not to have time to think; but is it wise? The typical American has come to seem to many people of other nationalities a 'handy man,' quick with muscle, nimble in the execution of practical projects, but lacking in depth of personality. A swift intelligence, with all the latest modern adjustments, is there; but I have heard it hinted that there is more vibration of machinery than of ideas in our minds; that a distant echo of piston and of whistle, insistent and shrill in our voices, symbolizes a certain mechanical quality in our innermost selves. Our critics are constant in generous praise of our great quality, generosity, nor

shall any gainsay it; it is our one price-less spiritual possession. But it may be that they are right when they fail to agree with us in our childish self-congratulation that we are the best of all possible types of people in the best of all possible worlds. When they speak of our lack of inner resources and of deep reserve of thought and of feeling; of a certain thinness of quality in the American temperament; of lack of personality, of permanence of quality, of enduring conviction — can we wholly deny the charges? Much of the fiction written by us and about us confirms them with scientific accuracy, and becomes a true mirror in which we see ourselves.

Our interest in the world of things rather than in the world of ideas is already resulting in too many naïve and shallow types of character, uncurious save in regard to the material secrets of the world. We are suffering not only from waning faith in invisible realities, but from the externality of our training; from the preponderance, in our schools and colleges, of scientific and mathematical discipline; from the steadily decreasing devotion to the humanities.

Is it the multiplication of 'observation' studies that makes the young continually less interested in the profounder phases of existence, more and more unaware of the problems of the inner life? To court too rigidly training concerned chiefly with the world of matter is to court a lasting childishness of mind; greatly useful in its place, this discipline should keep its place, and not encroach, as it does in our country,

upon provinces not its own. Lessened maturity of mind and of spirit must of necessity result from lessened contact with the minds of men in their maturity, and from the failure to study men in their mental, spiritual, national development. Why require in college of all students work in science, unless history, literature, and philosophy are also required? Is knowledge of chemical actions and reactions supremely necessary, while spiritual reactions, study of complex human relationships, of profound philosophic thought, piercing the veil of matter at least toward, if not to, reality, are left to chance, to students' whims in the lottery of elective work?

I would make a plea against the one-sidedness of our present endeavor, leaning over to the external world; I would make a plea for a deeper culture; for more widespread study of the humanities; for more determined use, in our colleges and our schools, of the idealist's opportunity in a world drunk with a sense of physical fact. A plea for the study of history; for the pure intellectual discipline of philosophy; and, because of our special need, for literature as a necessary discipline in all school work and college work wheresoever. The work with the classics is steadily decreasing; alas for the dimming of the torch that has guided our way! Since ancient literature, with its superb power of shaping young civilization, has been largely driven out, — with what incalculable loss! — let us study and teach our own, still permitted and, in places, even encouraged; let us have our English literature taught in the wisest and profoundest way ascertainable, wherever anything is taught. It is greatly needed for knowledge of human nature, insight into its complexities, for practical purposes as well as for intellectual enlightenment; there is, after all, nothing so

unpractical as the purely practical man. It is needed to make good the lack in modern training with its emphasis on externals, and the loss that comes from lessened intimacy on the part of people in general with the best in literature; it is needed that the young may win acquaintance with human insight at its best; needed to strengthen the hold on the ideal, on that beauty, visible and invisible, that rouses the creative will to new ardor of effort.

II

For many years, as I have felt increasingly a sense of this need, I have, from time to time, heard the statement made that literature is a subject that cannot be taught; that, while it may hold its own as a source of individual pleasure, it has no real place in an educational system; and that, when it attempts to hold such a place, it serves only to divert the minds of the young from legitimate subjects of study. These protests have been made by very different people for widely differing reasons. A mathematician informs me that the study of literature can give no proper mental discipline, as it is not an intellectual exercise, and fails in inculcating exactness in use of facts. A humanist, specialist in history, once thoughtfully remarked that it was impossible to see where genuine work could come in in connection with this subject, as it was just a case of recording impressions, telling whether you liked a thing or not; the implication being that the mental challenge is little deeper than that involved in doing one's Christmas shopping.

This conceiving of literature as one of the mere decorations of life is shared by other critics: scientists have told me that it offers no opportunity for obtaining real knowledge, as it is not based upon observation, through the senses,

of the world of fact. A wholly different kind of objection comes now and then from poet or essayist, who maintains that insight into literature is a case of the divine fire; either you have it or you have n't it in you; it cannot be communicated.

For many years I have heard it said that literature cannot be taught, and for many years I have known that the young of the college world, in some of the places where this study is still permitted, troop into English literature classes, overrunning the elective courses, clamoring for work in literature, for more and more. If literature cannot be taught, the young have not found it out. The frequent gibe that this is because literature work is a 'snap' is, year after year, disproved; first, by the fact that the best students, the most indefatigable workers, flock to it; and second, by the fact that, in classes where the standard is held high, students work with a passionate enthusiasm, an intensity, an ungrudging devotion, which certainly is not surpassed in any other subject, and is perhaps rarely equaled. Mathematician, scientist, historian may shake their heads, regarding this as evidence of mental aberration on the part of the young; but the young do not heed the shaking. Some inner intellectual and spiritual necessity impels them; they feel, if they cannot formulate, that which is necessary for their growth; they are full of a hunger and thirst which nothing else, it would seem, will satisfy.

There is practical evidence enough to show that literature can be taught with resulting gain. So vigorous and so prolonged a demand on the part of the young must represent a vital necessity; and their testimony is better than any other as to the possibility of teaching literature. Many in later years say that their study of literature helped them more than any other part of their edu-

cational preparation, in the wear and tear of life, stayed by them best and longest. Sham attainment does not endure in this way. He is indeed a bold person who would assert *a priori* what are the limits of that which can be taught; supply should bear some relation to demand in the immaterial as in the material world, and the demand, where good work gains a foothold, is great.

The reason why this should exist is self-evident, as is the reason why we should meet it with utmost effort. If literature be that writing to which depth and sincerity of thought and feeling and beauty of form have given permanence, securing for us an inner revelation of human experience at different moments of race-experience, it seems natural that the young should delve with passionate eagerness into the profoundest records of the life of the race; that they should welcome any guidance which makes them more sure of its great meanings, brings larger knowledge and experience to bear upon its problems. The shock of surprise wherewith they face the new worlds opened to them by study of literature, the joy of intellectual discovery, bear witness to the potency of the work. Traditionless, some of them, having suffered from lack of books at home, and from the crowding out in the schools of that humanistic training which has been so large a factor in whatever civilization we possess, they find in the study of literature something fresh, full of challenge, making them aware of wider horizons than they had dreamed of before.

I am convinced, from long study of the problem, long observation, that literature, as an academic discipline, supplies elements which can be found in nothing else; that it not only can be taught, but, under the conditions obtaining in our modern world, must be

taught, in the interests of our higher civilization; taught with profound purpose, for its incomparable service in the matter of method, and in the matter of substance.

To the mathematician's criticism that the study of literature lacks method, and fails in the matter of mental discipline, we answer that precisely this kind of study is needed to supplement the training given by mathematics. We recognize mathematics as a necessity; for certain uses its training is invaluable; yet its narrow track is inadequate for the larger uses of life. Exact and indispensable in helping make the world of matter serve our need, it is useless in that greater world of the inner life not dominated by laws of matter. Working along the lines of logic to determined ends, it takes no count of the shifting stuff of life with its uncertainties; and its training rather unfits than fits the mind for the relative judgments, the delicate adjustments that it must make to the human dilemma. There are no axioms or formulæ that can help in a great spiritual crisis, nor can mathematical methods of thought then guide mind and soul. The abstract certainties of mathematics betray us in lives which have a way of not following strict laws of algebraic or geometrical demonstration; we need a mental training that will enable us to weigh, compare, sift; to make wise judgments even where some factors are uncertain; to estimate probabilities. To face any difficult human situation, expecting life to run in the smooth grooves which one's training in mathematical thought would lead one to believe, is to invite madness. In life, if not in mathematics, two plus two may make anything from twenty-five to chaos; one plus one may make infinity in a reckoning truer than mathematics knows.

Many-sided, and demanding varied

equipment is our dilemma; rigidly mathematical training is wholly inadequate to prepare the young human being for the issues of life. Mathematics may teach us how to build bridges, but not to build lives; to compute the stars, but not to compute the action of the human soul in a world of shifting circumstance. Versus the unfailingly accurate results of true mathematical thinking are complicating elements that require our entire intellectual and spiritual self-possession: in the former, an error invalidates the whole; in life, an error may mean finding the trail that leads furthest and highest.

For coping with uncertainty, our intellectual training should prepare us by constant work involving judgment. In work in literature, as in work in history, a mass of material confronts us—it may be confused and confusing records. It is necessary to sift and choose, and, by means of finer logic, work out an interpretative idea, representing one's best decision in regard to the puzzling matter. Not here is the easier task of putting down in figures the indisputable result of uncontested fact; here is the necessity of discriminating, of finding relative values, as constantly in the recurring dilemmas of life. This selection matures the judgment and strengthens the intellectual fibre, as by an act of creation. Such training is indispensable for method, because it deals with the complexity of life in its welter of warring motives and conflicting claims; because it requires constructive thinking, based upon all the data attainable; and the student is compelled to summon all his faculties and think, to give full account of the intellectual power that is in him.

A work of great literature, shaped in the light of an informing conception, comes, in a sense, nearer than can anything else to the quick of human need in the kind of thought necessary for its

interpretation. It is Coleridge who speaks of poetry as having 'a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex and dependent on more fugitive causes.' It is this logic, the logic of art, rather than the barren logic of the formula, that will help in facing perplexities; the logic that, dealing with the complex, searches out the ways of law, of harmony in the tangle of things, that selective power in which the will is ever involved. Perpetual choice is demanded by the artist in creating, a sense of fitness in view of the whole design; for student and critic, what better intellectual discipline can be devised than that involved in tracing the delicate mental adjustments, whereby each word and phrase is made to render its share in working out the central meaning? We cannot escape the fine interrelations of existence, and this subtler logic of art is supremely needed in human life to create perfectness and integrity from the multifarious, varying elements.

To the charge that the study of literature is not an intellectual discipline we can answer further that the great masterpieces of literature bring us face to face, no less than do the greatest philosophical theories, with the profoundest questions of human destiny. The problems presented alike by philosophy and by tragedy, concerning human fate, human responsibility, challenge the intellect as far as it can go, and further. They reckon ill who leave these out of any system of training of the young. If the charge be that study of literature is not a purely intellectual discipline, herein lies its peculiar glory, and the peculiar opportunity that comes through it. It is the attempt to make the word educational synonymous with intellectual, and the word intellect synonymous with reason, that has been the crowning academic curse of our country and of

our time. Conscious of a larger need, we must protest against the over-mastery of intellectual disciplines, which, busy primarily with the problems of the external world, do not even challenge the deepest in mere intellect. The peculiar service of great literature lies in the fact that it is greatly intellectual, and that it is something more, bringing home to the individual the profoundest problems of human destiny with that mastery of resources known only to great art.

Those who, busy with the positive sciences, charge that study of literature brings you into a world of imaginings, and does not stand for truth of observed fact; those who, like my friend the historian, regard the teaching of literature as mere idle utterance of preferences, a substanceless and bodiless something that has little to do with recorded fact, should really inform themselves of the many-sided study of fact necessary for the interpretation of a piece of literature in any period. Presented with the problem of interpreting master and masterpiece against the background of the age which produced them, you must delve deep into the time if you are to understand the product of the time. A wide and accurate knowledge of the historical setting is necessary; of great political events; of great events in the world of thought, the expression of philosophy at the moment. A great poem or prose masterpiece becomes a focus, a centre, where many lines converge; patient investigation, following the many lines, is the insistent duty of the student. The self-expression of a human soul is to be read and understood in the light of all obtainable information regarding the author's life, the influences that formed mind and character; and regarding the history of the literature of the country, that his place in it may be found. What knowledge of classic

literature is necessary, in order to follow the development of great types! How much must be done with masterpieces of other countries of all times, that one may reach an understanding of literary forms and one man's use of them! How much with questions of linguistic growth and change — that knowledge of words and of inflections, of the changing significance of words, that must accompany study of literature in each period! Modern linguistic work gives an opportunity for close discipline as exigent in its demand for accuracy of fact as the mathematical training of the present day, or that of Greek and Latin in earlier days; moreover, it depends less than did the latter on mere memory, and more upon observation of the laws of development, more on the ways of reasoning from phenomenon to phenomenon, combining the exactness in detail of older-fashioned study of the classics — that drill that has played a major part in fashioning mind and character of many generations — with evolutionary method, knowledge of the laws of growth, that power to trace continuity in fact which is the crowning achievement of the scholarship of our time.

Fact — and herein lies the worth of this as of other humanistic studies, that through it all, beyond it all comes the deeper challenge, the need to employ fact for further ends, for intellectual or spiritual interpretation. The task of delving into fact to find its deepest significance challenges the deepest that is in you, tests reason and insight to the uttermost. In this day of impassioned clinging to external things, of love of fact for fact's sake; of observation and experiment studies where, often, not enough data can be gathered for any real intellectual conclusion, there is need of such study of fact, not as a resting-place for the mind, but as an aid to larger understanding.

Training in history in order to understand the web of circumstance that forms a background for a great work of literature; training in language in order to get the full import of word and phrase; training in philosophy in order to accustom the mind to the gravest problems of thought; then, the attempt to interpret the master's embodiment in art of his reading of the riddle of existence — who can deny the profundity of the challenge of this discipline? Who can deny its validity as intellectual training in its study of mere fact, or its supreme importance as the only lasting record of the greater facts of the inner life? Who can say, remembering that the rightful meaning of the word *teach* is but to guide, — from the Anglo-Saxon *twæcan*, to show, — that the maturer mind may not help the younger to understand the deep records of human experience, suggesting wise ways of bringing philosophy, bringing history to bear upon it, illuminating by literary comparisons and contrasts, bringing, it may be, a wealth of information and a gift of interpretative power that will intensify ten-fold its meaning for the struggling student? For the true teacher of literature the task is to serve as stimulus, to quicken, to make the student aware of great things to be done, to point out the veins where he may dig; to help a bit with the hard things, constantly spurring him on, but to let him do his own digging so far as may be.

III

If the objectors betray ignorance of the importance of the subject-matter involved, they betray ignorance also of the methods and the ideals manifest in this work at its best. The world in general, even the world of scholars working along other lines, has no idea of the greatness of the task; the glory of it; the

difficulty of its discipline as carried on even in properly conducted classrooms in American colleges; the possible profundity of its presentation, and the indispensable nature of such work, from the point of view of method, from the point of view of substance, if the young are to reach their full stature. The exact knowledge demanded as an aid to understanding; the energy of intellectual endeavor that must go into the interpretation of the underlying idea of any great work of literature, make it a searching test, not only of a man's knowledge, and of his power of ever gaining fresh knowledge, but of his power in pure thought, his imaginative insight, of all that he is capable of doing with utmost effort of mind and of soul. That which is the ideal of the instructor must necessarily be impressed upon the student; what he has done and done wisely he must make his pupils do. Slighter, simpler though the student's task must be, it must make him aware of the height and the depth of his subject, of the manifold effort required to meet its demands. Many an American youth, who considers the pursuit of letters unmanly, effeminate, would prove, grown soft and pampered in his machine-eased life, utterly incapable of straining to the great endeavor of the work done with the strenuousness of intellectual purpose that should go into it. What can be done to make him aware of the profound challenge of the work, and his great need of it?

It is precisely in one aspect of the scientist's formulation of the case against literature in our educational system that the deepest validity of its claim lies; that the great need is suggested of a large and larger part for literature in our lives; a large and larger part in our academic work. It does not, we are told, deal with observed fact; it has elements upon which you cannot put thumb and finger; its signi-

ficance cannot be detected by eye or ear, and it therefore has no solid foundation in reality. Herein lies the arraignment, and herein lies the overwhelming reason for encouraging the young in the pursuit of this study, which recognizes the inner values of life, as well as the outer; which resists that 'shrinkage to the world of the five senses' demanded by modern intellectual process; which is aware of a larger world, with wider horizons, than contemporary knowledge will admit; a deeper life than mere intellectualism can fathom. If there be any witness to the fact that we are greater than the sight of our eyes and the hearing of our ears, and speculation based upon the material they offer us; that there is something within us which cannot be satisfied with training limited to this observation, literature is surely the lasting record of that larger self. That deeper something demands recognition; it meets expression in literature; why should not literature be made to serve in a practical way the greater ends of life?

Has not Puck been much abroad in our world of late, some cosmic Puck, turning our universe upside down, reversing values, bewildering and deluding mankind? It comes to seem, to many of the gravest educators, that that discipline is hardest, severest, and best for mind-forming, which is busy only with things in space; and that that which presents the profoundest achievement of the race, the inner life, recorded in spiritual and intellectual conceptions subtly blended in forms of beauty, is supposed to be an easy something whose study is undertaken only by the smatterer and the dilettante. The records of the life of the soul count for so little among us; the records of all physical and material matters count for so much! Surely anything that will keep the young from

conceiving that the boundaries of sense are final boundaries, that the world of matter is the world of reality, should ever be kept before them; should be devoutly and reverently studied.

Education should deepen, not lessen, the sense of the encompassing mystery of life; the teachers who can explain too much explain nothing. We know little of the 'why' of our predicament; let those studies that deepen the sense of the encompassing mystery of life hold their due place. We protest against the misleading certainties of mathematics and the illusory boundary line of organic science as circumscribing the intellectual life, not pleading to have these studies neglected, but pleading against the supremacy they have gained, and the spiritual loss resulting from this supremacy. Whatever may be the ultimate truth, we are greater than our modern training would have us know; yet we must not lose the deeper curiosity, or forego the higher questioning.

Save crucial experience, there is nothing that keeps before us this sense of vastness as does great literature, with its recognition of the unfathomable depths of the inner life. Supreme moments in the production of literature are always full of a sense of unexplained mystery; infinity with wide wings broods over it. In Greek drama, in Shakespeare and in the literature of the Renaissance, in our own early nineteenth-century poetry, there is a profound sense of wonder at the illimitable greatness of life, known and not known, dimly divined. To deepen the sense of mystery; to quicken constantly the sense of challenge; to waken in the young a need of spiritual quest—what can help more than close contact with records of spiritual achievement, the insight of great souls? Life, to be great, must be forever quick with a sense of infinite opportunity.

IV

In the name of our birthright to wider and profounder life, we protest against the narrowness, externality, lack of vision, lack of freedom of much of our educational life of to-day. The very nature of the objections brought against the study of literature is a reason why it should be taught—constantly, assiduously taught. Each objection shows the narrowing or hardening of the mind to a single track, that tendency of education that has been all but fatal to so many of the educators and the educated. Whatever education does, it should leave open all avenues out into intellectual light and space, and should discover new ones. And this study—appealing to the intellect, both reason and imagination; appealing to that which is deepest in the human soul, emotion, passion—is precisely the means to keep the human mind aquiver and astir, sensitive to new meanings, quick to grasp, strong to retain, large and larger significances of this our problem of existence.

It is perhaps the only study which, presenting human experience in its wholeness, calls upon the human being in his entirety, the many-sided creature of many instincts and many impulses who nevertheless draws himself together and says 'I.' To the solving of his problems in literature, as in the large complexity of life, he must bring his every power; as it gives scope, freedom, to feeling, imaginative instinct, intellectual aspiration, so it demands their service in the matter of interpretation. We live in our emotions, as well as in intellect; in imagination, in soul, as well as in mind; feeling, the motive power, and perhaps the greater part of life, may be the impelling force to new spiritual and intellectual attainment. Study of literature keeps us aware of the larger resources of our

own natures, and trains those larger powers.

Now, when it becomes overwhelmingly evident that the paramount factors in civilization are those which develop human feeling and guide it aright; now, when force cruelly triumphs, it behooves us to make use of all resources that will keep feeling quick and sensitive. Losing its guidance in human affairs we lose our way; has recent history justified the sneer wherewith 'efficiency' has banished sentiment? Inasmuch as in all life there is nothing so misleading as mere intellect, unchecked by feeling, by sense of necessary adjustments, by old instincts, growing fine and sensitively aware of larger need — the deeper powers should be allowed their rightful share in education and in shaping existence. There are innumerable ways in which study of literature can minister to the greater self, of passionate aspiration, divine imaginings, and hopes that will not tarry at the sense-boundaries of things. The young must be made to feel its answer to the greater needs of life, its ministry to the inner self, to the finer hopes, the profounder faiths. They must be guided to it early, that it may answer these diviner instincts when they first waken; that they may know from what great source to draw in their spiritual hunger.

Human emotion is forever pressing on to larger life, to greater destiny; and the guide in all this further quest is that divinest faculty of the human mind, imagination, which, in its penetrative power, is in the forefront of all efforts to solve the mystery of existence. Confessedly or not, it works in science, in philosophy, in the great conjectures that may or may not later find reasoned proof; it is in all arts the guiding factor, piercing to inner meanings, and shaping in accordance with the divination. This gift, supremely necessary in

apprehending the beauty of the universe, in searching out the finer law, and supremely necessary in fashioning forms of loveliness, finds, perhaps, its profoundest expression in great literature. Here we find the fullest records of the deepest insight of most gifted human souls, and the fullest record of that which in human nature comes nearest the divine, creative activity working out the great meaning. Because the study of literature fosters, as perhaps no other study can, this faculty, discovers, develops, guides it, it is a supremely important part of education. The young should be taught the mastery, among the human faculties, of this power which marshals the great insights; taught, through Wordsworth, Coleridge, Ruskin, that it is the profoundest attribute of the human mind — not fancy, sporting with unrealities, but divining imagination, piercing to the very heart of things; taught not to confuse imaginative, as is often done in common parlance, with imaginary, in slighting, contemptuous reference to it as a more or less misleading mental faculty, as if it were a power leading away from reality, instead of to the soul of it. Why should this faculty, working behind all great discoveries in the outer world, be discredited to-day only in searching out the meanings of the inner life, the profoundest working of all? We have need of contact with this power which refreshes us at the very sources of being, after our forty years and more than forty years of wandering in that arid wilderness — the contemplation of facts of the external world.

You cannot teach the divining power: that is admitted; but you can teach the young that this divining power of great genius is superior to reason; that, in all departments of intellectual endeavor, reason is its helpmate, its tool, which may serve, but may not master,

this creative gift. You can bring the young into contact with greatly imaginative work; in this age of alleged enlightenment, many have never heard of it! Often you can make them see deeper meanings which would otherwise have escaped them. You can help them recognize the fact that genius may and does perceive great meanings in life that lesser folk could not find without them; that it is good, at times, to forget our entire preoccupation with the minor, and seek the company of the great thinkers, the diviners of the best, whose vision sometimes contradicts the evidence of the passing show of life as absolutely as our knowledge of cosmic law contradicts the apparent rising and setting of the sun. Let us teach the young to trust the great insights, the great dreamers who have dreamed the great dream.

It is by this power of divining inner significances through the penetrative imagination, of being able to clothe these in terms of concrete beauty, that the poet becomes the great interpreter, as Sidney, Shelley, Arnold claim — stimulating feeling to great ends, expressing his insight into the divine in a way that mere human beings can understand more potently than they can understand the purely intellectual appeal. Eyes have we, and ears; 'sense' may help 'soul,' and beauty comes home to the whole human being in a way that no abstract plea can command, as profound thought and passion, guided by imaginative vision, become visible and tangible in creative work. The poet is the great teacher, making the senses serve him, letting eye and ear become avenues through which great interpretations may reach the mind, so presenting his conjectures of immortal meanings in life that they may reach in many ways the mere mortal, caged in sense.

You may analyze virtue to the last
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subtle shade: you will bring something to the intellectual perception of your reader, but you will not quicken his pulse, or waken his ardor, or rouse in him that creative will which is the very secret of life itself, as you will if you show him supremely well one human being in heroic moments of victory or defeat. Let him see and hear and share, and he will know as he could never know from mere telling. Herein lies the danger of the present predominance of the analytical over the synthetic in contemporary education. What further loss, what slipping backward will ensue, if this creative faculty of the imagination is further obscured by our contemporary habit of pulling apart! In that creative art, human life, mere analytic processes of intellect will not suffice; life is constant synthesis, whether we will or no, and constant combining, acting, creating are necessary for us all. When a race loses its imaginative grasp of deeper values, all crumbles; great epochs are always a time of seeing large relations, of synthesis, of faith, and action in the light of that faith. We must have constructive idealism; we must conceive life as a whole and work at it as a whole; and for this must have ever before us that which guides in creating fineness of thought and feeling, and incites thereto. Surely the best literature, soul-experience in terms of beauty, stirring emotion, guiding feeling to lovely issues — no care can be too great to keep and cultivate and greatly share its high import.

V

Our great literature is, at least, a partial answer to that cry for beauty and for harmony, which sounds, however feebly, in every human soul — that assurance of law toward which all human lives grope, however blindly. More than any other art, it reveals the

ways of beauty in connection with those questions that are the profoundest and the most searching, the impulses that arise from the uttermost depths of our lives. Can anything set forth as profoundly, or in such awful beauty, as does great tragedy, the clash between will and circumstance, the central fact of human existence, that we are partly bound, partly free, and that herein lies the point of our being here? No mere exposition can ever present this as can this supreme art, or so bring it home to the quivering heart and soul of youth. Tracing cause and effect, following the inevitable consequences of act and choice, you watch the working of the laws of life as presented in a great artist's conception. In *Macbeth*, in *King Lear* one can trace, as one can trace in a Gothic cathedral, the power and the delicacy, the unity of design in boundless variety. Demonstration could never achieve for us this awful nearness to human fate gained through thus partaking, step by step, of another's experience.

Again, close contact with varied expressions of emotion that have found permanent place in literature because of depth of feeling and beauty of form, — human experience at its most vivid moments crystallized, — can hardly help effecting a civilizing power, a training power, a delicately suggestive potency in the matter of finer self-possession. Perfect integrity of form is in itself a matter of control; and ethical as well as æsthetic gain comes from sharing human impetuosity, patiently seeking out the ways of loveliness, searching and finding law, so that it seems not spasmodic, tangential, but gladly obedient to great laws ordering and controlling the universe. Great lyric poetry, in its passionate restraint, is a measure of growth both in depth of feeling and in its mastery, marking the upward progress from unrestrained

savage wail toward the mighty rhythm of all things obedient to eternal law. Association with this controlled beauty achieves something of the result of association with people of exquisite personality — that creative contact with higher things that can in no way come from mere intellectual perception.

This discipline of letters, now more and more discredited as a part of education; the impress, the touch, the shaping power of that which is fine and high, wrought out by our predecessors: it would seem that no tongue would need to plead for this, our self-evident necessity — the profound need of all that has been wrought in beauty and in fineness to be brought to bear, in as many ways as possible, as cogently as possible, upon the young at the most susceptible age, the age when gracious ideals will most readily impress themselves. We need constantly before us, not only for our delight but for our inspiration, touchstones of thought and of feeling. The training-power in the matter of taste found in literature of achieved beauty is a necessary discipline. We need beauty, in the great sense of the word; divining loveliness of thought, shaping loveliness of form. The discipline of beauty — there is none more severe, none more high, for the ways of beauty lead from visible to invisible beauty — from Spenser's Earthly Beauty, joyously hymned, to Heavenly Beauty, hymned with finer joy, where the clashing of harsh notes ceases in harmony. We need beauty, which draws all souls after, with quickened, passionate perception of values; beauty that makes available the depths of human nature, turns to fine uses feeling, emotion, powers wherein may lurk danger.

No fineness of judgment, no phases of control once won must be allowed to escape us; we must keep the ground

gained, and build upon the foundation of our forbears. Herein lies an answer to those who decry the folly of searching the literature of older days; who say that an age is sufficient unto itself; that consideration of the past insults the present. To those who look upon the old as something outworn and put away, we can but say that, in the world of spirit, the relation to us of the past is not that of discarded garments, but of feeding roots.

Those who cry without ceasing for the modern should remember that the very discovery of the evolutionary method of study involves us in greater, not less, responsibility in regard to the past than has ever rested upon the shoulders of men before, because we know, better than men have ever done, how past and present are linked in an unbroken chain. Surely they are wisest who break faith neither with past nor with future; no generation really wants to be the weak place in the chain.

This is not a plea that we linger helplessly in the old, but a plea to make it serve our need more fully than we are doing, yield up its potency, its beauty, that nothing be lost. We do not undervalue the creative work of the present; the worth of any expressed spiritual insight or inner experience cannot be gainsaid. That which comes directly, in word or written phrase, from those who walk the earth with us is a stimulus and a source of refreshment; but we must not think that, for the young, all too prone to turn only to the new, chance contact with this or that bit of contemporary literature will suffice. They must not miss the training of that earlier literature whose entirety and beauty of conception and form have given it enduring worth. There is a sanity of thought, as well as beauty of form, in that literature which survives the ages; and because of this

wise balance, it has incomparable value in training young minds. Here we do not find a yearning to startle and be startled; we find instead that great note of common understanding which distinguishes all supreme art.

The simplicity, the fundamental humanness of all things great we need to keep ever before us; among the quips and cranks, the literary and critical antics of our time, we need to turn to the great literature of old, to keep fresh the sense of achieved beauty, reminding ourselves of, and teaching the young, the great things that have been said, and the great way in which they have been said. Study of the older literature will quicken the imaginative instinct, will quicken and train feeling, and suggest high standards of beauty. Because, in earlier literature, life is conceived as essentially spiritual, not physical alone; because there the imagination works with a wholeness of conception which is lacking to-day, the young need this as they need nothing else, if the future is to fulfill the promise of the past.

The great poets have not become part of the race-experience as they should. Ignored, forgotten, save by the chosen few, they do not, to our immeasurable loss, enter into the daily life of common folk. We are so proud of our wheels that go fast; of our unparalleled housekeeping arrangements; so unabashed, amid the splendors of asphalt, electricity, and aluminum, by our intellectual and spiritual poverty; would it not be well for us to pause, if pause is possible for us, to consider our inner lack? Can we not spare some minutes from our adoration of our national materialistic god, to teach the young that it is good to be in the company of those who interpret life in terms of spirit, not in terms of material prosperity; in terms of spirit, not of flesh; in terms of beauty, whose potent

appeal may quicken the will to rise and create in the image of the higher dream?

VI

It is not only for intellectual and æsthetic gain that we need the discipline of letters, but also for spiritual training. We have need of vision that pierces further than our own, and the young should be given the chance to know, at the outset of life, that which may prove the path to higher existence. The work of the great poets represents glimpses of heights unseen by others, of wider horizons than their contemporaries knew, or we know. Literature records the high points that have been reached in the development of the human soul; spiritual attainment; moments of finer knowledge, subtler assurance, in the inner life of the race; insight into the depth of our dilemma, and into the forces that make for solution of our problem. These high-water marks of experience must not be forgotten or neglected as they are, for the most part now, by the majority of people. We must cherish the record of every deeper waking of love, of pity; we must let the young know the promise of the diviner impulses in this cruel struggle of brute things, where the soul seems to have but an endangered chance. Our older literature must be taught, lest we lose our sense of spiritual values; 'lest we forget' the best that our forefathers have worked out in the hard struggle of the inner life.

The great poets are the guardians of our race-ideals; how can we cherish

them too reverently? Enduring literature gives us a record of achieved standards, spiritual and ethical, upon which we may not go back; we have need of the greatest and best that our finest souls have achieved, nor may the furthest reach of the human soul be ignored — save to our undoing.

Other arts can give us beauty; what other can preserve for us the hard-won achievement of the soul of man? All that there has been of higher vision, of poet, prophet, seer, has come down to us, if it has come at all, in the form of literature. Mere literature! What else has afforded one tenth, one hundredth part the help that this has done in lifting mankind out of the bog? It has kept alive, through dark ages, the divine spark, and has rekindled life again to vital flame. From immemorial time it has been the live coal upon the human hearth, whose going out would mean extinction for the finest and divinest instincts of the soul. Can we afford to neglect that which has, in the household fashion of old time, been carried from hearth to hearth, enkindling new flame? Our dark riddle grows more light as we more and more associate with those who have light upon their foreheads. We should make known and honor, in the service of the young, the moments of profoundest insight of the greatest souls; nor dare we let slip intellectual and spiritual experience once gained. If literature be indeed the divine fire, can any one suggest a greater service that can be done the young than helping them find the divine fire?

SONNETS

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

I

WHY, Love, beneath the fields of asphodel
Where youth lies buried, goest thou wandering,
And like a rainbow droops thy irised wing
Above the dead on whom sweet passion fell?
There thy eternal incarnations dwell;
There bends Narcissus o'er the beauteous spring;
There to the lovely soil doth Hyacinth cling.
Ay me! when young, I breathed the Ægean spell.

Once voyaged I — Europe, Asia on each hand —
To the inaccessible, dim, holy main;
Beautiful Ida wooed me, misty, grand;
Scamander shouted music in my brain;
And in the darkness, in the Trojan land,
I heard my horses champing golden grain.

II

O ecstasy of the remembering heart
That makes of all time but one stretchèd day,
And brings us forward on life's glorious way
An hour or two before we shall depart!
And thus the whole world melts to timeless art,
And we in the eternal moment stay;
That is accomplished for which men pray,
And blunted is the ever-fatal dart.

Among the flowering ruins of old time
 I played with beauty's fragments; Death and Hope
 Upon the dizzy stone beheld me climb
 And in the acanthus-mantled marble grope;
 I only heard the dawn Memnonian chime
 'Mid the wild grasses and wild heliotrope.

THE HILLS

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

THE Hillman and I squatted on our heels and gazed at Halley's comet. I knew he was looking at it, for I could see nothing of him — his tousled mat of hair and his rags merging with the grass about us. In a minute he turned his face toward me and it shone dully in the sickly green light. I could see him without taking my eyes from the comet. Then, like the Cheshire cat, he softly melted from view again; and now when I looked directly toward him he still remained invisible. We sat motionless for some time. I did not know his thoughts, and I could not put mine into words. When, at midnight, one looks across five ranges of Himalayas, lighted by the silver of starlight and the dull green of a great comet, thoughts become emotion, inarticulate and without simile. One fails to register even the absurd details which are often the most vivid mental aftermath of a profound emotional crisis. I did not notice that my little red notebook from the basement stationery store in Vesey Street was standing on edge in the

stunted elephant grass. The following day I learned this fact.

When I turned to my wild Hillman, I wondered again what occupied his thoughts, and at last I was sure I knew. At such times one thinks of the greatest things in life, and this to him was the vision of eight rupees, a great sum which I had promised in return for a pheasant's nest. And I had lent truth to this incredible thing by actually showing the eight shining coins. He had communed for a few moments with my *khansamah*, who doubtless had confirmed the suspicion of my madness, and who vouched for no return of sanity, and hence withdrawal of the offer, on my part.

Somewhere in the purple-black valleys behind us was sleeping a small herd of sheep and goats which he had helped to guide over the hills. Each sheep and each goat bore a burden of forty pounds of salt, which, as they were being driven down to the plains to market, seemed an unfair thing to ask of them. My *khansamah* spread the news of my madness, and with stolid faces, unanswering, the shepherds

passed on. At nightfall one of the hillmen stole back, and with fear in his face slipped up to my servant. He had dared to violate all the traditions of his folk. For who had ever exceeded the great adventure of the annual trip to the edge of the Hills? — a day or two of timid bargaining, and, after the Hillman had been shamefully cheated, a hurried return to the nomad village. Where this was we could never learn. Only that it was far to the north, close to the snow peaks which forever kept apart the Tibetans and the wild Hillfolk of hinter Kashmir. He was Hadzia. That was all. And now I knew that, if he was really looking at the comet, the wonderful light it shed glowed to his eyes like the shimmer of eight rupees. And I would have given a second eight and twice eight more to have been able to talk to him in his own tongue and to learn of the hopes which the realization of the eight was to bring to him.

But this was well past midnight and much was to happen before the earning of the eight. For a short space we squatted silent as Buddhas, with no sound of wind in the deodars which dropped down on us from every side. Then from a side valley came a swirl of sound, a confused rustling, with sleepy chattering and mumbling, and we knew a family of banderlog was restless in the strange light.

The low, broken plaints were absurdly like the senile mumbling of old, old men. Aged, toothless ones they seemed, whose sleep was the most prized possession left among the dregs of life. And this struck the chord which vibrated through these western hills: age, infinite age. Again and again this thought recurred in a hundred forms, and every incident, every vista had this as a background.

I seemed to rest upon the very summit of the world, while beneath me file upon file of ghostly minarets sloped

steeply into the translucent darkness. The stars were brilliant, and the luminous cloud of the Milky Way softened the shadows. In the East the great train of the comet was drawn across the sky like a second milky way. At the apex the head glowed with a pale green glare. It was the comet, rather than the stars, which etched into the blackness of night. I watched it with a concentrated fascination almost hypnotic. Here was I in the twentieth century, gazing on this splendor of the heavens — a solitary scientist in the heart of this great wilderness of tumbled mountains. There came vividly to mind the changes which had taken place in the affairs of men since last its train brushed the earth. The continent of Asia was then all but unknown, Japan was a mere hermit nation of Mongolian islanders, Italy and Germany were not then kingdom and empire, the flag of Mexico flew over Texas and California, not a mile of railroad had been built in Europe, the telegraph and the *Origin of Species* were unheard of. Then I thought of the importance of eight rupees, and the affairs of the outer world sank into insignificance. My momentary dream passed, for an insistent call, a mysterious, metallic double note, came from the deodars; a sound which was always to elude me, but which, during this and following nights, from dusk until dawn, was to become a constant background of soft insistent rhythm.

I rose abruptly, motioned to the Hillman to follow, and padded softly down into the forest of deodars and silver firs. The mighty columns rose straight from their deep beds of fallen needles. Almost as tangible as their ghostly trunks was the heavy, exciting incense which filled the glade. The overhead foliage was scanty where I chose my next seat, and the light of the comet and the stars sifted softly through the

needles, and reached me, diluted but still greenish. My ways must have been wholly mysterious to my new follower, but he had the philosophy of the hills, and without question squatted silently behind me.

Minute after minute of silence passed and then the great conifers gave forth two sounds. Somewhere a sheep bleated, a sudden, abruptly quenched falsetto. My man rose to his feet with a single motion and answered with a low, guttural exclamation. His calm was broken; the shepherd in him dominated. For we both knew what it was. A strayed animal had been struck down by a leopard or tiger. And I wondered, wholly irrationally, whether the bag of salt was still strapped to the victim. Again the Hillman showed his caste, and against the protest of all his trained instincts remembered the madness of the Sahib and squatted again on the yielding needles.

Then it was my turn. From high overhead in the tracery of foliage came a low chuckle. Probably no sound in the world could have affected me as that. It meant that somewhere near by was a roosting pheasant. And it was to find this that I had come half round the world. It was to become intimate with these birds that I had traversed the fiery Plains and had penetrated deep into the heart of this wilderness—these Hills of Hills. So it was that on this first night I was so wholly absorbed in a desire to penetrate some of their secrets that the sudden indication of their presence, invisible but close at hand, shook me like strong emotion. I sat breathless, tense in every muscle.

No further sound came from either the sheep or its assailant; the bird's chuckle was not repeated. But at once other actors came on this wilderness stage. Some creature suddenly rushed up the nearest trunk, and we both jumped. Neither tigers nor pheasants

have the habit of scrambling up tree-trunks, but our reactions were instantaneous and illuminating. Hadzia shrank close to me; I leaned far forward, using all my senses and cursing their inadequacy. With this sound the peace of the night ended and the comet looked down upon swiftly passing incidents.

The creature ascended by starts, each movement sending down upon us a shower of bits of bark. Then another animal climbed after it, steadily and more slowly. Silhouettes against the sky showed the long tails of each. I watched silently. The second creature gained on the first, and suddenly a dark form hurtled through the air toward me. It swooped between my head and the nearest tree, a claw brushing my cap as it went past. It crashed into a low shrub and clambered nimbly to the top. The second animal ran down the trunk a short distance and also leaped or fell with even a harder crash on the other side of where I sat, tense with excitement. It ran to my very feet, when I flashed the electric light full upon it, and with a snarl it drew back, showing the sinuous body and cruel teeth of a pine marten. It slunk off into the blackness behind, but not before other actors had made their presence known.

A third animal ran along a branch overhead and awakened pandemonium in the shape of a pair of koklass pheasants which blundered off through the trees, squawking at the top of their lungs. Reaching the end of the branch, the giant flying squirrel, for such it was, sprang into the air. In the dim night light its wide-spread parachute looked as large as a blanket, and I involuntarily dodged as, with a resounding thump, it struck the tree nearest flying squirrel number one. Then it called—a sudden, sharp, loud squall, ending with a clear metallic note, repeated again and again. The other squirrel

answered with an infantile whine, and I read the whole story — the almost tragedy which had been enacted in the gloom of the forest: the murderous pursuit of the marten, the awkward attempt of the young flying squirrel to sail to another tree, the daring but unsuccessful leap of the marten. Then the mother coming, not to the rescue, for these gentle creatures have no weapons of offense, but at least, relying on her activity, to scream her fury at the terrible pursuer. Her flight had been made between two trees at least a hundred feet apart. I had seen her skillful twist and break as, passing against the stars, she steered unerringly for the trunk ahead.

Such was my first meeting with the koklass pheasant, although at the time, in the exciting onrush of other creatures, the flight of the birds was momentarily forgotten.

The pleading cry of the baby squirrel still rang in my ears. It typified pitiful helplessness, utter inexperience. And this tiny creature's fear and babyhood were all the more pronounced amid these great living trees which had stood here so quietly for centuries, typical of the extreme age of life; and beneath the great glowing comet which stood for the rhythm of recurring cycles, the only semblance of life which the physical can boast. And now the baby squirrel rested in safety close to the great mountain slope which typified the earth age, that span in eternity which has neither life nor rhythm.

I turned to my Hillman and found him watching me calmly, incuriously, waiting for the next move of the Sahib. I had been glad of his company, but I wanted him to be ready for pheasant nesting on the morrow. So I placed my head in my hand, simulating sleep, and motioned him toward camp; and without word or sound he rose and softly climbed the slope.

Deep into the pungent forest I crept on noiseless moccasins, down, down, until the eerie shadows all lay slantwise, and there with my back against a spruce I waited for the dawn. The air suddenly filled with little ghostly forms which, while they hummed close to my face, were invisible in the dimming comet light. Finally my eyes forgot their civilized limitations. Desire and intensive effort slipped the scales away, and I began to detect the pale gray forms of countless moth-millers flitting about. This discovery was absorbing, for I had learned that these millers formed, at this season, the principal food of the wild pheasants, there being twenty or thirty at times in the crop of a single bird. And now the little flyers interested me for themselves. In daylight I had known them as dull clingers to bark and foliage, when disturbed at most scuttling beneath a leaf. Now they were swift and skillful of wing, taking an active share in the night life of the Hills. Their wings hummed so loudly that I thought I was resting amid a maze of beetles. But when a beetle really appeared, the metallic twang of his bass-viol flight removed all doubt. The millers pursued one another and flitted about like ghosts of butterflies. Now and then they alighted on the dead leaves and made remarkably loud rustlings as they walked about.

At five o'clock the buzz of a fly was heard, — a sound wholly unlike the subdued owl-winged humming, — and at this tiny trumpet of day the night ended. As at the crow of the cock in the Danse Macabre, every little ghost scuttled to shelter, and then I looked up and realized that no longer were my eyes straining for vision. The comet had dimmed to the merest etching of light. Several birds broke into song. A pheasant crowed far up the mountain side, and two kaleege challenged below

me. A partridge joined in, calling twice. The comet vanished; the East became a blaze of glory, blue and gold streaming over the mountains of Kashmir. A new day had broken in the Hills.

II

Three days later I again disarranged my khansamah's plans for a comfortably late, slowly served breakfast. From the mess ground, both he and the *chowkidar* gave forth intermittent discontented rumbles, which died away as they approached the camp table. This morning, however, it was only for five o'clock that I demanded *chota hazri*.

As I trudged off with gun and glasses, I saw a gray wraith disappear in the opposite direction, and knew that Hadzia had started on his day's hunt for the nest which was to bring him eight rupees. Two days of disappointment had passed, and his chagrin was so great that, if possible, I would gladly have 'salted' a find for him with a scraped-out depression and four brown-stained hen's eggs. But this day was to be fortunate for both of us: the pheasant star was in the ascendant. Perhaps to this hour Hadzia recounts to his children the madness of Beebe Sahib which took the form of paying out real money for useless eggs and such baubles.

I walked quickly, for I knew my ground, and climbing five or six hundred feet, reached the ridge breathless, but before the sun rose. Keeping well hidden on the nearer side, I crept several hundred yards farther on, and slipped through a boulder scar to my chosen hiding place between an outjutting mass of rocks and two ancient deodars. Beneath me were spruce, fir, deodars, and oaks rising straight as plummets from the steep slope. Every few yards the trees thinned out into

open, park-like vistas, carpeted with smooth natural lawns. In one place the grass was starred with myriads of purple and white anemones, but the dominant blossoms were long-stemmed strawberries which grew eight to the foot for acres. I had hardly settled myself and swiveled my glasses to sweep the field ahead when tragedy descended. With a swish of wings which rose to a roar as they passed, an eagle dropped from nowhere, seized some small creature, and with hardly a pause launched out over the valley and out of sight. The tip of a great pinion brushed a shower of dew from a spruce branch as the bird labored outward, and I found myself staring at swaying needles and wondering whether what had passed was reality or a vision. Hardly had the branch settled to rest than a small green warbler flew to it and chanted an absurdly confident ditty. The unconsciousness of the diminutive feathered creature increased the unreality of the tremendously dynamic display of power a second before.

As I mused on this startling introduction to the day's observation, the wonder came more vividly than ever to mind of the marvel of the narrowness of scientists. With such antitheses to stir the most sluggish blood, how can any real lover of nature and the wilderness of earth fail to react? My wonder is not with mediocre work. Many of us can never hope to reach the clear heights of quick dynamic thought, and the genius of generalization which in the last analysis is the only *raison d'être* of facts and the search for facts. Most of us must be content to gather the bricks and beams and tiles in readiness for the great architect who shall use them, making them fulfill their destiny if only in rejection. But I marvel that men can spend whole lives in studying the life of the planet, watching its creatures run the gamut from

love to hate, bravery to fear, success to failure, life to death, and not at least be greatly moved by the extremes possible to our own existences. Why should science dull our reaction to the love theme of *Louise*? Why should technicalities dry the emotion when a master makes Dr. Jekyll or Beau Brummel live again? Why should palæontology or taxonomy detract a whit from 'McAndrew's Hymn' or 'The Jabberwocky'? Must sagittal sections and diagrams ever deaden one's appreciation of Böcklin and Rodin? Why should a geologist on a ballroom floor, or a botanist in the front row of a light-opera audience be considered worthy objects of abstract humor, instead of evincing a corresponding breadth of real humanness? Is it inevitable that occipital condyles and operas, parietals and poetry, squamosals and sculpture must be beloved by different individuals?

But the end of the minute's mood which conceived these wild thoughts brought me back to my perch among the deadards, and, like an apt moral, to another antithesis, a tragedy at my finger-tips among the infinitely small. Along the half-decayed bark of a tree fallen across the front of my hiding place, a huge slug made its way. All unknown to me, this slug was a stranger to scientific mankind, and in the course of time he was to be examined half-way round the world by one learned in the structure of slugs, and to be christened with the name of his discoverer. But we were both wholly unconscious of this present lack and impending honor, quite as much as the race of *Anadenus beebei* is still happy in its ignorance of our altered godfatheral relations.

The great mollusk crept along the damp bark, leaving a broad shining wake of mucus, then tacked slowly and made its way back. In the meantime

various creatures, several flies and spiders and two wood-roaches, had sought to cross or alight on the sticky trail and had been caught. Down upon them bore the giant slug and, inevitable as fate, reached and devoured them, sucking the unfortunates between its leaden lips, its four eyed tentacles playing horribly all the while. The whole performance was so slow and certain, the slug so hideous, and my close view so lacking in perspective, that the sensation was of creatures of much larger size being slaughtered. The comparison of this lowly tragedy of slime with the terrific rush and attack of the eagle from out of the heart of the sky tempted one to thoughts even more weird than I have expressed.

But fortunately the actors for whose arrival I had been waiting now began to appear, and I longed for each minute to be made an hour.

We think of a humming bird as quite the most brilliant and colorful creature in the world — a strange little being with the activity and bulk of an insect, the brain of a bird, and the beauty of an opal. Imagine one of these, shorn of its great activity but enlarged many times, and one has an Impeyan pheasant of the Himalayas. Beneath it is black as jet; its crest is a score of feather jewels trembling at the extremity of slender bare stalks. But its cloak of shimmering metal is beyond description, for with each change of light the colors shift and change.

When the shadow of a cloud slips along the mountain slope the Impeyan glows dully — its gold is tempered, its copper cooled, its emerald hues veneered to a pastel of iridescence. But when the clear sun again shines, the white light is shattered on the Impeyan's plumage into a prismatic burst of color.

My eye caught a trembling among the maidenhair fern, and I swung my

glass and brought a full-plumaged Impeyan into the field. The dew and the soft light of early dawn deadened his wonderful coat. His clear brown eyes flashed here and there as he plucked the heads of tiny flowers from among the grass.

For fifteen minutes nothing more happened; then for the space of an hour Impeyans began to appear singly or in pairs, and once three together. Finally fourteen birds, all cocks in full plumage, were assembled. They gathered in a large glade which already showed signs of former work, and there dug industriously, searching for grubs and succulent tubers. They never scratched like common fowl, but always picked, picked with their strong beaks. Every three or four seconds they stood erect, glanced quickly about, and then carefully scanned the whole sky. It was easy to divine the source of their chief fear — the great black eagles which float miles high like motes. The glittering assemblage fed silently, now and then uttering a subdued guttural chuckle.

When the sun's rays reached the glade, the scene was unforgettable: fourteen moving, shifting mirrors of blue, emerald, violet, purple, and now and then a flash of white, set in the background of green turf and black, newly upturned loam.

After the Impeyans had been feeding for half an hour there arose a sudden excitement. Several disappeared among the surrounding deodars, and all stood listening and watching. Then feeding began in a desultory way, and one by one the birds left the glade until only two remained. My agony of body asserted itself, and with a groan of relief I stretched my cramped limbs — and in doing so shook a branch. At the instant both birds rose with a whirr, soared out over the top of the spruces, and gradually melted from view in the

mists of the lower valley. To the last they shone like gems.

This company of birds had come from all directions and were all cocks. Their mates were brooding, hidden on a dozen slopes. Clad in their brilliant plumage, these cocks did not dare approach the nests, but roosted and lived apart. Early each morning they foregathered here for a silent feast in company, friendly with sheathed spurs, to separate after a little while and spend the remainder of the day by themselves, wandering through the magnificent deodars and over the glades of strawberry blossoms.

III

I had told no one of my destination that morning, and when I peered over the crest of the ridge I was surprised to see a man huddled close to the ground a few hundred feet down the slope. My glasses showed Hadzia sitting quietly, but not asleep. I could not easily return to camp without coming within his field of vision. As he had apparently trailed me, I amused myself by turning the tables, and backing away I crossed the crest farther on, slipping at once into a grove of young deodars. With care I stalked the pitiful bunch of rags, keeping trunk after trunk between us, and crawling on the ground over the one open space which separated us. The last fifty feet was easy, the slope gentle, trees convenient, the carpet of needles soft and deep. In a few moments I had reached the tree at his back and heard a low, minor chanting. Ten feet away it was inaudible; it was full of sorrow, of the tragic cadences of all savage music, yet I found it was Hadzia's hymn of victory.

The moment I stepped from behind the tree I was sorry I had played my little joke. He did what only the lowest savage does. His whole instinct was

flight. There was no reflex reaching for a weapon, or the place where one might carry a weapon. Just sudden hopeless terror, and a rabbit-like bound. Nor was this followed by laughter as it should have been. The fear in his eyes was replaced by wonder, helpless, striving to understand. Then emotion of another sort returned, and shyly coming toward me, he reached into the folds of his garment—coarse, ragged, and as storm-stained as the century-old forest débris about him. Then across his face flitted a new expression. No words fitted it. When I had so thoughtlessly frightened him, his fear seemed to be a racial thing—a terror fostered through generations by threatened death from men and animals. It was impersonal and pitiful because it seemed to lay bare all lack of racial manliness. Where a Ghurka would have reached instinctively for his *kokri*, or a Dyak for his spear, the Hillman fled.

But now the hopelessness which marked his eyes as he watched my face was very different. This was not Hillmen's but Hadzia's sorrow, and the whole became clear as his grimy fingers came forth stained yellow, and with bits of clinging shell which I knew at once. He had found the nest of an Impeyan.

The tragedy was complete. He had told my servant that he could remain only one more day. Two had been wasted, and now, early on the third, success had been attained. By some keen sensing he had followed my track, had not disturbed the Sahib at his inexplicable work, but doglike had crouched where he would intercept him on his return. Here he had waited, thinking no one knows what thoughts, and now at a whim of the Sahib's—a cruel, meaningless joke—the pheasant's eggs had been crushed.

Strong emotion has no lasting place in a Hillman's mind, and with a single

shake to clear the yolk from his hand, Hadzia turned toward the camp, with exactly the same expression as when he had first appeared with his fellow hillmen. I was sorry for my lack of words, but led hastily to camp, where I summoned my khansamah and bade him thank Hadzia, pay over the eight rupees at once, and ask him to lead me to the nest. When Hadzia heard the harangue in which my comic khansamah always clothed my simplest sentences, he turned to me and opened his mouth, and for an instant I thought I saw a spark of real emotion in his brown eyes. But that too passed at once, and he took the coins, and placed them apparently in what must have been a pheasant omelette. He turned away a few steps and waited with the patience of which he was such a complete master.

IV

My kindness to Hadzia was a link in the chain to ultimate good fortune, coming when I was on my way to revisit and photograph his empty nest. I sank among a growth of tall ferns to watch a tiny crested tit carrying beakfuls of caterpillars to her brood in a hollow stub. Trip after trip she made, gleaning from low shrubs. Finally I heard her utter a scolding note and pause in her search. She concentrated her attention on a tangle of ivy, and had, I supposed, discovered a snake or some other creature worthy of her vocal contempt. I carefully focused on the spot and saw my first brooding Impeyan. To get a good view I had to climb up a half-dead spruce, and there I studied every web of her mottled plumage. The whole landscape seemed changed. Instead of an indefinite forest with varied interests, all was now centred about this spot—the home of the most beautiful of the pheasants. Just beyond in an open growth of oaks

the underbrush was bright with roses and gracefully sweeping, pink-flowered raspberries; lower down under the denser foliage of the deodars were flowers of the shadows, growing singly or in friendly groups of several — lilies-of-the-valley and Solomon's seal, or so they appeared to American eyes. Then as a closer setting to the nest were banks upon banks of maidenhair fern, all in deep shadow — a filmy tracery bending to breaths of air which I could not sense. And wherever the ferns failed, crept the ivy, winding its dull green trail over fallen trunks or seeking to hide every stump or half-dead tree.

For two days I watched from a distance, and at discreet intervals, in the absence of the mother, I examined the two amber shells and photographed them. Then late one afternoon as I passed by after a day with koklass pheasants, I saw tragedy, swift and sure, descend upon the Impeyan home.

The crash and roar of a troop of langur monkeys came to my ears. As I approached the noise lessened and died away in the distance; but as I came over the ridge, a long-tailed gray form leaped from the undergrowth upon a bare half-fallen tree and ran along it on three legs, holding something clutched in one hand. I suspected trouble and ran headlong at the monkey, who promptly dropped his booty and fled off through the trees, swearing roundly at me the while. The nest was empty, and one egg in sight had a gaping hole in the side from which the yolk streamed.

Then the marauding monkeys swung past, old and young hurling themselves recklessly from spire to spire. Tree after tree shook and bent as in a terrific gale of wind; branches crashed and splintered; cones, needles, and twigs rained to the ground as the troop rushed by. The uproar which the banderlog creates has usually but little

effect upon the lesser creatures of the forest. They well know the danger and the limitations of the four-handed folk.

But when this troop passed from view, quiet did not settle down. There was no wind, no movement of the needles. Even the ferns hung motionless. But there was a sinister undercurrent of sound more potent than noise of elements. Something was about to happen, and not concerning any one animal, or in any one glade. The birds were restless and their notes were those of anxiety; small creatures dashed here and there among the leaves. Without knowing why, I picked up my gun and walked hastily toward camp.

I crossed two ridges. Still no wind, but still a sound of restless life everywhere, a tense uneasiness. And then came the climax. From the distant snows billowed a breath of cold air, — icy, unfriendly, — and at the shock the sun hid his face. A dark mist closed down. The forest creatures became silent as death, and for as long as two minutes the silence was oppressive. Then in the distance the trees bent and straightened, the mist yellowed and a drop of rain fell. Finally came a sound as strange as any in the world, the noise of ice falling on flowers and leaves, a mitrailleuse-volley of hail such as only the great Himalayas know. Our horses whinnied with pain and crowded close to our shelter; a fleeing squirrel was flattened, dying without a struggle. Leaves and fans of needles were torn away and covered the bruised blossoms on the forest floor. The air was a screen of straight white lines, breaking near the ground into a maze of dancing, splintering crystal balls. Before the bombardment ended the sun came out and made the hail translucent, and so beautiful that for a moment one forgot the terrible damage — the shredded foliage, the hosts of stricken nestlings and creatures which had not found a

safe retreat. When the last missile had fallen we wondered whether the most hardy tenant of the forest had survived. And Nature in mockery, having ceased her cruel play, sent out the frailest of frail butterflies, flickering its copper wings before me in the sun.

V

On the last day of my stay in Garhwal I squatted native-fashion on a steep slope, watching the day slowly die, and stirred as I always am with the great desire to remain. So quickly had this isolated valley become home, so familiar had its trails become, yet so few of its secrets had I been able to solve. Always its great age had impressed me, its centuries-old deodars, the soaring lammergeiers which seemed never to have known youth. But now a new sound — in this land of strange sounds — came to me: a rhythmic beat, beat, too mechanical, too regular to be elemental. It was dull, muffled, and seemed very far off. But this was an illusion, for almost at once four men swung into view around a curve in the trail, and four others, and still four and four. My pulse leaped as a whole company of British regulars filed before me and broke ranks near my camp. What a contrast to the ragged Tibetans and Hillmen who for centuries had preceded them and for many years would follow! The spell of the wilderness was broken. My last link had been my thoughts aroused by the rhythm of the comet. Hadzia had fitted into the

scheme of detachment here, as if he had been a fawn or satyr. Now my connection with the outside world was forged anew by the rhythm of these men.

That evening as I sat on the hillside with a group of officers and listened to the soldiers' concert, the cockney accent in story and song fell on my ears like something recurring from a distant memory. I was glad to know that the pheasants and Hadzia had so profoundly influenced me.

When the camp-fire had burned to embers, and I had hand-clasped the last of this splendid type of man, I walked slowly up toward camp. Beyond the ridge I heard yet a new sound, yet a new rhythm, and my heart warmed to the sight. Around a flicker of twig-embers squatted the white forms of four natives — my khansamah and three soldiers' servants. Two had battered tin pans and sticks, and to the tom-tom beat their voices chanted some sad, minor melody, as old, probably, as India is old. I glanced up at the faint glow of the receding comet, and I thought of Hadzia somewhere deep among the distant mountains, perhaps with his hand close about his eight rupees — rupees whose brightness was dimmed with the yolk which had gained them. For the moment I resented the intrusion of those splendid rhythmic men. I wondered what Hadzia's thoughts might be. And I knew that if they were filled with affection for these great Hills and a great yearning never to leave them, they were mine also.

THE LIBERTY OF DIFFERENCE

BY GEORGE HODGES

WHEN Hugh Benson, son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, went out of the Church of England into the Church of Rome, he carried with him the uninterrupted friendship of his friends. They disapproved of his proceedings, but they let him go without dispute, even without complaint. He liked to tell the story of an Anglican bishop who considerably accounted for a like change in one of his clergy by reminding his brethren that 'they must not forget the serious fall their poor friend had had from his bicycle not long before, which had undoubtedly gravely affected his mental powers.' His own experience, however, gave him little material for even such mild controversial anecdote as this. The Provost of Eton spoke for his friends when he sent him his affectionate benediction; and his mother spoke for his family when she said, 'If Hugh's father, when he was here on earth, would have always liked him to follow his conscience, how much more in Paradise.'

Nothing is more interesting in Mr. A. C. Benson's memoir of his brother¹ than this cordial recognition of the liberty of difference.

The book is frank and intimate to such a degree that a sensitive reader has an uncomfortable feeling that he ought not to be reading it; as if a casual week-end visitor were made the recipient of the most sacred confidences of a household. It is such a record as

might be passed about in manuscript among near relatives and very close friends. We perceive, with an uneasy sense of intrusion, that we are included in this inner circle on no other condition than the payment of a dollar and a half to a bookseller. This, however, is Mr. Benson's affair, not ours. If he is graciously willing to invite such remote persons as ourselves into these domestic privileges, we may accept the invitation, with wonder but with gratitude. And being thus made, for the moment, a member of the family of a young man whose one dramatic act was to leave the Church in which his father had been Primate and go into the Church of Rome, we may profitably note how quietly and without noise of contending voices this interesting step was taken. His people seem to have regarded his departure as the beginning of a journey into a strange country, which they themselves, indeed, had no desire to visit, but which would probably enrich his life with new and delightful experiences. Thereafter he was more interesting to them than he had ever been before. They liked to have him photographed with them in family groups, wearing the clothes which indicated the difference of his position.

It is true that the fact of difference is the condition of all progress, but this hospitable recognition of it is a distinctly modern manner of behavior. From the beginning of time men have insisted on their right to differ from their neighbors, but their neighbors, in

¹ *Hugh: Memoir of a Brother.* By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

all lands and ages, have resented the difference and have resisted it.

Thus André Lagarde begins his *Latin Church in the Middle Ages*¹ with this statement of the situation: 'In the middle of the fifth century the Western Church occupied a position without precedent in the Roman Empire. It ruled the emperor and gave him his orders. They were orders directed especially to the extermination of all religious rivals. It required the emperor to suppress the worship of idols, and he closed the pagan temples: sometimes he even authorized their destruction. The Church wished to be rid of dissenting sects, and the emperor forbade heretical meetings. Paganism, being driven from the towns, sought refuge in the country. Heresy went into hiding: the Church was victorious.' After a series of monographs on such themes as Sacraments and Devotions, the Monastic Life, the Pontifical Elections, the Pontifical State, the Pontifical Exchequer, and the Political and Religious Advance of the Papacy, the book ends with chapters on the heresies by which the right to differ in doctrine and in polity was gradually vindicated. Against these heresies the Latin Church brought the weapons of condemnation and excommunication, and proceeded to extremes of persecution.

If there was any warmth of human nature in the men who devised and directed this machinery, any sense of the vastness of truth and of the possibility that they might be ignorant of any part of it, such weakness does not appear in the pages of this book. The author's monographic method takes the plot out of the story of the Middle Ages, and gives us in the place of it a series of analyzed situations in which the heroes and the villains of the play are not

breathing men but labeled figures, ecclesiastics, schoolmen, and heretics. It is like the channel of a California river in summer, where furrowed sand and heaps of rounded stone show the effects of the swing and swirl of a swift current, but in which at present there is no water. The eager life of the Middle Ages, with its light and color, its spirit of adventure, its fierce hatreds and fierce loves, and its manifold complications and contradictions, does not appear. Instead of what Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor calls 'the mediæval mind,' we have here the mediæval body anatomically articulated. So much the clearer, however, is the fact that the supreme contention of that exceedingly interesting period was between authority and the liberty of difference. The outstanding fact in mediæval life was the Church, whose consistent purpose was to bring all minds and wills into obedience. At the heart of every heresy the significant error was not so much a disagreement with the truth as a disagreement with the Church.

Accordingly, Dr. Schaff, writing an admirable biography of *John Huss, after Five Hundred Years*,² publishes at the same time a translation of Huss's treatise on *The Church*.³ The point at issue in Huss's case was the divine right of the Church to suppress the liberty of difference. Huss was burned, not for his ideas concerning the Scriptures or the Sacraments, but for his persistent claim to have the right to have ideas at all. They told Huss at the Council of Constance that 'if the Council should tell him that he had but one eye, he was bound to agree that it was so.' To this suggestion Huss replied

² *John Huss, his Life, Teachings and Death, after Five Hundred Years*. By DAVID S. SCHAFF. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

³ *The Church*. By JOHN HUSS. Translated by DAVID S. SCHAFF. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ *The Latin Church in the Middle Ages*. By ANDRÉ LAGARDE. Translated by ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

that 'if the whole world told him that he had but one eye, yet he could not, so long as he had reason, say so without violence to his conscience.' There was the whole matter in two sentences. In vain did Huss claim to speak the mind of the saints and of the Scriptures. It was plain that he did not speak the mind of the contemporary Church, and that fact made him a heretic, regardless of all saints and scriptures.

The Council of Constance was dealing, not so much with a problem in religion as with a problem in discipline. To persons in authority, discipline is essential to efficiency. It is easy for those who are out of office to criticize the administration of discipline. John Milton, for example, deprecated the censorship of the Presbyterians. 'Under the fantastic terrors of sect and schism,' he said, 'we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we should rather rejoice at.' But to the Presbyterians, precariously walking in the midst of perils, the 'terrors of sect and schism' were anything but 'fantastic.' They threatened the efficiency and even the existence of that godly authority which they had with such difficulty gained. 'Truth,' said Milton, 'is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression they sicken into a muddy pool of Conformity and Tradition.' But Mr. Glover, in his discriminating essay on Milton in *Poets and Puritans*,¹ notes that the Rev. Thomas Tompkins, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom, as censor, the duty fell of licensing the publication of *Paradise Lost*, was the author of a pamphlet on *The Inconveniences of Toleration*. There spoke the honestly perplexed official.

¹ *Poets and Puritans*. By T. R. GLOVER. London: Methuen & Co.

Many of the independent and free-spoken thinkers who appear in the unfailingly fair pages of Principal Selbie's *English Sects*² learned by experience that toleration was a much more complicated matter than they had at first imagined. Coming themselves into places of responsibility, and being in their turn asked to grant the liberty of difference, they refused. When the Presbyterians and Congregationalists came to deal with the Quakers and Baptists, they found themselves constrained to follow the policy for which they had so reviled the Anglicans.

This was in part the result of the annoying manner in which the dissidents manifested their dissent. The sight and sound of them was offensive. The Presbyterians and the Congregationalists resented the obtrusive and obstinate difference of the Baptists and the Quakers as the people of Fitchburg in the eighteen-thirties resented Joseph Palmer's beard. He was the only bearded man in that part of the country, and was persecuted for it. When he resisted the attack of several neighbors who proposed to shave him, he was put in jail on a charge of unprovoked assault. 'He far outstayed his sentence,' said his son in an interview which Miss Sears quotes in *Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands*, 'because he had to pay for all his food, drink, and coal for heating, and he considered they cheated him, so he refused to go. The sheriff and jailer, tired of having him there, begged him to leave. Even his mother wrote to him "not to be so set." But nothing could move him. He said that they had put him in there and they would have to take him out, as he would not walk out. They finally carried him out in his chair and placed it on the sidewalk.' The neighbors were irritated, not only by Joseph Palmer's beard

² *English Sects: a History of Nonconformity*. By W. B. SELBIE. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

but by his general attitude of mind. He was 'so set.' He rejoiced not only in the liberty, but in the splendid impudence, of difference. It was the spirit which some of his Puritan ancestors had manifested in religion. But even the community at Fruitlands, which Joseph Palmer found congenial, disciplined poor Miss Page, 'who was summarily dismissed for having eaten fish.'

The more serious part, however, of the assertion of authority against the vagaries of difference proceeds from a natural association of discipline with efficiency. Thus Mr. Walter Lippmann in *The Stakes of Diplomacy* remarks that 'there are few free-thinkers in well-drilled armies, and they are likely to be shot.' Professor Lake, whose book *The Stewardship of Faith*¹ is not only a stimulating contribution to modern theology, but is of itself an excellent illustration of the liberty of difference, says that in the early church men changed their minds with perfect freedom. 'In that generation the way of life was the constant sacrifice of identity of expression in order to preserve the unity of experience under changed surroundings. The Church did not triumph because it preserved its theology, its ethics, or its institutions unchanged, but because it changed them all, and changed them rapidly, in order that they might express more adequately and more fully the spiritual life which remained the same, though the forms with which it was clothed were altering with extraordinary rapidity.' The statement takes away the breath of conservative churchmen who believe that the fathers were as conservative as themselves. But even accepting it as a true description, they are able to reply that this interesting experiment failed. It failed, like the communism of the saints at Jerusalem, be-

cause with all its swift sensitiveness to changes in the surrounding life it left out of account some of the permanent qualities of human nature. So many heretics and schismatics took prompt advantage of the situation, and brought theology, ethics, and institutions into such confusion, that the exercise of discipline became imperative. That formulation of truth which found expression in the creed, and that organization of life which found expression in the Church, were the inevitable consequences of a liberty of difference which had fallen into anarchy.

'In intellectual life,' says Dr. Lake, 'we are always engaged in dispute, because in the attempt to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge and logical thought our efforts are always a mixture of failure and success. . . . The necessary condition for intellectual improvement in any society is the permission to discuss, and the recognition of the principle that the less cannot judge the greater. The intellectual sterility of a great part of modern Christianity is largely because free discussion has been rendered impossible by the system of settling theological disputes by discipline instead of argument, by an appeal to past opinion instead of to logic or evidence, and by authority of ecclesiastical officers whose devotion to their own duties has rendered it impossible for them to be in the forefront of scholarship, so that they are often disposed to ignore or misunderstand problems which students have raised.'

It depends on the idea of the Church — whether it is regarded as an organization or as an influence, whether the emphasis of interest is on the institution or on the individual. The conflict between these two ideas is as ancient as religion. It was fought out in the Old Testament between the priest and the prophet. It is the everlasting con-

¹ *The Stewardship of Faith*. By KIRSOPP LAKE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

tention which makes the pages of Church history so depressing and encouraging. It enters into all life, and has its place in the affairs of nations as well as in the affairs of churches. It makes the difference, not only between Protestant and Catholic, and between Dissenter and Churchman, but between Whig and Tory, between the progressives and the conservatives: on one side the claim of authority, on the other the claim of liberty; on one side discipline, on the other difference.

Dr. McGiffert in *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas*¹ and Dr. Coffin in *Some Christian Convictions*² indicate some of the influences which are steadily enlarging the liberty of difference.

First, Romanticism, says Dr. Coffin, emphasizing the presence of God within the world, resident in all life; then Humanitarianism, maintaining that God is as good as Jesus Christ, and thereby forsaking a great number of inherited errors in ethics; after that, Physical Science, showing the unity of all life, and thus bringing in a larger view of God; Biblical Criticism, introducing the doctrine of progressive revelation, and giving us an historical rather than a speculative conception of Christ; Psychology, declaring the normal character of religious experience; Comparative Religion, taking a new attitude toward the missionary problem, and sending Christians into foreign lands, not to destroy but to fulfill; finally, the Social Movement, demanding a social reinterpretation of many of the Church's doctrines. The effect of these influences is to increase the company of those who belong with Sir Harry Vane 'to the sect called "Seekers," as being satisfied with no form of

opinion yet extant, but waiting for future discoveries.' Dr. Coffin, preaching in the colleges, finds many members of this sect, and addresses them in the chapters of his book on such subjects as Religion, the Church, the Bible, God, Christ, the Cross, and the Life Everlasting. He shows how a wide liberty of difference and a hospitable acceptance of new ideas may be consistent with all that was essential in the old faith.

Like conclusions are reached by Dr. McGiffert after a similar review of modern influences. In his first fifty pages, where Pietism and the Enlightenment, Natural Science and the Critical Philosophy are considered, the axe is laid at the root of the tree, and the whole growth of Christian belief, both branch and stem, seems about to be cut down for burning. But in the two hundred pages which follow, nothing falls but dead wood. Religion is emancipated, speculation is reborn, faith is rehabilitated; Agnosticism, Evolution, Immanence, lead to chapters on Ethical Theism, the Character of God, and Religious Authority.

'Authority everywhere,' says Dr. McGiffert, 'has ceased to be as it once was, absolute, infallible, despotic, and legal, and has become relative, provisional, and fallible.' The old idea of authority as an external force, which came over into Protestantism out of the Middle Ages, and was transformed with little change from the Church to the Bible, found its most effective opponent in Schleiermacher. Schleiermacher appealed to experience. Religion, he said, is rooted in the feelings. 'No one is bound by traditional principles and formulas, by external standards and rules. As a religious man he has in his own consciousness the ultimate court from which is no appeal.'

The Bible and the creeds 'are not authoritative codes, intended to bind the minds and consciences of men. They

¹ *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas*. By ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *Some Christian Convictions*. By HENRY S. COFFIN. New Haven: Yale University Press.

are simply records of religious experiences enjoyed in other days by other men, many of them great religious geniuses, and particularly by Jesus Christ, the greatest of them all, and the one by whom the consciousness of God has been mediated to us.' Dr. McGiffert says that 'the most important step in the emancipation of modern Protestants from the bondage of external authority' was taken when the fact was recognized that 'the Bible and Christianity are not identical, and that the severest criticism of the latter does not affect the former. It has made it possible for Christians to look without dismay upon Biblical criticism, and to engage in it themselves, without abandoning Christianity or denying its divine origin or saving power.'

Nothing, for example, can be more free from the trammels of conventional opinion than the work of two American scholars who, within the past year, have published books on the Old Testament. If Dr. Peters has anything to say about the *Religion of the Hebrews*¹ which he has not said in print in these pages, or if Professor Badé is keeping anything back for fear of censure, from his *Old Testament in the Light of To-day*,² the reader is unable to detect the appearance of any such prudent hesitation. The men who founded the American Bible Society a century ago this year would have held up their hands in passionate protest against these books, which now come quietly from the press and get no advertisement from the outcries of the orthodox.

Dr. Badé's book is 'a study in moral development.' 'Two views of the Old Testament,' he says, 'still contend for mastery among the adherents of Chris-

tianity. The one regards it as a sort of talisman, miraculously given and divinely authoritative on the subject of God, religion, and morals, in every part. The other regards it as a growth, in which the moral sanctions of each stage of development were succeeded and displaced by the next higher one.' Dr. Badé makes it immediately plain that the second of these views has his acceptance. The religion of the Old Testament, he says, is that of a people passing from the life of nomads of the desert to the life of tillers of the soil, and bringing with them all the ignorances and superstitions which inhere naturally in that transition. Not one of the Ten Commandments but was in its original meaning far below our present moral level. The first Commandment recognizes the existence of other gods; the third means that prayer is ineffective without the bringing of an offering—'Thou shalt not cry aloud the name of Jahveh thy God, when thou bringest naught'; the prohibition of murder did not include blood-revenge, or the beating of slaves till they died, or the savagery of 'holy' wars; the law against adultery forbade a violation of property rights, and had no reference to purity of life. No end of confusion, and contradiction, and hindrance of ideals has come from the endeavor to bring forward the Old Testament as it stands into our modern standards of behavior. The true procedure is indicated in Dr. Badé's phrase, 'the cancellations of development.' On goes the race in religion as in civilization, leaving behind it the imperfections of the past as the growing man leaves the limitations of his early youth. The Old Testament is available for our present religious use only by a free process of cancellation.

Dr. Peters handles his materials with the same freedom. Professor Badé's book is a monograph on a single aspect

¹ *The Religion of the Hebrews*. By JOHN PUNNETT PETERS. Boston: Ginn & Co.

² *The Old Testament in the Light of To-day*. By WILLIAM FREDERICK BADÉ. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

of the Old Testament, but Dr. Peters discusses the whole subject. He deals with the Lord and the People, the Primitive Religion of the Hebrews, the Religion of Moses, the Religion of Canaan and its Influence on the Hebrews, and on through Ritual and Prophecy, and Reformation and Exile and Return, to the Synagogue and the Scribes. It is a patient and careful and unfailingly interesting account of a religious experience in which, very gradually, superstition is transformed into reasonable faith, and the ethical standards of barbarians are superseded by the ideals of increasing civilization. Nothing can be further from the idea of the Old Testament as being all on one spiritual plane. It is, like Palestine itself, a land of valleys and hills.

The same point of view, with a presentation of the results of the best scholarship in the least compass, appears in Professor Moore's *Literature of the Old Testament*; and a like work is done by Professor Bacon in his *Making of the New Testament*. These two little books belong to the department of religion and philosophy in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge.¹ One may rely on most of the volumes of this series for accurate accounts of contemporary research and opinion. Dr. Bury's *History of Freedom of Thought* declines from this high level of excellence in its angry refusal to allow the liberty of difference to the orthodox. They must conform to the heretics, and do it quick, on pain of being pronounced narrow-minded. But this is only the 'narrowness of breadth.' The book illustrates one of the reasons

¹ *The Literature of the Old Testament*; by GEORGE F. MOORE. *The Making of the New Testament*; by BENJAMIN W. BACON. *Religious Development between the Old and New Testaments*; by R. H. CHARLES. *History of Freedom of Thought*; by J. B. BURY. *Missions*; by MRS. CREIGHTON. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

for the reluctance of the conservatives, who object to the radicals, not only for the freedom of their thought, but for the insufferable freedom of their manners. Dr. Moore's book on the Old Testament and Dr. Bacon's on the New illustrate, on the other hand, the fine courtesy of good scholarship. These brief, inexpensive, and attractive volumes tell the untechnical reader all that he needs to know concerning the dates, authorship, and general significance of the Bible books. To them may be added Mr. Hunting's *Story of our Bible*,² popularly written, bound in purple, and illustrated from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Teachers in Sunday schools will find here not only the main facts of modern research, but picturesque descriptions of places and peoples, and a useful accompaniment of appropriate moral reflections.

Mr. Hunting says that one of the hardest problems which the compilers of the Pentateuch faced was 'how to counteract the influence of the stories about the gods, which the Hebrews had learned from the Babylonians and Canaanites. They might perhaps have denounced them; but that would only have increased the curiosity of the people about them. Fortunately the wisest men in those early days followed a better plan. They retold these stories in their own way. Disregarding those things which were false and base, they were on the alert for illustrations of sublime truths. We have the results of their work in the great stories of the book of Genesis.' The men who were leading the religious thought of Judaism during the two or three centuries before Christ encountered a different difficulty, which they met in a similar way. Their difficulty arose from the endeavor of the conservative brethren

² *The Story of Our Bible: How it grew to be what it is*. By HAROLD B. HUNTING. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

to give the last word in religion to 'the Law.' 'It came to be an accepted dogma,' says Dr. Charles in his *Religious Development between the Old and New Testaments*, 'that the Law was the complete and final word of God, and so valid for all eternity.' But men were entering into new experiences and out of them were drawing new conclusions; Jews were comparing ideas with Greeks; the knowledge of truth was steadily increasing, after its fashion, regardless of dogmas. No authority could actually stop difference. What, then, could the messengers of difference do? What they did was, get behind the barrier of the Law by writing under the name of patriarchs, as Noah, Enoch, and Moses, and, in the sanction of these accepted fathers, interpret the conventional symbols so as to bring them into accord with the actually existing religious situation. They brought new meanings into the Hebrew Bible, as their predecessors did into the Babylonian myths.

'Every conception was undergoing development or reinterpretation. Whole histories centre round such conceptions as Soul, Spirit, Sheol, Paradise, the Messianic Kingdom, the Messiah, the Resurrection. Where the spiritual life was active, no religious conception could remain unaltered. If it belonged characteristically to an earlier period of development, it had to be either discarded or transformed. If it was capable of growth, it grew; otherwise it proved a stumbling-block to the faithful and an obstacle to spiritual progress.' And Dr. Charles continues, 'No church which makes this right of reinterpretation impossible can continue to be a spiritual leader of mankind. Spiritual and intellectual growth without it is impossible, and so far as the leaders of a Church succeed in making such growth impossible, so far they succeed in limiting its membership to the mere traditionalist, the reactionary and

the obscurantist, in short, to the intellectual and moral minors of the race.'

These problems of adaptation whose solution appears at the beginning and the end of the Hebrew Bible, in the book of Genesis and in the book of Daniel, must be solved to-day by foreign missionaries. In the place of the myths of Babylon they have the legends of Buddhism and of other religions, and they are hampered in their turn by the necessity, as they think, of carrying with them an Old Testament whose primitive theology and ethics scandalize the gentle people of such lands as India and China. What shall they do with the ideas of God that they find in other creeds? What with those in their own creed which arose out of occidental experiences in which Orientals have had no share—such, for example, as took their shape from the conditions of the Roman Empire?

As a matter of fact, they exercise the liberty of difference. They have abandoned the doctrine that difference deserves damnation. Professor Pratt, in his altogether admirable book, *India and its Faiths*,¹ says that, although the Christian Literature Society at Colombo 'is still situated on "Dam Street," this fact has lost its old significance.' The time is past when the missionary endeavored to change black Africans into Scotch Presbyterians, and to impose upon his converts 'not only the Christian teaching but the theology and the ecclesiastical ideas which had grown up in Europe to meet the needs of European thought and conditions.' Mrs. Creighton, whose little book on *Missions* ought to be in the hands of every mission-study class, says that the missionary recognizes the fact that heathen people, too, 'have their contribution to bring, and that the fullness

¹ *India and Its Faiths: a Traveller's Record.*
By JAMES BISSETT PRATT. Boston: Houghton
Mifflin Company.

of the Christian message will not be realized until the great nations of the East and even the Animist peoples of Africa and the Pacific have enriched it with their religious ideas and their way of holding and exhibiting the truth. Through his converts his own faith is strengthened, and his own conception of Christian truth enlarged.'

'The missionary of our time,' says Dr. Slattery in *The Light Within*,¹ 'assumes and frankly teaches that the Christianity of one nation must differ from the Christianity of another nation. There is a sacred inheritance through which the Holy Spirit has spoken, and that inheritance must be respected, not from any mere sense of tact and good manners, but from awe-inspiring dread lest a man sent to teach the truth be found to speak even against God in one of his self-revealing processes. Ancestor-worship in China, for example, is no longer condemned, but is purified and enlarged in the ancient Christian doctrine of the Communion of Saints.'

The missionaries, as they appear in Mrs. Creighton's book, and in the larger *History of Christian Missions*² by the editorial secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, are open-minded, sympathetic, and constructive workers, pioneers and civilizers, patient and successful. 'In the beginning of the third century of our era,' says Dr. Robinson, 'Dion Cassius, referring to the inhabitants of Great Britain, described them as an "idle, indolent, thievish, lying set of scoundrels." As a result of Christian teaching extending over fifty generations, the proportion of the inhabitants of Great Britain to whom these

epithets can be justly applied has perceptibly decreased. The epithets used by Dion Cassius are often applied to some of the peoples amongst whom Christian missionaries are now working; but before we institute any comparison between these peoples and ourselves, to the detriment of the former, or to the disparagement of missionary efforts, we need to ascertain whether the progress which has been achieved within recent years does not compare favorably with that which occurred in our own land during any equal period of time.' It is significant that, as Dr. Robinson reports, contributions to missions have more than doubled since 1901, and the number of missionaries from Protestant societies has increased from 62,000 to 129,000.

Considering what the West might learn from the different customs and ideas of the East, Professor Pratt finds the most important lesson in the value of the soul. An Indian creed would say, 'I believe in the soul. I believe in its endless progress as it takes its way through changing forms, in worlds that rise and pass. I believe that the material world, with all it has of luxury and wealth, and with it the human body itself, are but means in the education and refinement of the soul, and that whenever they stand in the way of the soul's progress they must be denounced and despised. And I believe that the human soul may enter into, or is already and forever in, immediate communion with the divine.' Mr. Pratt says, 'A friend of mine in Calcutta has a servant and a clerk. The servant spends every spare hour of his twenty-four worshipping at the shrine of Kali; and the clerk — a man still under forty — is saving his money so that in a year or two he may leave his family well provided and wander forth as a *sannyasi* to spend the rest of his days in meditation. To us Westerners this

¹ *The Light Within: a Study of the Holy Spirit*. By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

² *History of Christian Missions*. By CHARLES HENRY ROBINSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

seems incomprehensible, and doubtless it is extreme. But it is not merely its extreme form that seems to us so strange. The very notion of contemplation has become to us both unintelligible and unendurable. We say we have no time for contemplation — we have too much to do to spend our minutes in that fashion: but this is an evasion. The truth is that we do not know how to meditate, and are afraid to learn. . . . I doubt whether there is one man in fifty of us who would be willing to be alone and quiet and awake and without a book for ten minutes.' And he quotes Rabindranath Tagore: 'You Americans have no leisure, or if you have, you know not how to use it. In the rush of your lives you do not stop to consider where you are rushing to or what it is all for. The result is that you have lost your vision of the Eternal.'

This vision shines in a little group of spiritual books¹ written by men and women who have entered in their own way into these regions of peace. They feel it necessary to defend themselves against the charge of being unnaturally and unsympathetically peaceful in these times of strife. But they do not apologize. *Practical Mysticism*, says Miss Underhill, 'means nothing if the attitude and the discipline which it recommends be adapted to fair weather alone. . . . On the contrary, if the experiences on which it is based have indeed the transcendent value for humanity which Mystics claim for them — if they reveal to us a world of higher truth and greater reality than the world of concrete happenings in which we seem to be immersed — then that val-

ue is increased rather than lessened when confronted by the overwhelming disharmonies and sufferings of the present time.' 'Now that this terrible war is waging,' says Mr. Hefher in *The Fellowship of Silence*, 'and Europe is filled with horror and confusion, and the world is ringing with the echoes of the noise and tumult of battle, is there not the greater need of centres of still silence, radiating hope and strength in a world of strife?' 'At the present hour,' says Miss Sears, 'many persons are prophesying that when the war in Europe is finally over there will follow, out of man's sense of his own weakness and his great need, a revival of religion. What we want to be sure of is that this revival . . . shall be a reawakening of a religious spirit that is truly spiritual, that is, profoundly ethical.' Toward which her book, *The Drama of the Spiritual Life*, is a contribution.

These writings deal with conditions which are deeper than all differences, and in which the differences themselves are held in friendly relations by the recognition of essential unities. *The Fellowship of Silence* is an account of joint meetings of Churchmen and Quakers for the enrichment of the spiritual life. These meetings have been instructive revelations to men who have believed that sacraments and an apostolically descended ministry were essential to the spiritual life. 'When men taught that those Christians who did not enjoy the advantages of the ministrations of a sixteenth-century bishop were in sin and were no part of the Church at all, God proved the opposite through a line of saints and heroes. And in regard to Creeds and Sacraments God has also taught us that men can enjoy singular gifts of the Holy Ghost while honestly foregoing the regular means of grace, so long as they cling to Christ and bring forth the fruits of well-doing.'

¹ *The Drama of the Spiritual Life: a Study of Religious Experience and Ideals*. By ANNIE LYMAN SEARS. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Practical Mysticism. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Fellowship of Silence. Edited by CYRIL HEFHER. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THIRTY FATHOMS DEEP

BY HERBERT TOLAN

I

I WANT to tell you in this story what I know about Naylon. Part of it is what the old fellow told me himself concerning his life, and part of it is what I myself know about his death. I can see no good reason why the tale should not be told, for Naylon is dead long since and the girl was dead before Naylon saw and loved her.

I knew Naylon only as the captain of an inside lifeboat station, where the surf-boat was not called out twice a year. He was finishing his life there quietly, in company with his crew of eight Scandinavians, an aged geranium that never flowered, and a bass viol upon which regularly every Sunday afternoon Naylon played the only tunes he ever knew — 'Blest Be the Tie that Binds' and 'Let Us Haste to Kelvin Grove.'

But, for all this, the old man had known the meaning of a life of extraordinary action and adventure when he was younger. He had filibustered down to Chile and the Argentine, had been shanghaied out of Callao on a beach-combing venture, and had even begun life as a thorough-paced deep-sea diver and government-certificate man. Of this latter career he was curiously loath to talk. He would tell me tales of filibustering, shanghaiing, and piloting all up and down the coast, from Buenos Ayres to the Aleutian Islands, till the hair of my head stood up with excitement. But he dodged speaking of his diving experiences by saying, 'Divers

don't like to talk of what they see below. It preys on the mind and gets you to thinking.'

Naylon's station was on the shore of San Francisco Bay, midway between Black Point and the Presidio. I went out to see him three times a week. Early each Tuesday morning we cruised out of the Golden Gate in the smaller boat; Wednesday evening we played backgammon and Naylon made grog; and on Sundays we took a walk along the drain on the other side of the Presidio, getting back in time for five o'clock supper and the bass viol.

By putting together the tales he told me over the backgammon board, or sitting on the drain, or between 'Kelvin Grove' and 'The Tie that Binds,' I had a consecutive story of Naylon's life from the time when he was a choir-boy in York Cathedral until the day of his appointment as Captain of Life-Boat Station No. 8 — all except one period of five years, about the time when he was nineteen or twenty. I followed him easily enough until he reached California as foremast hand on a revenue cutter. There I lost him and only picked him up again some half-dozen years later as ice-pilot aboard the Rogers.

Another point I could not fail to notice was the character of Naylon himself. You may say what you will, but a man cannot for long entertain a deep and sincere affection without its leaving a mark upon him afterwards. Naylon had had his romance. Of that I was certain. There was a sweetness, a seri-

ous firm grip of his upon the basic instincts of primitive good, that could be explained in no other way. There was something Homeric about the man. Little by little I had come to know the various chapters of the old fellow's life — excepting always the clue chapter. The pattern was complete, but for the one note of color that should bring the whole scheme into harmony. At last, however, I found it. Nylon told me the last story of all. It was an extraordinary story, as you may see for yourself — nearly beyond belief.

It happened of a Sunday. I had gone out to the station early in the afternoon, to find Nylon pottering about his bloomless geranium and grieving that it should never come to flower. He had had the plant I cannot guess how long, but it was so old that its budding was out of all question. Still Nylon obstinately cherished the hope that it would some day blossom.

'It may be,' he said on this occasion, 'that the sea air is a bit too sharp. Perhaps, if it was put under a glass case — what do you think? Or if I trimmed away some of the young leaves? It's not beyond hope. No, I'll not believe it. I'll not have it so. Surely, some day we'll have a flower on it. Some day it will be as fresh as ever. I can remember it not so very long ago. You should have seen it then — red flowers as big as your two fists — and smell! Why, I think you could have smelled it in the other room!'

He turned away to reach down his gardener's trowel, which, with the primnicety of old men who live alone, he always kept upon the top shelf of his closet in a lidless cigar box. As he opened the closet door I was surprised to notice upon the floor the complete armor of a deep-sea diver — helmet, breastplate, pumps, rubber shoes, and all. I knew that Nylon had his outfit somewhere about the station, but hith-

erto I had imagined that it stood in the attic. It was in perfect condition now and the copper helmet had been newly rubbed with suet.

'Hello, Nylon,' I exclaimed, 'what's all this? Going diving again?'

He closed the door and looked at me for a moment. Then: —

'I got a bit of chemical loam from a gardener in Golden Gate Park to-day. I'm going to try it. I think it might help.'

'Better get a new plant,' I suggested.

From the sharp way he looked at me I could fancy that my remark had actually hurt him a little. But he said nothing, and I fell to wondering at the strange contradiction in a man who had sat down to meat with buccaneers and had seen men killed for the boots they wore, but who could yet find interest in a cracked bass viol and a geranium that never bloomed.

All the rest of that afternoon Nylon was unusually silent and preoccupied. I let him have his thoughts to himself. We took our accustomed walk a little later, around the old fort at the Golden Gate, then along the broken drain that follows the line of the hills there — from whence one could see Fujiyama, could one but see over the curve of the earth — to a point where the land shrugged a bony shoulder out of the surf and shut in the wind. Here we turned and climbed part way up the hill to a level spot where we knew we could sit down, and where sometimes we found blackberries and blue iris. Nylon took out his pipe and filled and lit. For quite five minutes neither of us spoke, pretending to be interested in a Cape Horner, a huge deep-sea tramp, held almost motionless in the middle passage between the heads of the Gate, the tide at her bow and the wind at her back.

'Mate,' said Nylon at length, 'I want you to go somewhere with me.'

Where, indeed, would n't I have gone with Nylon in those days?

'Right,' said I, upon the instant; and the old fellow continued, looking seaward and to the south with unseeing eyes, —

'There's a ship down there I want to see again before I' — he cleared his throat. 'A ship down there I want to see. A passenger packet from Tahiti, the Allouette. She's there off one of the Catalina Islands.'

'I did n't know that the Tahiti boats called at the Catalinas,' I interjected.

'They don't,' he replied dreamily. 'But for all that I'm going down to the Catalina Islands, come next week, to visit the packet Allouette, that's off the west coast of Catalina and that weighed her anchor out of Tahiti with nine passengers and crew.'

'I have never seen her,' I put in.

'Nor I,' answered Nylon; and, before I could voice my surprise, he continued, 'Nor I, mate; only her ghost, as one might say. Listen, and I'll tell you what I've never told man or woman yet.'

'I was diving in those days for the C. & A. Wrecking Company. Just a lad I was, only turned twenty, but I could take the pressure up to the seventies and more, just like an old hand. I was at work on the caissons of a pier head at San Diego when Catalina sent down in a hurry for a diver to bring up the bodies from a Tahiti packet that had gone down in a squall off the west coast of one of the islands. I went.

'When I got to the wrecking float I was told that the bodies of all the crew and those of two of the passengers had come up. But seven of the passengers were still below. I was to take a "stray line" down and send them up.'

Nylon paused a moment.

'You have heard, perhaps, how bodies act in the water when they don't come up?' he inquired. 'They sit in

their places, or stand, or lie, as the case may be, as natural as if in a parlor — and still, very still, until the water about them is stirred or a bit of a current set going. Then they raise their arms and turn their heads; or maybe, if they are sitting up, they lie down quiet like, as if they are very tired and are goin' to sleep. You can't believe sometimes that they are drowned and dead. Old divers have a saying, you know, that a man — or a woman, either, for the matter of that — is n't really dead until the body comes up; that they only die when the air touches them, and that they still have a kind of life down there among themselves, in all that green and gloom of the sea bottom.'

After a moment of silence the narrative continued: 'I went down where the Allouette sank — a hundred and eighty feet of water — an' that's a wonder deep dive. It's a pressure of over eighty pounds, and some men paralyze at that and die in their armor. But I was n't down long. Six of the bodies I found, — four men, the stewardess and a boy, — sent them up, then came up myself and reported. There was one more down below, they told me. It was the body of a girl, a girl of nineteen. She was the daughter of an orange-grower in Los Angeles and an only child — a beautiful girl whom everybody loved. Her mother was dead and her father was way off in Mexico at the time of the wreck. I'd heard of her, but I'd never seen her.

'The men on the float — newspaper reporters, the coroner, the wrecking hands, and the like — would have it that I should go down again and have another try. I did so, though I was bleeding at the ears even then. This time I crawled into the dining-room through a pile of wreck, — the ceiling had fetched away, — and came up to the bit of a door that looked like the

entrance to a linen closet. When I opened it I saw that it was a little stateroom.

'There, sure enough, was the girl, sitting on a red plush lounge opposite the door, quite natural. She wore some kind of a white muslin dress and a smart little chip hat, and was holding a satchel in her hands, just as if she was waitin' to go ashore. Her eyes were open and she was lookin' right at me and smiling. When I pulled open the door it set the water in motion and she dropped her satchel and came toward me, holdin' out her arms.

'I jumped back and shut the door and sat down on one of the screw chairs in the saloon, for I was fair turned with the queerness of it. When I had got over the strain, I made ready to send her up. But, as it was, I never went into the stateroom again. I began to wonder if, after all, it was n't better to leave her as she was. You see, I was a bit young then and sentimental-like, as all folks are that have to do with the sea. I thought of that crowd of men up there on the float, and she the only girl, and they handing her about and staring at her and she not knowing — with never a relative of hers within a thousand miles and no woman to take care of her. Then I remembered the old divers' superstition about folks never really dying till they came up to the surface. Of course, that was foolishness — but I believed it then. I don't know — maybe I believe it now. But, at any rate, I told myself that at that moment she was lovely and sweet and all, in her little chip hat and her white muslin frock, but if I sent her up she'd be buried, put in a hole of dirt, with the worms and the dark. If I left her away from the air, shut up there in that little stateroom, thirty fathom deep, in that still quiet green water, she'd always stay as she was — always be nineteen.

'The key was on the outside of the stateroom door. I locked the door with-

out opening it and battened down the ventilator so that nothing — no fish or anything — could get in. I went to the outside of the ship and saw to it that the porthole of her stateroom was fast. Then I took a last look through the port. She was lyin' on the floor near the door, with her face hidden, as though she was sorry I had left her so. An' one arm was reachin' out a little, palm up, as though she was waitin' for me to come back — as if she expected that I would come back some day and she wanted to tell me she was n't angry.

'Then I signaled to be pulled up and left her that way, just waiting, quiet-like and all alone in that still green water. On the float I told them that I had n't seen anything and no doubt the current had carried her away.

'There was some talk of my company raising the Allouette, but I reported that she was broken up so bad that it wouldn't be worth while. People quit talking about the packet, and the girl's father married again, down in Mexico. I guess he's got another daughter by now. In a year's time the whole business was forgotten.

'But I never forgot. You see, a lad at that age, a sea-faring lad, when he gets an impression, it sticks and sticks and goes deeper. Maybe it turned my wits a little. Maybe they're still turned. I've never forgot her. I forgot, though, about being frightened and only remembered the pretty way of her coming toward me, smiling and holding out her arms. And though I've grown to an old man, she's always stayed young, just as sweet and fresh and pretty as she was the first day I saw her. Somehow I could never take to other girls after that or love anybody but just her. I always remembered her down there in all that still green water, waiting for me to come back and open the door. And remembering her like that always kept me straight and clean, I guess.

And everybody else has forgotten her, but me. Nobody knows she's waiting there, and her father has another daughter by now. She's only got me, you see. She just belongs to me.'

In the pause that followed I could barely make out the waves that leaped before me; there seemed to be a mist before my eyes.

'I never saw her again. I came away the next day and never went back. That was a long time ago. But next week I'm going to get a sloop and go along the coast to the Catalinas and go down and see her. I'm getting old now, you see. And old men, after a while they kind of get young again in a way. Sorter move in a circle. Maybe my circle is nearly done, but I feel to-day as I felt that day when I first found her and we were both young. So I guess I'll go down there.'

'But Naylor,' I protested, 'how would it be? This is all so long ago. Would she be just the same? Maybe I'm wrong — don't know much about such things — but the action of the sea water—'

'No,' he interrupted. 'There was no air, you see. The place was almost hermetically sealed. I battened down the ventilators and locked the door. She is just the same to-day as she was long ago, when I first saw her. It can't be otherwise. I'll not believe it so. They never really die, so long as they stay below.'

Naylor's pipe was out. The Cape Horner had long since passed the heads with the turning of the tide, and by the time we reached the Presidio on our way home the Farallones were standing out purple-black against the conflagration of the sunset.

II

The next week Naylor got his leave of absence and found a man by the

name of Willetts, a retired sea captain, to take his place. We chartered a sea-going sloop and cleared for the Catalina Islands. The Coast Survey people had buoyed the wreck of the *Allouette*, — much harm the old packet could do at that depth, — and Naylor located it by this means almost immediately.

I shall never forget the old fellow's agitation on the day we arrived and tied up at the buoy. What the emotions were that conflicted in his poor old troubled brain, judge you. He was to see again the girl he had loved half a century ago and whom he had never seen alive. He was to look for the last time upon a dead face. There was something of the funeral in it — and something of the wedding. It was a strange situation.

When I had helped him on with the armor and opened the seacock at the helmet's throat, I noted that he had the Deremal rod — a very sharp knife — under his weight belt.

'It's shark water,' he explained, reading my glance of inquiry. But I had seen no sharks.

He had already told me the kinds of peril he really incurred. His lines, the life-and air-line, might be cut by friction against the sharp edge of brass or copper or the pressure might become too great for him.

'As a lad I stood it well enough,' he said, 'but I'm an old man now and a hundred and eighty feet is a wonder deep dive. See,' he continued, holding up a key, 'here's the key to her stateroom. I've always kept it.'

I laced down the helmet. We said good-bye, and as we shook hands I felt his calloused palm quivering against mine. He was as excited as a boy — a boy of twenty. Then he went over the side.

For some time I could follow the red glint of his copper helmet, dropping away under the shadow of the boat.

Then at length it disappeared, and only the shifting weight and the pull on the life-line were left me. I paid out over the boat's side until suddenly the line fell limp and I knew that Naylon's feet were on the deck of the *Allouette*.

I turned the wheel of the pump unsteadily, my heart knocking at my palate, for it is not good to see a living man descend into the nether world from out the light of day. The two lines ran slowly out, now pausing, now giving out by jerks. Once he signaled that I was giving him too much air, and as I slacked the pump and watched the lines still running out, I could fancy that I traced his movements thus. That long straight even run marked his progress down the deck. The shorter flight, after that moment's pause, no doubt indicated his descent down a hatchway. Now he was upon the berth-deck; now in the saloon companion-way; now crawling over that pile of wreckage he spoke of, where the lines might easily be sliced in two; now he was in the saloon itself; and now — was not his hand upon the stateroom door?

There was no further movement of the lines. Naylon must be there, there in the open doorway of that little stateroom which he had left so many years before.

The lines had ceased to run out. Ten, fifteen minutes passed without a movement, while I turned the pump and looked out over the indifferent face of the broad blue Pacific that held there in its depths so strange a little drama. The sloop lay some hundred feet off a rugged, tree-grown slope, desolate but for an occasional sheep or a circling bird. The heat lay close over the ocean like the shutting down of a great warm palm. The water talked incessantly under the sloop's forefoot, and a blue dragon-fly, arched like a bow, lighted from time to time upon the boat's painter. But for the plaint of the un-

willing pump and the talking of the water, it was very still.

Presently I looked at my watch and was surprised to note that Naylon had been down over an hour. At so great a depth I knew this to be very dangerous. Another half-hour passed in increasing anxiety, while I waited for some signal from him. When two hours had gone by, I could wait no longer, and warned him by a pull on the life-line.

An empty feeling on the line itself caught at my heart. I hauled in quickly. The line came home slack. I drew at the air-line. That, too, returned to the boat without the least resistance. When I had drawn both in, I found them cut in two. Had Naylon cut them with his knife, or had they been severed by some sharp edge of brass or copper in the wreckage? I could never tell — but I suspected.

I believe I fully came to myself only by the time I had the sloop half-way around the island on my way to the little town on the shoreward side, to tell of what had happened. Then I asked myself what good could come of it. My mind traversed the same course as that which Naylon had already outlined to me. His body, confined down there between the decks of the *Allouette*, would never rise. Why not leave him there? How did I know that he had not wished that end — planned it even? Or, supposing that his death had been accidental, was it not best to leave the two of them as they were — the old man and the girl of nineteen, deep down in the calm untouched quiet of the ocean floor?

I recalled what Naylon had said, and half believed, of the legend of the deep-sea divers — the story of the drowned who do not die.

So I left them there together and came away.

The other day a letter reached me

from Willetts, the sea captain who took Naylor's place at the lifeboat station. He wrote to ask what he was to do with some of the old man's belongings. He spoke of the backgammon board and the cracked bass viol, and asked if I

would care to have them. Then he added, —

'He had a geranium plant here, too, but if you don't mind I'd like to keep that. It's blossomed out all of a sudden and makes the place look rather gay.'

THE TWO PORRINGERS

BY JOHN FINLEY

When Brother Amazialbene of the Convent of St. Francis of Assisi died, Brother Juniper felt such sorrow that he wished to have two porringers made of the head of Amazialbene in memory of him and for devotion's sake. The wish has new occasion.

Brave fellow, who hast died for others' sake
 In some wet, fetid trench or blasted field,
 I beg of earth thy skull, that it may be
 A deathless symbol of thy fortitude.
 I'd make of this, thy crown, two porringers,
 One for my food and one for drink, that I,
 Touching in hunger or in thirst their rims,
 Might learn to face without complaint my ills,
 Shun softness, luxury and paunched ease,
 Know the close comradeship of fearless men
 In such democracy as cheers the fit,
 Endure misfortune without bitterness,
 And fight as fiercely for my troubled land
 As thou, O valiant one, hast fought for thine.

I'd scour the battle-fields of France to find
 Such cups in which to pledge my country's life.

HENRY JAMES

(1843-1916)

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

To suggest what is felt by those who never had the honor of so much as a glimpse of Henry James the man, it is necessary only to say that Henry James the craftsman has become, by the sharp physical finality of death, at last wholly and securely ours. A living author is the more or less prized property of his age, to be cuffed or caressed, or both, as the caprice of the age wills: a dead author is the undisputed possession of the many or few who duly love him. The genius of Henry James, which has for twenty years past expressed itself both as a ripened historical influence and as a series of vivid and commanding appeals to the renewed contemporary appreciation, has attained its rounded completion, not by any possibility to be added to; and this very lamentable fact of the last page blackened over, the last word dictated, has the effect of making over his genius to us bodily as a sum-total, the most lavish gift surely of our time, if one except that of Meredith. We find our title to his gift confirmed in the obituary columns of all manner of dailies and weeklies and their several 'supplements' — columns that have seemed to slam a door on our treasure-room of the past and, with a parting twist of the rusted key, crunchingly to lock it; which sovereign gesture of dismissal we need only interpret as a surrender of the key to whatever

fortunate comer knows how to turn it, in order to get at the full volume of our inheritance. Such at least will be the attitude of those for whom a new and complete Henry James begins just where the frayed and fragmentary subject of journalism has lately ended; those who feel his death as a summons to the calm privilege of considering his worth and of trying to measure the full extent of what he has come to mean to them.

How much there has been to interfere with the serenity and solid comfort of our possession of him, those can appreciate whose helpless solicitude has followed him, on his more or less annual 'appearances,' through the rough gauntlet of criticisms, reviews, notices, parodies — the tumult of jeers mostly echoed and therefore meaningless, meaningless and therefore unanswerable except by *his* answer of silence. We have not had, happily for ourselves, the distress of seeing him mind what the heedless said of him: he bore everything as though it had not existed, and to the practical purpose of convincing us eventually that for him it really did not exist. In that he was like a slender and shrinking youth of incredible unsophistication, caught in some bar-room medley of lewd songs meant to confuse him, and obscene jokes at his expense, not only not knowing in his innocence what it could all possibly mean, but, wondrously and beautifully,

quite making out through his amazement that they did n't know either, those others of the song and the jest, his irresponsible tormentors, who would neither like him nor let him alone, who would do neither more nor less than senselessly bawl at him.

Only we, the shamed, outraged bystanders, could not feel our neighbors' discourtesy the less because he, our lovable stripling, appeared not to feel it at all; the very perfection of his poise being in fact, to our tortured helplessness, the last 'turn of the screw.' If he had given the least sign of needing us, for defense, for intervention, for anything that could have set us between him and the rabble! But one could hardly remonstrate without seeming to inform him that one thought of him as being affronted. And if he actually did not know, if it had not ever occurred to him that he could be exposed to affront, why then, heaven prosper his innocence! could we set ourselves so near the rabble as to squabble with them over how they ought to treat him? To squabble over the terms of Henry James's reception was, we felt, the great unworthiness, second only to the ignorant derision. It was our affair just to deserve him by prizing what he prized, ignoring what he ignored, and meeting him at his own level, in the Great Good Place his kindly solicitude had made for us. If it was not in his vocabulary to say anything to the criticism of derision, we did best not to have anything to say to it. Only we could not *quite* ignore what he ignored, being of coarser clay; we could not help suffering for him, even if he obviously did not know how to suffer for himself.

And then, the shame we felt for our coevals, the vague sense of responsibility for the profane laughter that we could not explicitly disclaim, since we could not seem to be aware of it — these

too were insurgent instincts, not too easily put down. But now all that is done with, at least nearly enough so that the quiet voice, the accent of appreciation and of faith, need not be a shriek to get itself pitched above the babbling ribaldry. This is the atonement we draw out of our very loss: that, because the resistance is so suddenly withdrawn, appreciation can operate more naturally, with less self-consciousness, than ever before. This is the auspicious time for it to set in earnest about its task of rescue and extrication, grateful that it can begin to disentangle from the old confusion those matters which it feels to be of the first importance.

II

To come at once to the most minutely specific matter of all is to begin where discussion has too often unfortunately ended. We mean, of course, the matter of Henry James's personal style, in the narrower sense of verbal and phrasal quality, the contour and color of sentences. That style is the most intense vibration, certainly, of the personal note, the last inch of the development of expression toward the individual. In its task of fitting Henry James and what he had to say, it dropped more and more into certain persistent mannerisms; so that it is no matter for surprise if the larger significance of his manner seemed to have got lost among them.

The manner of Henry James, as distinguished from any and all mannerisms, is essentially the Henry James sentence. If his phrase-vocabulary is sometimes so unidiomatic that it is French, and sometimes so idiomatic that it is a species of refined slang of polite society, it must not be overlooked that his characteristic sentence is so beautifully cadenced that it is English of the purest. The rhythm

and fluid beauty of prose were obvious and necessary tenets of his artistic faith. The Henry James sentence is a way of modifying everything and of obeying the stern injunction, never elsewhere more than half obeyed, to put modifiers with what they modify. The result is like a tree that has put forth, on one side and the other, so thick a succession of twigs and offshoots, and so luxuriantly covered their irregularities with massed foliage, that the main trunk is quite obscured. Or it is as though the author had set down his thought, embroidered it in every conceivable way, and then erased all but the embroidery. The meaning seems rather sketched than written; sketched with the finest pencil, in all desirable sharpness, but without hardness, of line.

That soft accuracy of touch appears at its best wherever a situation makes the liveliest appeal to the author's kindly eager solicitude for his characters. For example, Herbert Dodd, a forlorn clerk whom life has 'scraped bare,' as he sat on his seaward-facing 'bench of desolation,' 'might in these sessions, with his eyes on the gray-green sea, have been counting again and still recounting the beads, almost worn smooth, of his rosary of pain — which had for the fingers of memory and the recurrences of wonder the same felt break of the smaller ones by the larger that would have aided a pious mumble in some dusky altar-chapel.' It is in such contexts, where the question is of insight or sympathy, that Henry James is most himself, his touch unique and unapproachable.

In dealing with physical objects and the externals of personality, he often reminds one of the later and less periodic manner of Pater — as, for example, in rendering this interior of a French dining-room: 'The little waxed *salle-à-manger* was sallow and sociable; Fran-

çois, dancing over it, all smiles, was a man and a brother; the high-shouldered *patronne*, with her high-held, much-rubbed hands, seemed always assenting exuberantly to something unsaid; the Paris evening, in short, was, for Strether, in the very taste of the soup, in the goodness, as he was innocently pleased to think it, of the wine, in the pleasant coarse texture of the napkin and the crunch of the thick-crust bread.'

In all such passages — and our offered pair strictly and fairly represent the later and latest manner, the very upshot of the long adventure of Henry James's style — there is the nicest possible care for the music of prose, the chime of sounds in combination, the word fitly spoken that is like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

So far we take no explicit account of Henry James's extraordinary felicity of phrase, a point in which he strikes one as nothing short of Meredithian. The impact of his wit is the more forcible because one has it to reckon with almost from the beginning, — indeed, from before the beginning, in the works of his little-known, little-read father, — whereas so many of his later characteristics grew upon him by slow accretions, from imperceptible beginnings. Nothing in his later work could be better than the description of Mr. Tristram in *The American* (1877) as 'large, smooth, and pink, with the air of a successfully potted plant.' This is of the same substance as his description of Jim Pocock in *The Ambassadors* (1903) as 'small and fat and constantly facetious, straw-colored and destitute of marks'; he 'would have been practically indistinguishable had not his constant preference for light gray clothes, for white hats, for very big cigars and very little stories done what it could for his identity.' This is the swift summarizing touch often applied to individuals whose reality far exceeds their impor-

tance to the story. Another instance of the same felicity, the socially indispensable Miss Banker, in *The Two Faces*, was 'stout red rich mature universal — a massive much-fingered volume, alphabetical wonderful indexed, that opened of itself at the right place.' Later, bristling with new items of gossip, she has 'filled in gaps and become, as it were, revised and enlarged.' Mrs. Assingham, 'the most luminous of wives,' dazes her somewhat lumpish husband with the dexterity of her analysis of a situation: 'Whereupon, breaking short off, to ascend to her room, she presented her highly decorated back — in which, in odd places, controlling the complications of its aspect, the ruby or the garnet, the turquoise and the topaz, gleamed like faint symbols of the wit that pinned together the satin patches of her argument' — and, one is constrained to add, like faint symbols of the wit that describes her, the Henry James wit that pins together the variously textured patches of his prose style, from *Roderick Hudson* to the last critiques and prefaces.

III

To the reader who finds in all this only bafflement, one must admit that the process of Henry James does largely consist in amassing subtleties. He flutes overtones instead of sounding the fundamental; and if the whole suggestive series of harmonics turns out not to suffice, as it confessedly does turn out for those who like the full organ of style and its emotional blare of brass, why then nothing is proved except that some persons like the more raucous instrumentation. If this final and non-debatable preference exists on adequate trial, one must make a virtue of accepting it as the *non disputandum* of aesthetics. But practically everything else in

Henry James, the whole array of artistic devices and expedients, will be found enormously to count for simplification of the novel and of its machinery.

The principle of his basic simplicity is of course to be sought in his one inclusive interest, which has never for an instant shifted: his interest in the two interdependent fruits of civilization, of breeding, of the human horticulture at its most exquisite. The first of those fruits is perfection of environment, of scene — the spirit or 'genius' of place, if place be considered as the embodiment of man's aspirations, loyalties, traditions, of his illustrious successes and his tragic failures. The second is perfection of the individual soul. All the best work of Henry James is reducible by analysis to a case of saturation with these two human idealities. He is the historian of man's objects of art, his buildings, streets, cities, the outer shell and the inner decorations of his culture; and he is 'the historian of fine consciences.'

If we state the two together, it is because of their interpenetration and essential oneness. It is in fact in Henry James's treatment of backgrounds that one begins to detect the infusion of his social sense. Not only does he catch the exact shade or tonal *nuance* of his scene, his Rome, London, Paris, or New York: he unravels its cluster of inwrought relations and connections with society, he makes it ramify spatially in every direction and temporally into the known past or the implied future. Geographically, the Paris of *The Ambassadors* is France crystallized, an affirmation of scores of towns and countrysides. Still more, it is a marginal commentary on England across the Channel, a critical analysis of America across the Atlantic — always with accentuated reference to Woollett, Massachusetts. The metropolis is presented, through Strether's observing and con-

trasting mind, in terms of everything that it is *not*. And temporally one feels Paris as the child of Empire, the grand-child of Revolution. By innuendo, the yesterday is shown as penumbally lurking behind and round the to-day. In the salon of Madame de Vionnet 'the ghost of the Empire walked.' And — 'The light in her beautiful, formal room was dim . . . there was a pair of clusters of candles that glimmered over the chimney-piece. . . . He heard . . . from the empty court, the small plash of the fountain. From beyond this, and as from a great distance . . . came, as if excited and exciting, the vague voice of Paris. . . . Thus and so, on the eve of the great recorded dates, the days and nights of revolution, the sounds had come in, the omens, the beginnings broken out. They were the smell of revolution, the smell of the public temper — or perhaps simply the smell of blood.' This is the process of saturation, the saturation of the subject with all manner of discovered contacts and values. Its effect is indescribably to thicken and augment the social significance of places and of things, which, at their best and under such auspices, amount in themselves to criticism of life.

The second and far more important kind of saturation is that of personality, of the fine individual conscience. In more and more fully achieving it, Henry James arrived, by the middle of his career as a novelist, at the practice of tincturing the material of each story as vividly as possible with the finest consciousness present in it. He views the action of the given story, not as the omniscient reporter whose only limitation is that of plausibility, and who can observe actions in different spots simultaneously, nor yet as the narrator who hands over his material to a first-person-singular, a convenient eye-witness or participant delegated to talk the

story for him, but in a somewhat different, a very special and characteristic way. He creates for the subject, and puts into it as observer and actor, the one personality or point of view in and through which the operation of the subject becomes most significant and most rewarding: then he studies the action from that point of view supplemented by his own. By this we mean that his chosen observer views the action objectively, while the author views the observer objectively. The story that he tells is not of the facts only: it is, especially and primarily, of some one's enlightened perception of the facts. Thus our realization of the facts is suffused with the sense of another's realization of them; we know the facts through seeing what shape and color they assume for a consciousness felt by us as vividly present throughout, and known to us as that of the invisible author can never be. The task becomes then to behold the subject through the mind in which it can take on the finest shapes and shades, the rarest values. On these terms every one of Henry James's best pieces tends to become a story *about* a story, a recital of some one's perception of events, that perception being sifted and weighed and in general selectively recited by the author as he passes it on to us.

In certain important ways too devious for our time and space, this trick of method determines and explains the incomparably finished technique of Henry James, every one of whose artistic manipulations exists solely for service of the will to know, to understand, to unriddle the central mystery of character. It is this incessant and indomitable will to know that leads him to his studies of the finest, rarest, most specialized of human relationships: that of the painter to his still unpainted 'Maddonna of the Future'; that of the 'Pasionate Pilgrim' to his ancestral home;

that of poor little Maisie to her scandalously divorced and squabbling parents; that most frequent relation of the lover who renounces his hopes because only so can his conscience define itself in action; that of the artist's wife who has an unquenchable distaste for her husband's work — these and a host of others still more complex or richly ramifying, all of them proposed first, and presently brought to dramatic focus, as struggles of the individual soul rendered transparent to the reader.

IV

If we turn back a moment to qualify this insistence on the rewarding richness of the minds through which Henry James did his reproducing, it is only for defiance of an exaggerated public impression that most of his protagonists are formidably intellectual persons. He does of course exert some of his best gifts in the portrayal of intellectual types; and it is true that he has never found his interest to shift its centre of gravity very far toward the street, the shop, or the factory. But to let the mind course at random over the list of his most arresting and communicative *personæ* is to experience a difficulty in recalling a great number who are intellectuals primarily, whereas the others, those who think with their nerves, positively throng. The values that recur and persist are passion and quickness of intuition, rather than profundity of thought. Even when the case proposed is that of the artist incarnate, we see him primarily outside the studio, in trouble, in love, in some light romantic escapade, or perhaps in debt; and our awareness of the creative talent in him is only our tribute to the general adequacy of Henry James's characters — their adequacy, that is, for plausibly living up to any high requirement he makes of them. The task is to invent

for each case as it comes up the one personality in presence of which it yields the most of its distilled essence, not by any means always the greatest personage. 'A subject residing in somebody's excited and concentrated feeling about something — both the something and the somebody being of course as important as possible — has more beauty to give out than under any other style of pressure.'¹ That is one declaration of moment. But it needs this supplement: 'The thing is to lodge somewhere at the heart of one's complexity an irrepresentable *appreciation*; but where a light lamp will carry all the flame I incline to look askance at a heavy.'¹

If there is any one type of appreciation in the analysis of which this author definitely excels himself, it is that of the very young girl in a difficult social situation, carrying it through with 'acuteness and intensity, reflexion and passion,' 'a high lucidity,' taking above all 'a contributive and participant view of her situation.' Of the less known of this type there are Maggie Verver in *The Golden Bowl*, Nanda Brookfield in *The Awkward Age*, Rose Tramore in *The Chaperon*, Laura Wing in *A London Life* — to all of whom the best-known Daisy Miller becomes, through her one last half-delirious flash of insight, the worthy elder cousin. Their altogether charming and lovable junior is of course little Maisie in *What Maisie Knew* — a mere wisp of childhood, bundled back and forth between parents divorced after an unsavory scandal, flung about as though she were a recurring taunt in some spiteful and monotonous argument, yet sweetly saved from the unlovely total of what she 'knew' by just her appreciation, her adjustment to the homely oddness of her standing — the answer of the responsible child in her to the irresponsible child in each of her parents and their various connections.

¹ Preface to volume x, New York Edition.

Of the others, the variegated types that make up the world of Henry James's characters, there is no room to speak in detail. They are the select motley of all Cosmopolis. Let us content ourselves for the moment with noting that the best of the men, men such as Christopher Newman and Strether and Nick Dormer and Prince Amerigo, shine in the panoply of such virtues as we see in the best of the women: intuition, a grave and kindly solicitude, impressibility, readiness for the give-and-take of friendly intercourse — and in addition something which Europe mainly teaches them, a finished gentility, gentleness refined upon by breeding, the ideal consummation of chivalry. All of Henry James's best — and his aristocracy is genuinely of bestness — are agents of the same social law, in the light of which his less than best are judged: the law of understanding of one's fellows and of perfect charity for them — 'never rashly to forget and never consciously to wound.'

This formula, the formula of Henry James's large general definition of breeding, is the most important element in his work on the non-technical side. To see life steadily and see it whole has denoted in his practice the attempt to see it through the greatest faculty or motive applicable to it — the insatiable will to know, to understand. That will, a necessity to him and to his most representative men and women, rules and includes every lesser motive. It is simply the generalized version of his prized qualities of passion, intuition, reflexion, intensity — the 'contributive and participant view' of life. He finds no need to write grim tragedies, which at their artistic best are the product of crucial misunderstandings, because he is always writing about the thing that makes the crucial misunderstanding impossible — the faculty of sympathetic insight working among

difficulties, picking its way through them, achieving in the end, if it be worthy, the contact of understanding spirit with spirit understood. He confronts his *personæ* at the outset with a social situation that is like a very complicated lock, to which there is, there must be, they feel, somewhere a key. It is possible to break the lock; and oftentimes there is plenty of good sound raw common sense to be alleged for that course, on the usual blundering human theory that life is too short for anything but bold and violent action, the swiftest means of 'getting there.' But that is not the philosophy of our *personæ* in the given *impasse*: their one highest duty is to find the key. That it happens to be also their one highest privilege is the reason why their striving is seen as going on before us in the flush and glow of a warm human appeal. If they were seeking their ideal, a beautiful rightness of conduct, in the cold white light of some bloodless and sterile theory of obligation, the whole affair would strike us as intellectualized, flat, arid, and unrewarding. But all their waiting and wondering and subtle devising is in behalf of something they profoundly want, something profoundly worth wanting. By exhibiting the patience of self-knowledge, of slow self-mastery, they bring the issue out of their conflicts without the stress of a fiery or tragic *dénouement*. Their escape from that danger is the success of their understanding. The reasoned conduct that provides the way of escape is an expression of the social conscience, the inveterate human instinct of solidarity — Henry James's greatest thing in the world.

v

As we pass on to the description of Henry James's 'art,' using that sometimes despised and rejected word in its

broad structural sense, we shall find a unique distinction in his procedure with a subject from the point of his first contact with its primary 'germ.' The accepted procedure of the realist is of course the collecting, note-taking, 'documenting,' or at any rate some form of the additive, whereby the germ is induced to multiply itself to the desired size. Henry James's first thought, on the other hand, was to secrete his first tiny 'wind-blown particle' of suggestion, to shield it from the touch of any actuality outside his own imagination. We know the realist who conceives a story in his own mind and relies on life for the rest. Henry James, by his own repeated account, drew his initial conceptions from life and relied on his own mind for the rest. It is clear, again by his own account, that he distrusted life as an artistic selective principle, considered it in fact an artistic bungler and wastrel. Its way was to furnish the nucleus of a story, and then wantonly to wreck the story. By this it is not meant that he parted company with life or shirked important truths, but that he was far too interested in the *law* of life to dally among accidents or to prize odds and ends of reality just because they existed. A comment of his own illumines this point: —

'... The very source of interest for the artist . . . resides in the strong consciousness of his seeing all for himself. He has to borrow his motive, which is certainly half the battle; and this motive is his ground, his site and his foundation. But after that he only lends and gives, only builds and piles high, lays together the blocks quarried in the depths of his imagination and on his personal premises. He thus remains all the while in intimate commerce with his motive, and can say to himself — what really more than anything else inflames and sustains him — that he alone has the *secret* of the particular case, he

alone can measure the truth of the direction to be taken by his developed data. There can be for him, evidently, only one logic for these things; there can be for him only one truth and one direction — the quarter in which his subject most completely expresses itself. The careful ascertainment of how it shall do so, and the art of finding it with consequent authority — since this sense of "authority" is for the master-builder the treasure of treasures, or at least the joy of joys — renews in the modern alchemist something like the old dream of the secret of life.'¹

This dream and this secret are the explanation of Henry James's unvarying scorn for 'the story that can be told' and of his life-long endeavor to tell 'the story that cannot be told.'

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

Henry James found his interest at the central truth of things, and let who would be interested in the surface facts.

Of the swarming consequences of this interest as his art worked them out in one case after another, space permits the naming of only the most significant. It explains, first, the progressive simplification of his art through the forty years and more of his productivity. He withdraws from himself every factitious external aid, leaves himself more and more with a free hand. Austerely alone with his theme, taking it on its own terms, making the most of its peculiar intensity, he finds actually a notation for cadences of the unheard melody, 'the story that cannot be told.' A second momentous result is the breaking-down of the canonical distinctions between novel and short story — this latter, with its specialized and arbitrary 'technique,' a greatly overrated form at best. Obviously a theme developed on the conditions just des-

¹ Preface to volume x, New York Edition.

cribed admits of no academical control from without; and it is consequently impossible to locate the point where the 'anecdotic' short story becomes the 'developmental,' or where the 'developmental' short story becomes the novel-according-to-Henry-James.

Again and, in the present connection, finally, this same austere use of the imagination accounts for the sense we all have of the profound *originality* of Henry James. Realism on the lower plane never gives us that sense: its whole force is of the opposite appeal, that to memory or recognition leaping out to embrace undoubted actuality. No critic has ever questioned Henry James's possession of the more fundamental and creative originality; but, most oddly from the present point of view, he has been praised above all for the novelty of his plots, which, as we have seen, are the one element of his art which he derived straight from brute material or factual reality, and which therefore can hardly justify our sense of his being so overwhelmingly individual. His true originality is first and always that of treatment. It is the outcome of his living at the centre of his subject. His process, like that of Meredith's Comedy, 'rejects all accessories.' The realist lives, of course, all round the circumference of his subject and clutters his scene with accessories, and he is lucky if, in the end, he has made us aware that the subject *has* any centre at all. In reading Henry James we are aware of hardly anything else; everything in him has the magic of supreme relevance. His best performances have the self-evident and self-sufficient beauty of a solitary cloud hung in a still sky, or, in his better phrase, 'the hard beauty of the diamond.' It is that splendid isolation and separate completeness of his themes, rather than their novelty as ideas, that surrounds us as we read with an eerie sensation

never yet evoked by the novel which is a mere *tranche de vie*: the conviction that here is something that was never in the world before, something that is indestructibly and perfectly itself.

VI

The body of Henry James's work is, then, its studied formal exquisiteness. But it has a soul as well as a body; and its soul is a faith, a philosophy of the social conscience. Stated in one word that has all the air of being as old as Latin, that philosophy is Renunciation; but in a very special sense, quite remote from that of Christian dogma and on a different moral foundation. The Christian consciousness of guilt is replaced by the consciousness of worth; the soul renounces, not that it may be tempered and sensitized in suffering, but simply that it may live up to itself. It suffers, not blindly, but with eyes open and intent, after all the questions have been asked and suffering has been proved the one thinkable answer. Renunciation in this view is obedience to an inner law of necessity, the immediate exercise of a highest privilege.

The social sense of this view becomes intelligible if we remember that the highest privilege in the world of Henry James's characters is expressible only in terms of their relations to their fellows. There is nothing in their world except attitudes; a personality is the sum of its relations. One is happy just in proportion to the gift for surrounding one's self with intimate and flawless relationships; one must learn to think out of one's own point of view, think the thoughts of others, and in so doing partly cease to think of one's self. A social situation is a network of gossamer threads floating invisible, binding life to life in bonds fragile and perfect. A blunderer may tear all those threads from their contacts and leave half a

dozen lives detached, shorn of half their meaning. The indispensable social grace is, then, to walk softly enough to feel the faintest brush of those intangible relations and to retreat, if need be, in time. The retreat is one's personal loss. But one must have seen far enough into the situation to apprehend the still greater loss of having one's way at the expense of muddling situations and spoiling lives and generally proving one's self an impenetrable brute. Self-esteem of this sort is practically a synonym for consideration of others.

If we have understood that renunciation of something immensely valuable for the sake of something quite without price is the crux of Henry James's greatest stories and his all-inclusive test of character, we see in the same glimpse why his most fruitful theme is international in scope. As the spokesman (and he is almost never the satirist) of the American abroad, he has an opportunity to present in a large way the contact of international ideals, influences, civilizations — the contrasted values of different traditions of breeding, each with merits, splendors even, that only the touch of the other can fully reveal. And through that juxtaposition of excellences the individual may find himself in a tragic dilemma, involving, by whatever way he escapes, the loss of important things relinquished. The measure of his worth is simply what he chooses to spare and what to cling to. *The Wings of the Dove* shows him, for example, choosing to renounce a living love for a memory that exerts a peculiar claim. The problem of the international novel as Henry James practiced it was to bring out of a concrete social contingency so many conflicting ideals, all in their several ways desirable, that the individual soul must prove its fineness through choice and consequent sacrifice. The philosophy that comes out of this favorite theme is all in

Strether's words as he effaces himself from the tangled situation of *The Ambassadors*: 'That, you see, is my only logic. Not, out of the whole affair, to have got anything for myself.' Materially, he has got nothing; spiritually, he has lost much but gained more.

That renunciation of this order is anything but the casual affair of one story or one period, we may prove by the case of *The American*, a story of twenty-five years earlier. The 'American' is Christopher Newman, a youngish retired business man taking his first long Continental holiday. He becomes engaged to Madame de Cintré, the widowed daughter of an ancient and distinguished house; but his fiancée's mother, a personage of sinister and, as it proves, lethal potentialities, cruelly contrives the breaking-off of the engagement. Then Newman finds his revenge prepared and waiting in the shape of a grim secret out of the past, involving unbearable disgrace for the family that has but just disgraced him. He has only to open his lips to destroy them. But somehow the fancied taste of revenge stales in his mouth — perhaps because he has savored it too long. He stands before the house of the Carmelites where Madame de Cintré has walled herself away from the world, and realizes how dead and meaningless is the whole story, how 'the days and years of the future would pile themselves above her like the huge immovable slab of a tomb.' Then he wanders into Notre Dame and sits down absently in the 'splendid dimness.'

'The most unpleasant thing that had ever happened to him had reached its formal conclusion; he had learnt his lesson — not indeed that he the least understood it — and could put away the book. He leaned his head for a long time on the chair in front of him; when he took it up he felt he was himself again. Somewhere in his soul a tight

constriction had loosened. He thought of the Bellegardes; he had almost forgotten them. He remembered them as people he had meant to do something to. He gave a groan as he remembered what he had meant to do; he was annoyed, and yet partly incredulous, at his having meant to do it: the bottom suddenly had fallen out of his revenge. Whether it was Christian charity or mere human weakness of will — what it was, in the background of his spirit — I don't pretend to say; but Newman's last thought was that of course he would let the Bellegardes go. If he had spoken it aloud he would have said he did n't want to hurt them. He quite failed, of a sudden, to recognize the fact of his having cultivated any such link with them. It was a link for themselves perhaps, their having so hurt *him*; but that side of it was now not his affair. At last he got up and came out of the darkening church; not with the elastic step of a man who has won a victory or taken a resolve — rather to the quiet measure of a discreet escape, of a retreat with appearances preserved.'

Thus one of the earliest, assuredly one of the finest, versions of the reiterated lesson, the lesson of the sensitive conscience expressing itself in social

terms. It is the moral foundation of every piece of ideally right conduct in the thirty volumes of Henry James. It is the sense too of the one grand public gesture of Henry James's life, his thrilling personal renunciation. We are *glad*, those of us who think we humbly understand him, that in the second summer of the war he saw the way to bring himself so immeasurably nearer to us. We knew he would do it; how, being himself, could he not do it? And when he stepped from under our flag — our poor dimmed blurred stars he must have thought them — he stepped straight into our hearts. We are not told that his thought was to reprove us. At least we know that, if it were, he had earned the right by first immensely loving us; and should we not be able to bear 'the gentle reproof of exquisite solicitude,' as Professor Wendell has called it? But the emphasis was not on that, on the reproof or the loss: with Henry James it never was on either. Still less could it have been on himself. He was committing himself, we know well, to something vaster even than England, vaster than empires and the Empire, and more enduring than they — the future of human solidarity in the world. He was living a chapter, the last for him, of the story that cannot be told.

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY JOHN HAY

SON of a sire whose heart beat ever true
To God, to country, and the fireside love
To which returning, like a homing dove,
From each high duty done, he gladly flew.
Complete, yet touched by genius through and through,
The lofty qualities that made him great,
Loved in his home and priceless to the state,
By heaven's grace are garnered up in you.

Be yours — we pray — the dauntless heart of youth,
The eye to see the humor of the game —
The scorn of lies, the large Batavian mirth;
And — past the happy, fruitful years of fame,
Of sport and work and battle for the truth,
A home not all unlike your home on earth.

800 SIXTEENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, *Christmas Eve, 1902.*

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

BY E. MORLAE

[OUR readers will remember that at the close of the narrative in the March issue, 'A Soldier of the Legion,' Sergeant Morlae, who is reciting his adventures, was left curled up in a newly won German trench, dropping off to sleep, with the comfortable knowledge that he was assured, 'with the captain's compliments,' of a *citation*. The narrative is resumed at that point.]

It seemed but a few minutes when I was awakened by Collette and Marcel, who offered me a steaming cup of coffee, half a loaf of bread, and some Swiss cheese. This food had been brought from the rear while I was lying asleep. My appetite was splendid, and when Sergeant Malvoisin offered me a drink of rum in a canteen that he took from a dead German, I accepted gratefully. Just then the *agent de liaison* appeared, with the order to assemble the section, and in column of one, second section at thirty-metres interval, to return the way we had come.

It was almost daylight and things were visible at two to three metres. The bombardment had died down and the quiet was hardly disturbed by occasional shots. Our captain marched ahead of the second section, swinging a cane and contentedly puffing on his pipe. Nearly everybody was smoking. As we marched along we noticed that new trenches had been dug during the night from sixty to a hundred metres in rear of the position we had held, and were filled by the Twenty-ninth Chasseur Regiment, which replaced us.

Very cunningly these trenches were arranged. They were deep and narrow, fully seven feet deep and barely a yard wide. At every favorable point, on every little rise in the ground, a salient had been constructed, projecting out from the main trench ten to fifteen metres, protected by heavy logs, corrugated steel sheets, and two to three feet of dirt. Each side of the salients bristled with machine-guns. Any attack upon this position would be bound to fail, owing to the intense volume of fire that could be brought to bear upon the flanks of the enemy.

To make assurance doubly sure, the Engineer Corps had dug rows of cup-shaped bowls, two feet in diameter, two feet deep, leaving but a narrow wedge of dirt between each two; and in the centre of each bowl was placed a six-pointed twisted steel 'porcupine.' This instrument, however it is placed, always presents a sharp point right at you. Five rows of these man-traps I counted, separated by a thin wall of dirt, not strong enough to maintain the weight of a man, so that any one who attempted to rush past would be thrown against the 'porcupine' and be spitted like a pigeon. As an additional precaution a mass of barbed wire lay in rolls, ready to be placed in front of this *ouvrage*, to make it safe against any surprise.

We marched along, talking and chatting, discussing this and that, without a care in the world. Every one hoped we were going to the rear to recuperate and enjoy a good square meal and a

good night's rest. Seeger wanted a good wash, he said. He was rather dirty, and so was I. My puttees dangled in pieces round my calves. It seems I had torn them going through the German wire the day before. I told Haeffle to keep his eyes open for a good pair on some dead man. He said he would.

The company marched round the hill we descended so swiftly yesterday and, describing a semi-circle, entered again the *Schützengraben Spandau* and marched back in the direction we had come from. The trench, however, presented a different appearance. The bad places had been repaired, the loose dirt had been shoveled out, and the dead had disappeared. On the east side of the trench an extremely high parapet had been built. This parapet was complete even to loop-holes—rather funny-looking loop-holes, I thought; and when I looked closer, I saw that they were framed in by boots! I reached my hand into several of them as we walked along, and touched the limbs of dead men. The engineers, it seems, in need of material, had placed the dead Germans on top of the ground, feet flush with the inside of the ditch, leaving from six to seven inches between two bodies, and laying another body cross-wise on top of the two, spanning the gap between them. Then they had shoveled the dirt on top of them, thus killing two birds with one stone.

The discovery created a riot of excitement among the men. Curses intermingled with laughter came from ahead of us. Everybody was tickled by the ingenuity of our *génie*. 'They are marvelous!' we thought. Dowd's face showed consternation, yet he could not help smiling. Little King was pale around the mouth, yet his lips were twisted in a grin. It was horribly amusing.

Every 200 metres we passed groups of the One Hundred and Seventieth,

on duty in the trench. The front line, they told us, was twelve hundred metres farther east, and this trench formed the second line for their regiment. We entered the third-line trench of the Germans from which they ran yesterday to surrender, and continued marching in the same direction—always east. Here we had a chance to investigate the erstwhile German habitations.

Exactly forty paces apart doorways opened into the dirt bank, and from each of them fourteen steps descended at about forty-five degrees into a cellar-like room. The stairs were built of wood and the sides of the stairways and the chambers below were lined with one-inch pine boards. These domiciles must have been quite comfortable and safe, but now they were choked with bodies. As we continued our leisurely way, we met some of our trench-cleaners and they recited their experiences with gusto. The Germans, they told us, pointing down into the charnel-houses, refused to come and give up, and even fired at them when summoned to surrender. 'Then what did you do?' I asked. 'Very simple,' answered one. 'We stood on the top of the ground right above the door and hurled grenade after grenade through the doorway until all noise gradually ceased down below. Then we went to the next hole and did the same thing. It was n't at all dangerous,' he added, 'and it was very effective.'

We moved but slowly along the trench, and every once in a while there was a halt while some of the men investigated promising 'prospects,' where the holes packed with dead Germans held out some promise of loot. Owing to the order of march, the first company was the last one in line, and my section at the very end. The head of the column was the fourth company, then the third, then the second, and then we. By the time my section came

to any hole holding out hopes of souvenirs, there was nothing left for us. Yet I did find a German officer with a new pair of puttees, and, hastily unwinding them, I discarded my own and put on the new ones. As I bound them on I noticed the name on the tag — 'Hindenburg.' I suppose that name stands for quality with the *Boches*.

We left the trench and swung into another communication trench, going to the left, still in an easterly direction, straight on toward the Butte de Souain. That point we knew was still in the hands of the Germans, and very quickly they welcomed us. Shells came shrieking down — 105 *mm.*, 150, 210, and 250. It's very easy to tell when you are close to them, even if you can't see a thing. When a big shell passes high, it sounds like a white-hot piece of iron suddenly doused in cold water; but when it gets close, the *sw-i-ish* suddenly rises in a high crescendo, a shriek punctuated by a horrible roar. The uniformity of movement as the men ducked was beautiful — and they all did it! One moment there was a line of gray helmets bobbing up and down the trenches as the line plodded on; and the next instant one could see only a line of black canvas close to the ground, as every man ducked and shifted his shoulder-sack over his neck. My sack had been blown to pieces when I was buried, and I felt uncomfortably handicapped with only my *musette* for protection against steel splinters.

About a mile from where we entered this *boyau* we came to a temporary halt, then went on once more. The fourth company had come to a halt, and we squeezed past them as we marched along. Every man of them had his shovel out and had commenced digging a niche for himself. We passed the fourth company, then the third, then the second, and finally the first, second, and third sections of our own

company. Just beyond, we ourselves came to a halt and, lining up one man to the metre, started to organize the trench for defensive purposes. From the other side of a slight ridge, east of us and about six hundred metres away, came the sound of machine-guns. Between us and the ridge the Germans were executing a very lively *feu de barrage*, a screen of fire prohibiting any idea of sending reinforcements over to the front line.

Attached for rations to my section were the major of the battalion, a captain, and three sergeants of the *état-major*. Two of the sergeants were at the trench telephone, and I could hear them report the news to the officers. 'The Germans,' they reported, 'are penned in on three sides and are prevented from retreating by our artillery.' Twice they had attempted to pierce our line between them and the Butte de Souain, and twice they were driven back. Good news for us!

At 10 A.M. we sent three men from each section to the rear for the soup. At about eleven they reappeared with steaming *marmites* of soup, stew, coffee, and buckets of wine. The food was very good, and disappeared to the last morsel.

After eating, the captains granted me permission to walk along the ditch back to the fourth company. The trench being too crowded for comfort, I walked alongside to the second company, and searched for my friend, Sergeant Velte. Finally I found him lying in a shell-hole, side by side with his adjutant and Sergeant Morin. All three were dead, torn to pieces by one shell shortly after we had passed them in the morning. At the third company they reported that Second Lieutenant Sweeny had been shot through the chest by a lost ball that morning. Hard luck for Sweeny!¹ The poor devil had

¹ Lieutenant Sweeny has returned to America.

just been nominated *sous-lieutenant* at the request of the French Embassy in Washington, and when he was attached as supernumerary to the third company we all had hopes that he would have a chance to prove his merit.

In the fourth company the losses were also severe. The part of the trench occupied by the three companies was directly enfiladed by the German batteries on the Butte de Souain, and every little while a shell would fall square into the ditch and take toll from the occupants. Our company was fully a thousand metres nearer to these batteries, but the trenches we occupied presented a three-quarter face to the fire, and consequently were ever so much harder to hit. Even then, when I got back I found four men *hors de combat* in the fourth section. In my section two niches were demolished without any one being hit.

Time dragged slowly until four in the afternoon, when we had soup again. Many of the men built little fires, and with the *Erbsenwurst* they had found on dead Germans prepared a very palatable soup by way of extra rations.

At four o'clock sentries were posted and everybody fell asleep. A steady rain was falling, and to keep dry we hooked one edge of our tent-sheet on the ground above the niche and put dirt on top of it to hold. Then we pushed cartridges through the button-holes of the tent, pinning them into the side of the trench and forming a good cover for the occupant of the hole. Thus we rested until the new day broke, bringing a clear sky and sunshine. This day, the 27th, — the third of the battle, — passed without mishap to my section. We spent our time eating and sleeping, mildly distracted by an intermittent bombardment.

Another night spent in the same cramped quarters! We were getting weary of inactivity, and it was rather

hard work to keep the men in the ditch. They sneaked off singly and in pairs, always heading back to the German dug-outs, all bent on turning things upside down in the hope of finding something of value to carry as a keepsake.

Haefle came back once with three automatic pistols but no cartridges. From another trip he returned with an officer's helmet, and the third time he brought triumphantly back a string three feet long of dried sausages. Haefle always did have a healthy appetite, and it transpired that on the way back he had eaten a dozen sausages, more or less. The dried meat had made him thirsty and he had drunk half a canteen of water on top of it. The result was, he swelled up like a poisoned pup, and for a time he was surely a sick man.

Zinn found two shiny German bayonets, a long thin one and one short and heavy, and swore he'd pack them for a year if he had to. Zinn hailed from Battle Creek and wanted to use them as brush-knives on camping trips in the Michigan woods; but alas, in the sequel they got too heavy and were dropped along the road. One man found a German pipe with a three-foot soft-rubber stem, which he intended sending to his brother as a souvenir. Man and pipe are buried on the slopes of the Butte de Souain. He died that same evening.

At the usual time — 4 P.M. — we had soup, and immediately after came the order to get ready. Looking over the trench, we watched the fourth company form in the open back of the ditch and, marching past us in an oblique direction, disappear round a spur of wooded hill. The third company followed at four hundred metres distance, then the second, and as they passed out of sight around the hill, we jumped out and, forming in line sections at thirty-metre intervals, each company four hundred metres in the rear of the one ahead, we followed, *arme à la bretelle*.

We were quite unobserved by the enemy, and marched the length of the hill for three fourths of a kilometre, keeping just below the crest. Above us sailed four big French battle-planes and some small aero scouts, on the lookout for enemy aircraft. For a while it seemed as if we should not be discovered, and the command was given to lie down. From where we lay we could observe clearly the ensuing scrap in the air, and it was worth watching. Several German planes had approached close to our lines, but were discovered by the swift-flying scouts. Immediately the little fellows returned with the news to the big planes, and we watched the monster biplanes mount to the combat. In a wide circle they swung, climbing, climbing higher and higher, and then headed in a bee-line straight toward the German *Tauben*. As they approached within range of each other, we saw little clouds appear close to the German planes, some in front, some over them, and others behind; and then, after an interval, the report of the 32 mm. guns mounted on our battle-planes floated down to us, immediately followed like an echo by the crack of the bursting shell. Long before the Germans could get within effective range for their machine-guns, they were peppered by our planes and ignominiously forced to beat a retreat. One Albatross seemed to be hit. He staggered from one side to the other, then dipped forward, and, standing straight on his nose, dropped like a stone out of sight behind the forest crowning the hill.

Again we moved on, and shortly arrived at the southern spur of the hill. Here the company made a quarter turn to the left, and in the same formation began the ascent of the hill. The second company was just disappearing into the scrubby pine forest on top. We entered also, continued on to the top,

and halted just below the crest. The captain called the officers and sergeants, and, following him, we crawled on our stomachs up to the highest point and looked over.

Never shall I forget the panorama that spread before us! The four thin ranks of the second company seemed to stagger drunkenly through a sea of green fire and smoke. One moment gaps showed in the lines, only to be closed again as the rear files spurred. Undoubtedly they ran at top speed, but to us watchers they seemed to crawl, and at times almost to stop. Mixed in with the dark green of the grass covering the valley were rows of lighter color, telling of the men who fell in that mad sprint. The continuous bombardment sounded like a giant drum beating an incredibly swift *rata-plan*. Along the whole length of our hill this curtain of shells was dropping, leveling the forest and seemingly beating off the very face of the hill itself, clean down to the bottom of the valley. Owing to the proximity of our troops to the enemy's batteries, we received hardly any support from our own big guns, and the rôle of the combatants was entirely reversed. The Germans had their innings then, and full well they worked.

As the company descended into the valley the pace became slower, and at the beginning of the oppositeslope they halted and faced back. Owing to the height of the Butte de Souain, they were safe, and they considered that it was their turn to act as spectators.

As our captain rose we followed and took our places in front of our sections. Again I impressed upon the minds of my men the importance of following in a straight line and as close behind one another as possible. '*Arme à la main!*' came the order, and slowly we moved to the crest and then immediately broke into a dog-trot. Instantly we

were enveloped in flames and smoke. Hell kissed us welcome! Closely I watched the captain for the sign to increase our speed. I could have run a mile in record time, but he plugged steadily along, one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four,—at a tempo of a hundred and eighty steps per minute, three to the second,—the regulation tempo. Inwardly I cursed his insistence upon having things *réglementaires*.

As I looked at the middle of his back, longing for him to hurry, I caught sight, on my right, of a shell exploding directly in the centre of the third section. Out of the tail of my eye I saw the upper part of Corporal Keraudy's body rise slowly into the air. The legs had disappeared, and with arms outstretched the trunk sank down on the corpse of Varma, the Hindu, who had marched behind him. Instinctively, I almost stopped in my tracks: Keraudy was a friend of mine; but at the instant Corporal Mettayer, running behind me, bumped into my back, and shoved me again into life and action.

We were out of the woods then, and running down the bare slope of the hill. A puff of smoke, red-hot, smote me in the face, and at the same moment intense pain shot up my jaw. I did not think I was hit seriously, since I was able to run all right. Some one in the second section intoned the regimental march, '*Allons, Giron.*' Others took it up; and there, in that scene of death and hell, this song portraying the lusts and vices of the *Légion Étrangère* became a very pæan of enthusiasm and courage.

Glancing to the right, I saw that we were getting too close to the second section, so I gave the signal for a left oblique. We bore away from them until once again at our thirty paces distance. All at once my feet tangled up in something and I almost fell. It was long grass! Just then it seemed to grow upon my mind that we were down in

the valley and out of range of the enemy. Then I glanced ahead, and not over a hundred metres away I saw the second company lying in the grass and watching us coming. As we neared, they shouted little pleasantries at us and congratulated us upon our speed.

'Why this unseemly haste?' one wants to know.

'You go to the devil!' answers Haefle.

'*Merci, mon ami!*' retorts the first; 'I have just come through his back kitchen.'

Counting my section, I missed Dubois, St. Hilaire, and Schueli. Collette, Joe told me, was left on the hill.

The company had lost two sergeants, one corporal, and thirteen men coming down that short stretch! We mustered but forty-five men, all told. One, Sergeant Terisien, had commanded my section, the 'American Section,' for four months but was transferred to the fourth. From where we rested we could see him slowly descending the hill, bareheaded and with his right hand clasping his left shoulder. He had been severely wounded in the head, and his left arm was nearly torn off at the shoulder. Poor devil! He was a good comrade and a good soldier. Just before the war broke out he had finished his third enlistment in the Legion, and was in line for a discharge and pension when he died.

Looking up the awful slope we had just descended, we could see the bodies of our comrades, torn and mangled and again and again kicked up into the air by the shells. For two days and nights the hellish hail continued to beat upon that blood-soaked slope, until we finally captured the Butte de Souain and forced an entire regiment of Saxons to the left of the butte to capitulate.

Again we assembled in column of fours, and this time began the climb up-

hill. Just then I happened to think of the blow I had received under the jaw, and feeling of the spot, discovered a slight wound under my left jaw-bone. Handing my rifle to a man, I pressed slightly upon the sore spot and pulled a steel splinter out of the wound. A very thin, long sliver of steel it was, half the diameter of a dime and not more than a dime's thickness, but an inch and a half long. The metal was still hot to the touch. The scratch continued bleeding freely, but I did not bandage it at the time because I felt sure of needing my emergency dressing farther along.

Up near the crest of the hill we halted in an angle of the woods and lay down alongside the One Hundred and Seventy-Second Regiment of infantry. They had made the attack in this direction on the 25th, but had been severely checked at this point. Infantry and machine-gun fire sounded very close, and lost bullets by the hundreds flicked through the branches overhead. The One Hundred and Seventy-Second informed us that a battalion of the Premier Étranger had entered the forest and was at that moment storming a position to our immediate left. Through the trees showed lights, brighter than day, cast from hundreds of German magnesium candles shot into the air.

Our officers were grouped with those of the other regiment, and after a very long conference they separated, each to his command. Our captain called the officers and subalterns of the company together, and in terse sentences explained to us our positions and the object of the coming assault. It was to be a purely local affair, and the point was the clearing of the enemy from the hill we were on. On a map drawn to scale he pointed out the lay of the land.

It looked to me like a hard proposition. Imagine a tooth-brush about a mile long and three eighths to one half a mile wide. The back is formed

by the summit of the hill, which is densely wooded, and the hairs of the brush are represented by four little ridges rising from the valley we had just crossed, each one crowned with strips of forest and uniting with the main ridge at right angles. Between each two lines of hair are open spaces, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty metres wide. We, of the second regiment, were to deliver the assault parallel with the hairs and stretching from the crest down to the valley.

The other column was to make a demonstration from our left, running a general course at right angles to ours. The time set was eight o'clock at night.

Returning to our places, we informed the men of what they were in for. While we were talking we noticed a group of men come from the edge of the woods and form into company formation, and we could hear them answer to the roll-call. I went over and peered at them. On their coat-collars I saw the gilt No. 1. It was the Premier Étranger.

As the roll-call proceeded, I wondered. The sergeant was deciphering with difficulty the names from his little *car-net*, and response after response was, 'Mort.' Once in a while the answer changed to 'Mort sur le champ d'honneur,' or a brief 'Tombé.' There were twenty-two men in line, not counting the sergeant and a corporal, who in rear of the line supported himself precariously on two rifles which served him as crutches. Two more groups appeared back of this one, and the same proceeding was repeated. As I stood near the second group I could just catch the responses of the survivors. 'Duvivier': 'Present.' — 'Selonti': 'Present.' — 'Boismort': 'Tombé.' — 'Herkis': 'Mort.' — 'Carney': 'Mort.' — 'MacDonald': 'Present.' — 'Farnsworth': 'Mort sur le champ d'honneur,' responded MacDonald. Several of the men I had known, Farnsworth among

them. One officer, a second lieutenant, commanded the remains of the battalion. Seven hundred and fifty men, he informed me, had gone in an hour ago, and less than two hundred came back.

'Ah, mon ami,' he told me, 'c'est bien chaud dans le bois.'

Quietly they turned into column of fours and disappeared in the darkness. Their attack had failed. Owing to the protection afforded by the trees, our aerial scouts had failed to gather definite information of the defenses constructed in the forest, and owing also to the same cause, our previous bombardment had been ineffective.

It was our job to remedy this. One battalion of the One Hundred and Seventy-Second was detached and placed in line with us, and at 8 P.M. sharp the major's whistle sounded, echoed by that of our captain.

Quietly we lined up at the edge of the forest, shoulder to shoulder, bayonets fixed. Quietly each corporal examined the rifles of his men, inspected the magazines, and saw that each chamber also held a cartridge with firing-pin down. As silently as possible we entered between the trees and carefully kept in touch with each other. It was dark in there, and we had moved along some little distance before our eyes were used to the blackness. As I picked my steps I prepared myself for the shock every man experiences at the first sound of a volley. Twice I fell down into shell-holes and cursed my clumsiness and that of some other fellows to my right. 'The "Dutch" must be asleep,' I thought, 'or else they beat it.' Hopefully the latter!

We were approaching the farther edge of the tooth-brush 'bristle,' and breathlessly we halted at the edge of the little open space before us. About eighty metres across loomed the black line of another 'row of hairs.'

The captain and second section to

our right moved on and we kept in line, still slowly and cautiously, carefully putting one foot before the other. Suddenly from the darkness in front of us came four or five heavy reports like the noise of a shot-gun, followed by a long hiss. Into the air streamed trails of sparks. Above our heads the hiss ended with a sharp crack, and everything stood revealed as though it were broad daylight.

At the first crash, the major, the captains — everybody, it seemed to me — yelled at the same time, 'En avant! Pas de charge!' — and in full run, with fixed bayonets, we flew across the meadow. As we neared the woods we were met by solid sheets of steel balls. Roar upon roar came from the forest; the volleys came too fast, it shot into my mind, to be well aimed. Then something hit me on the chest and I fell sprawling. Barbed wire! Everybody seemed to be on the ground at once, crawling, pushing, struggling through. My rifle was lost and I grasped my *parabellum*. It was a German weapon, German charges, German cartridges. This time the Germans were to get a taste of their own medicine, I thought. Lying on my back, I wormed through the wire, butting into the men in front of me and getting kicked in the head by Mettayer. As I crawled I could hear the *ping-ping* of balls striking the wire, and the shrill moan as they glanced off and continued on their flight.

Putting out my hand, I felt loose dirt, and, lying flat, peered over the parapet. 'Nobody home,' I thought; and then I saw one of the Collette brothers in the trench come running toward me and ahead of him a burly Boche. I could see Joe make a one-handed lunge with the rifle, and the bayonet showed fully a foot in front of the German's chest.

Reforming, we advanced toward the farther fringe of the little forest. Half-

way through the trees we lay down flat on our stomachs, rifle in right hand, and slowly, very slowly, wormed our way past the trees into the opening between us and our goal. Every man had left his knapsack in front or else hanging on the barbed wire, and we were in good shape for the work that lay ahead. But the sections and companies were inextricably mixed. On one side of me crawled a lieutenant of the One Hundred and Seventy-Second and on the other a private I had never seen before. Still we were all in line, and when some one shouted, 'Feu de quatre cartouches!' we fired four rounds, and after the command all crawled again a few paces nearer.

Several times we halted to fire, aiming at the sheets of flame spurting toward us. Over the Germans floated several parachute magnesium rockets, sent up by our own men, giving a vivid light and enabling us to shoot with fair accuracy. I think now that the German fire was too high. Anyway, I did not notice any one in my immediate vicinity getting hit. Though our progress was slow, we finally arrived at the main wire entanglement.

All corporals in the French Army carry wire-nippers, and it was our corporals' business to open a way through the entanglement. Several men to my right I could see one — he looked like Mettayer — lying flat on his back and, nippers in hand, snipping away at the wire overhead, while all of us behind kept up a murderous and constant fire at the enemy. Mingled with the roar of the rifles came the stuttering rattle of the machine-guns, at moments drowned by the crash of hand-grenades. Our grenadiers had rather poor success with their missiles, however, most of them hitting trees in front of the trench. The lieutenant on my left had four grenades. I could see him plainly. With one in his hand, he crawled close to the wire,

rolled on his back, rested an instant with arms extended, both hands grasping the grenade, then suddenly he doubled forward and back and sent the bomb flying over his head. For two, three seconds — it seemed longer at the time — we listened, and then came the roar of the explosion. He smiled and nodded to me, and again went through the same manœuvre.

In the meantime I kept my *parabellum* going. I had nine magazines loaded with dum-dum balls I had taken from some dead Germans, and I distributed the balls impartially between three *créneaux* in front of me. On my right, men were surging through several breaks in the wire. Swiftly I rolled over and over toward the free lane and went through with a rush. The combat had become a hand-grenade affair. Our grenadiers crawled alongside the parapet and at regular intervals tossed one of their missiles into it, while the others, shooting over their heads, potted the Germans as they ran to the rear.

Suddenly the fusillade ceased, and with a crash, it seemed, silence and darkness descended upon us. The sudden cessation of the terrific rifle-firing and of the constant rattling of the machine-guns struck one like a blow. Sergeant Altoffer brought me some information about one of my men, and almost angrily I asked him not to shout! 'I'm not deaf yet,' I assured him. 'Mon vieux,' he raged, 'it's you who are shouting!'

I realized my fault and apologized, and in return accepted a drink of wine from his canteen.

Finding the captain, we were ordered to assemble the men and maintain the trench, and after much searching I found a few men of the section. The little scrap had cost us three more men. Subiron, Dowd, and Zinn were wounded and sent to the rear. The One Hundred and Seventy-Second sent a patrol

toward the farthest, the last hair of the tooth-brush, with orders to reconnoitre thoroughly. An hour passed and they had not returned. Twenty minutes more went by, still no patrol. Rather curious, we thought. No rifle-shots had come from that direction, nor any noise such as would be heard during a combat with the bayonet. The major's patience gave way, and our captain received orders to send another patrol. He picked me and I chose King, Delpeuch, and Birchler. All three had automatics — King a parabellum, Delpeuch and Birchler, Brownings. They left their rifles, bayonets, and cartridge-boxes behind, and in Indian file followed me at a full run in an oblique direction past the front of the company, and, when half way across the clearing, following my example, fell flat on the ground. We rested a while to regain our wind and then began to slide on our stomachs at right angles to our first course.

We were extremely careful to remain silent. Every little branch and twig we moved carefully out of our way; with one hand extended we felt of the ground before us as we hitched ourselves along. So silent was our progress that several times I felt in doubt about any one being behind me and rested motionless until I felt the touch of Delpeuch's hand upon my foot. After what seemed twenty minutes, we again changed direction, this time straight toward the trees looming close to us. We arrived abreast of the first row of trees, and lying still as death listened for sounds of the enemy. All was absolutely quiet; only the branches rustled overhead in a light breeze. A long time we lay there, but heard no sound. We began to feel somewhat creepy, and I was tempted to pull my pistol and let nine shots rip into the damnable stillness before us. However, I refrained, and touching my neighbor, started crawling along the

edge of the wood. Extreme care was necessary, owing to the numberless branches littering the ground. The sweat was rolling down my face.

Again we listened and again we were baffled by that silence. I was angry then and started to crawl between the trees. A tiny sound of metal scratching upon metal and I almost sank into the ground! Quickly I felt reassured. It was my helmet touching a strand of barbed wire. Still no sound!

Boldly we rose and, standing behind trees, scanned the darkness. Over to our right we saw a glimmer of light and, walking this time, putting one foot carefully before the other, moved toward it. When opposite we halted and — I swore. From the supposed trench of the enemy came the hoarse voice of an apparently drunken man, singing the *chanson* 'La Riviera.' Another voice offered a toast to 'La Légion.'

Carelessly we made our way through the barbed wire, crawling under and stepping over the strands, jumped over a ditch, and looked down into what seemed to be an underground palace. There they were — the six men of the One Hundred and Seventy-Second — three of them lying stiff and stark on benches, utterly drunk. Two were standing up disputing, and the singer sat in an arm-chair, holding a long-stemmed glass in his hand. Close by him were several unopened bottles of champagne on the table. Many empty bottles littered the floor.

The singer welcomed us with a shout and an open hand, to which we, however, did not immediately respond. The heartbreaking work while approaching this place rankled in our minds. The sergeant and corporal were too drunk to be of any help, while two of the men were crying, locked in each others' arms. Another was asleep, and our friend the singer absolutely refused to budge. So, after I had stowed two

bottles inside my shirt (an example punctiliously followed by the others), we returned.

Leaving Birchler at the wire, I placed King in the middle of the clearing, Delpeuch near the edge of the wood held by us, and then reported. The captain passed the word along to the major, and on the instant we were ordered to fall in and in column of two marched over to the abandoned trench, following the line marked by my men.

As we entered and disposed ourselves therein, I noticed all the officers, one after the other, disappear in the palace. Another patrol was sent out by our company, and, after ranging the country in our front, returned safely. That night it happened to be the second company's turn to mount outposts, and we could see six groups of men, one corporal and five men in each, march out into the night and somewhere, each in some favorable spot, they placed themselves at a distance of about one hundred metres away to watch, while we slept the sleep of the just.

Day came, and with it the *corvée* carrying hot coffee and bread. After breakfast another *corvée* was sent after picks and shovels, and the men were set to work remodeling the trench, shifting the parapet to the other side, building little outpost trenches and setting barbed wire. The latter job was done in a wonderfully short time, thanks to German thoroughness, since for the stakes to which the wire is tied the Boches had substituted soft iron rods, three quarters of an inch thick, twisted five times in the shape of a great corkscrew. This screw twisted into the ground exactly like a cork-puller into a cork. The straight part of the rod, being twisted upon itself down and up again every ten inches, formed six or seven small round loops in a height of about five feet. Into these eyes the barbed wire was laid and solidly secured with short

lengths of tying wire. First cutting the tying wire, we lifted the barbed wire out of the eyes, shoved a small stick through one, and, turning the rod with the leverage of the stick, unscrewed it out of the ground and then, reversing the process, screwed it in again. The advantage of this rod is obvious. When a shell falls in the midst of this wire protection, the rods are bent and twisted, but unless broken off short they always support the wire, and even after a severe bombardment present a serious obstacle to the assaulters. In such cases wooden posts are blown to smithereens by the shells, and when broken off let the wire fall flat to the ground.

As I was walking up and down, watching the work, I noticed a large box, resting bottom up in a deep hole opening from the trench. Dragging the box out and turning it over, I experienced a sudden flutter of the heart. There, before my astonished eyes, resting upon a little platform of boards, stood a neat little centrifugal pump painted green, and on the base of it in raised iron letters I read the words, 'Byron Jackson, San Francisco.' I felt queer at the stomach for an instant. San Francisco! my home town! Before my eyes passed pictures of Market Street and the 'Park.' In fancy I was one of the Sunday crowd at the Cliff House. How could this pump have got so far from home? Many times I had passed the very place where it was made. How, I wonder, did the Boche get this pump? Before the war, or through Holland? A California-built pump to clean water out of German trenches, in France! It was astonishing! With something like reverence I put the pump back again and, going to my place in the trench, dug out one of my bottles of champagne and stood treat to the crowd. Somehow, I felt almost happy.

As I continued my rounds I came

upon a man sitting on the edge of the ditch, surrounded by naked branches, busy cutting them into two-foot lengths and tying them together in the shape of a cross. I asked him how many he was making, and he told me that he expected to work all day to supply the crosses needed along one battalion front. French and German were treated alike, he assured me. There was absolutely no difference in the size of the crosses.

As we worked, soup arrived, and when that was disposed of, the men rested for some hours. We were absolutely unmolested except by our officers.

But at one o'clock that night we were again assembled in marching kit, each man with an extra pick or shovel, and marched along parallel with our trench to the summit of the butte. There we installed ourselves in the main line, out of which the Germans were driven by the One Hundred and Seventy-Second. There was no work of any kind to be done, and quickly we found some dry wood, built small fires, and with the material found in dug-outs brewed some really delightful beverages. Mine was a mixture of wine and water out of Haeffle's canteen, judiciously blended with chocolate.

The weather was delightful, and we spent the afternoon lying in sunny spots, shifting once in a while out of the encroaching shade into the warm rays. We had no idea where the Germans were — somewhere in front, of course, but just how far or how near mattered little to us. Anyhow, the One Hundred and Seventy-Second was fully forty metres nearer to them than we were, and we could see and hear the first-line troops picking and shoveling their way into the ground.

Little King was, as usual, making the round of the company, trying to find some one to build a fire and get water if he, King, would furnish the chocolate.

He found no takers and soon he laid himself down, muttering about the laziness of the outfit.

Just as we were dozing deliciously, an agonized yell brought every soldier to his feet. Rushing toward the cry, I found a man sitting on the ground, holding his leg below the knee with both hands, and moaning as he rocked back and forth, 'Je suis blessé! Je suis blessé!' Brushing his hands aside, I examined his leg. There was no blood. I took off the puttee, rolled up his trousers, and discovered no sign of a wound. On my asking the man again where the wound was, he passed his hand over a small red spot on his shin. Just then another man picked up a small piece of shell, and then the explanation dawned upon me. The Germans were shooting at our planes straight above us; a bit of shell had come down and hit our sleeper on the shin-bone. Amid a gale of laughter he limped away to a more sympathetic audience. Several more pieces of iron fell near us. Some fragments were no joking matter, being the entire rear ends of three-inch shells, weighing, I should think, fully seven pounds.

At 4 P.M. the soup *corvée* arrived. Besides the usual soup we had roast mutton, one small slice per man, and a mixture of white beans, rice, and string beans. There was coffee, and one cup of wine per man, and, best of all, tobacco. As we munched our food, our attention was attracted to the sky above by an intense cannonade directed against several of our aeroplanes sailing east. As we looked, more and more of our war-birds appeared. Whipping out my glasses, I counted fifty-two machines. Another man counted sixty. Haeffle had it a hundred. The official report next day stated fifty-nine. They were flying very high and in very open formation, winging due east. The shells were breaking ahead of them and be-

tween them. The heaven was studded with hundreds upon hundreds of beautiful little round grayish clouds, each one the nimbus of a bursting shell. With my prismatics glued to my eyes I watched closely for one falling bird. Though it seemed incredible at the moment, not one faltered or turned back. Due east they steered, into the red painted sky. For several minutes after they had sailed out of my sight I could still hear the roar of the guns. Only one machine, the official report said, was shot down, and that one fell on the return trip.

Just before night fell, we all set to work cutting pine branches, and with the tips prepared soft beds for ourselves. Sentries were placed, one man per section, and we laid ourselves down to sleep. The night passed quietly; again the day started with the usual hot coffee and bread. Soup and stew at 10 A.M., and the same again at 4 P.M. One more quiet night, and quiet the following day. We were becoming somewhat restless with the monotony, but were cheered by the captain. That night, he told us, we should return to Suippes, and there reform the regiment and rest. The programme sounded good, but I felt very doubtful, we had heard the same tale so many times and so many times we had been disappointed. Each day the *corvées* had brought the same news from the kitchen. At least twenty times different telephonists and *agents de liaison* had brought the familiar story. The soup *corvées* assured us that the drivers of the rolling kitchens had orders to hitch up and pull out toward Souain and

Suippes. The telephonists had listened to the order transmitted over the wires. The *agents de liaison* had overheard the major telling other officers that he had received marching orders, and, '*ma foi!* each time each one was wrong!' So, after all, I was not much disappointed when the order came to unmake the sacks.

We stayed that night and all day, and when the order to march the next evening came, all of us were surprised, including the captain. I was with the One Hundred and Seventy-Second having some fun with a little Belgian. I had come upon him in the dark and had watched him in growing wonder at his actions. There he was, stamping up and down, every so often stopping, shaking clenched fists in the air, and spouting curses. I asked him what was the matter. '*Rien, mon sergent,*' he replied. '*Je m'excite.*' '*Pourquoi?*' I demanded. '*Ah,*' he told me, '*look,*' — pointing out toward the German line, — '*'out there lies my friend, dead, with three pounds of my chocolate in his musette, and when I'm good and mad, I'm going out to get it!*' I hope he got it!

That night at 7 o'clock we left the hill, marched through Souain four miles to Suippes, and sixteen miles farther on, at St. Hilaire, we camped. A total of twenty-six miles for the day.

At Suippes the regiment passed in parade march before some officer of the *état-major*, and we were counted: eight hundred and fifty-two in the entire regiment, out of three thousand two hundred who entered the attack on the 25th of September!

MÜCKE OF THE EMDEN

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

THE films, as films, were most excellent, but their motive was so obvious that the rather representative and not especially 'hyphenated' New York audience, which had plainly come for entertainment, not propaganda, was becoming increasingly restive under the cumulative effect of the 'kulturine' capsules which were being slipped in with the pictures.

Beaming German soldiers helped tottering old Belgian refugees over débris and mud puddles, or swung obligingly out of line to round up a Polish peasant girl's cows. In 'a captured city in the West' a helmeted Uhlan shared his loaf of black bread with a hollow-eyed street urchin, and the film snapped sharply off when a comrade in the background started to hustle some weary stragglers on their way. 'Russian Prisoners are Allowed to Rest on Their Way to the Concentration Camps,' was the caption preceding the picture of a bayonet-ringed group of Cossacks sitting by the roadside; and 'The Drawn Features of the Kaiser Show how Terribly He Feels the Suffering Imposed by the War,' introduced another film, in which the War Lord, in the uniform of the Death's Head Hussars, strode gloomily down the line of a drawn-up regiment.

'Too much "Gott mit Uns" and "Deutschland über Alles" for mine,' snorted a man in front of me, reaching down for his hat. 'Why don't they show us Liège and Louvain and round out the picture?'

Then, suddenly and with characteristic kinematic carelessness of sequence, the scene changed, and with it the atmosphere of the theatre. A quay by the waterside was being shown, with an eager, expectant crowd waiting for something that was about to happen. That sunlight, those fez-crowned heads, that stretch of dancing water with domes and minarets etched against the skyline above the opposite shore — I had missed the screenful of words that told what was coming, but I knew in an instant that I was standing on the water-front at Constantinople and looking across the Bosphorus to Scutari and Asia.

It was the breathless interest of the waiting crowd that surged out over the darkened footlights and pervaded the theatre. It was all so real, so unaffected, so 'unkultured,' that one knew instinctively that the thing, unlike so much that had gone before, was not being done for effect — to fan the flame of Teutonic pride or 'educate' the neutral. And so the spirit of the picture entered the audience, and we who, a moment before, half amazed, half disgusted, were shifting impatiently in our seats and glancing at our watches, now leaned forward in eager anticipation. We had become one with the expectant crowd by the quay-side.

Presently the object for which they — we were waiting, a gaunt destroyer, stripped for action, slipped into view, and, steering a wavering course across the swift current of the intercontinental strait, came nosing in beside the quay.

Now, standing at attention amidships, at the head of the gangway, an erect white-clad figure was discernible; and even before the blurred features quivered to life in the sharpening focus, we were adding our cheers to those of the gesticulating Orientals on the quay.

The man in front of me — the one who had been on the point of stamping out a minute before — was applauding with hands and feet, and I, clapping vigorously myself but without knowing just why, was on the point of leaning forward to ask him what it was all about, when the stout German lady overflowing the chair on my right suddenly gave vent to an explosive 'Ach, Mücke! Mücke!' and, allowing her lorgnette to fall to the floor, began smiting her own plump palms together.

So it was Mücke we were welcoming? No wonder the theatre was in an uproar; no wonder it seemed quite the natural thing that my own brogans should be joining in the tumult of applause, and that those hearty 'Bravas' should be coming from the throats of the dark-faced chaps on my left who were so unmistakably Italian. 'Surely Mücke is entitled to a hand from everybody.' 'Don't let him go with that perfunctory sword salute!' 'Call him back!' 'We want Mücke!' No one spoke these words, so far as I heard, but they express the spirit of the crowd exactly. It was no shadow swashbuckler we were applauding, but — so complete the illusion — a very real hero of flesh and blood; and for a moment one was just a little indignant that he would not stop and make a speech.

On flickered the film; on rolled the narrow black-and-white strip of Turkish panorama. Now young Ulysses marched off the quay at the head of his squad of bluejackets; now they tramped in a procession — with Turkish cavalry and Turkish boy scouts — down a flag-bedecked boulevard; now they ap-

proached a *shamiana* under which a group of officers was waiting; and now (one knew instinctively that this was the climax of more than the little march up from the quay) Mücke halted before a man in the uniform of an admiral of the German navy, clicked his heels together, touched the hilt of his sword to his forehead, and stood at attention.

Just so — a hundred times on this warship or that — had I seen a middy or an ensign report for duty to the officer of the day; and that, in fact, was just what Mücke was doing. That he happened to have zigzagged over eight or ten thousand miles of sea and land, braving storm and blockade, desert tribes and fever, did n't make the least difference in the way the thing was done. The Emden was a shell-shattered hulk on the rocks of Cocos Island, and a few of her officers and men who had slipped through the meshes of the British net had hurried back to their nearest superior to report for duty. That was all.

Again the film changed, and in an instant the massive bulk of von Hindenburg appeared on the stone steps of a captured Polish palace. Bull-necked, square-headed, heavy-jowled, the incarnation of brutal, relentless force and efficiency, — of Prussianism, — he stood and glowered down upon us till one stirred restlessly in his seat and glanced uneasily at his neighbor. The applause — Mücke's applause — died away, and only the click-clack of the picture-projector was audible where tumultuous acclaim had rung a few moments before. The stout German lady sighed heavily and sank back into her seat. 'If we only had more of the Mückes and not so many of the Hindenburgs,' I heard her to say to a companion as I edged past them to the aisle, 'perhaps this war would not have made so many people hate the Germans.'

The sentiments were not quite parallel, but the words recalled those of a young British subaltern whom, a fortnight previously, I had shouldered in the crowd around a shot-pierced searchlight and a rusty naval gun — relics saved from the Emden — on exhibition on London's Horse Guards Parade.

'Now those two were real gentlemen,' he said, with enthusiasm, after we had conversed for a few minutes about the Emden. 'If only the German army had the instincts of Müller and Mücke this bally war would be something like a fair sporting proposition instead of such a beastly bore.'

II

The official account of the stirring and picturesque adventures of the Emden is hardly likely to be given to the world until the gates of Captain Müller's comfortable English prison swing open for him at the end of the war; but in the interviews, a lecture or two, and a booklet by Lieutenant Mücke all the salient features have been covered, and it is from translations of these that we will endeavor to follow the fortunes of the doughty young Teuton whose courage, resource, and devotion to duty have won scarcely less admiration in the countries of his enemies than in the Fatherland.

Within a day or two after the outbreak of the war the Emden, in pursuance of the commerce-destroying plan which the German Admiralty had worked out to its least details many years before, slipped away from Tsingtau and headed for the South Pacific to join the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Nürnberg. It was a later order which turned her off to the Indian Ocean to find both her glory and her grave.

'In Tsingtau,' wrote Mücke, 'we had supplied ourselves with all the things we could think of. The first officer takes

the place of the housewife in many ways, and has to look out for all details concerning equipment and provisions.' But soap, it appears, had been overlooked, so that the men of the Emden were shortly in a position where they had to consider washing an occupation *de luxe*. However, the first ship sunk, on September 11, carried enough soap, 'in the great impulse of cleanliness of the English,' to last the Germans for a year. This was the Lovatt, a British transport, which had promptly hoisted the Union Jack under the impression that the Emden was an 'English-boat.' 'The silly face of its captain, which he made after we had hoisted our flag and ordered him to stay with us, I would regret not to have seen,' observes Mücke; and adds that 'for the numerous stables for horses on this boat we had no appreciation, and a half hour later we had submitted the question to the sharks.'

Business was brisk for the Emden during the next few days, and there was one occasion on which she had five or six steamers (Mücke has forgotten the exact number) hove to and ready to sink at one place. 'This happened so,' writes Mücke: 'a steamer came along and was stopped. Ten men and an officer went over to it. These got the ship ready to sink and saw that the passengers were all removed. While we were still occupied with this boat, appeared the top of another mast on the horizon. We did not need to hurry at all; the ships seemed to come by themselves to us. When one came near enough, the Emden made it a friendly signal, which tempted it on to join the other boats. And by the time this one was prepared for sinking, another mast-top would appear.'

Mücke's account of the manner of sinking a prize is exceedingly graphic, with all its Teutonic exactness. 'It is a queer feeling for a seaman to see a

ship sinking, and we who were used to helping each ship in need were always touched by it. The destroying was usually done in this way: We went down to the engine-room and removed the covers of pipes leading outside. In rushed the water in jets as high as a man. The watertight door of the boiler-room was then opened, to allow that compartment to be flooded. If there was cause for haste, other holes were opened by explosives. For a time the ship would rock back and forth as if it did not know exactly how to behave. Always deeper and deeper it sank, until the upper deck touched the water. Then it acted like a body taking its last breath. The bow went down first, the masts struck the water, and the screws were raised in the air. The funnels blew out the last smoke and coal-dust; for an instant the ship stood on end, and then shot down to the depths like a heavy stone. After half a minute greetings from the depths would begin to arrive. Long pieces of wood came up vertically, like an arrow, jumping several yards in the air. In the end the place where the ship sank was marked by a large oil-spot and a few smashed boats, beams, life-preservers, and the like. Then it was time for the Emden to make for the next mast-top.'

In the *Berliner Tageblatt's* account of the adventures of the Emden Mücke's strictures against some of the captains of the captured steamers are so strong, and of such a nature, as to incline a person acquainted with the bluff British merchant-marine skipper seriously to doubt their credibility; but there is a circumstantiality in the remarks attributed to the captain of the Kabinga which gives them all of the ear-marks of truth.

'On the Kabinga,' Mücke is quoted as saying, 'the captain had his wife and youngest with him. He was inclined at first to be disagreeable, but

afterwards he grew confidential, like all captains, called us "Old chap," gave the lieutenant a nice new oilskin, and, as we finally let the Kabinga go, wrote us a letter of thanks. They all gave us three cheers as they steamed away. "Come to Calcutta some time!" was the last thing the captain said, "and catch the pilots so that those [unprintable seaman's epithet] fellows will feel something of the war too."'

Any one who knows anything of the feeling cherished by the British India skipper for the lordly Hoogly River pilot — the most highly paid and the most autocratic of all the pilots of the seven seas — will also know that this is just the sort of thing one of the former would say on such an occasion.

At the end of ten days practically every steamer in the northern Indian Ocean was either at the bottom of the sea or held in port by its apprehensive owners, so, in lieu of other game, the audacious Emden took a tilt at the oil-tanks of Madras. Sure in his knowledge of the antique guns which defended the historic Indian port, Müller steamed in, with all lights out, to within 3000 metres of the shore. 'The harbor light burned peacefully,' writes Mücke, 'and made navigation easy. Our targets, the red-and-white-striped oil-tanks, could be plainly discerned. A few shells, a quick flash of blue-yellow flame, and the tanks were vomiting red jets from the shot-holes. Then a great black cloud of smoke arose, and, according to the proverb, "Variety is the spice of life," we had this time sent a few millions up into the air instead of down into the depths. From Madras a few shots were discharged at us, but without any aim, and the fire of the burning oil-tanks lighted us for ninety miles on our way.'

The Tyweric, sunk but two hours after it had left Colombo, gave the Emden late news of the world through

the evening papers of the Cingalese capital. The German cruiser appeared to be the principal topic of local news, and her officers learned, among other things, that their ship had been sunk at two widely separated points, and was being hotly pursued at another. Mücke waxes both facetious and ironic in his account of the sinking of an English sugar steamer very close to the coast of Ceylon.

'The captain, because of the fact that he was captured almost under a British searchlight, was in such bad humour that he resisted us. The sad result of his patriotism was that he was not even allowed to bring so much as an extra handkerchief away with him. Within five minutes his steamer was cleared and its crew aboard our *Lümpensümmeler*. [The latter term, which may be roughly translated as "rag-collector" or "rascal-collector," was the facetious name given by the Germans to one of the prizes which they always kept in attendance upon the Emden to carry the prisoners from sunk steamers.] The captain and the engineer had the honor of spending their voyage on the Emden in separate cells, and ten minutes later the sugar steamer sweetened the supper of the sharks. This captain, as we learned later from the papers, told some nice "robber-stories" about the Emden, and said she was a dirty, scratched, and damaged old boat. Had I only known that so high a visitor was to come to us, my pride as first officer would certainly have prompted me to have the deck scrubbed and painted. This noble soul also said that our crew looked starved and depressed; but surely this was not fair to the supply of English steamers we had enjoyed.'

Ten or a dozen more steamers were sunk by the Emden during the next three weeks, and then she slipped away from the sea-lanes that she had terror-

ized, to rest and refit. This took her to Diego Garcia, an isolated rock in the South Ocean where two or three lonely Britons were holding an almost uncharted outpost of Empire by running a plantation. Here occurred a most delicious little episode. 'As we dropped anchor,' writes Mücke, 'there came an Englishman, his arms loaded with presents for us, and his eyes wet with tears of welcome. He had not yet heard of the war, as the island received its mail only once every half year by schooner. He asked us to fix his motor-boat, which was out of commission. This we did gladly. Then, without telling him anything of the terrible condition the world was in at present, we bade him good-bye and sailed away. His mail was due in fourteen days, and then, perhaps, he may have learned to whom he brought his presents.'

Shipping was spread thin along the trade routes when the Emden returned again to the attack, and two or three steamers sunk in the vicinity of Miniko were the sum of her bag for a week's cruising. This monotonous life began to pall upon the men of the raider, and, as Mücke naïvely put it, they 'felt the stirring of desire to make the acquaintance of real warships. We knew through the papers,' he writes, 'that sixteen English, French and Japanese men-of-war were using up their coal in a vain search for us, and, obligingly, we decided to visit them in their own harbor.'

The Penang raid was the crowning achievement of the Emden's career, and, as it proved, the final one. It was a fitting 'swan-song.' Penang, a British Crown Colony, like Singapore, Hongkong, and one or two other ports of the Far East, is located on a small island, with its harbor formed by the narrow strait which separates the island from the mainland. For a mile or two this strait is no wider than the

Hudson at Grant's Tomb, and at its narrowest place, crowning a little point which reaches out toward the palm-fringed foreshore of the Malay Peninsula, is a picturesque old stone fort which dates back to the days when the Portuguese held the Spice Islands and fought the British and the Dutch for the mastery of the Orient. Old bronze guns peeped from its crumbling ports, and did brave service as hobby-horses when the *ayahs* from the officers' quarters brought out the babies for their afternoon promenade. If any modern guns had been mounted about the harbor, it may be taken for granted that the Emden was fully informed both as to their power and location.

The raider's only chance of a successful raid upon a harbor in which it was more than likely to encounter superior force was to creep in unobserved, strike suddenly, and withdraw in the confusion of the surprise. By this time the profile of the Emden was up in the chartroom of every warship and merchantman plying the Eastern seas. The resourceful Teutons, knowing this, hit upon the expedient of altering that profile. A fourth smoke-stack of painted canvas had been ready for weeks against just such an emergency, and when set up in line with the three real ones made the raider appear, in anything but the broad light of day, an almost exact counterpart of a well-known type of British armored cruiser which was being extensively employed in the pursuit of the Emden.

With all lights out, the disguised German warship crept in toward the narrow strait which forms the harbor of Penang. The arrival was timed to the minute to meet the first forerunning streaks of dawn. Complete darkness would have made it impossible to navigate in the restricted seaway, while daylight would have meant discovery. The half-light of the breaking day suit-

ed the raider's purpose to a nicety. At first only fisher-boats were seen; then a mass of merchant shipping unfolded, and, finally, looming darkly at only a couple of hundred metres distance, the silhouette of the Russian cruiser Schemtschuk took shape against the brightening east.

'On board the Russian everybody was busy sleeping,' observes Mücke. 'We fired a torpedo at its stern. It was lifted by the detonation half a metre, and then began to sink slowly. Following the torpedo, we directed a hail of fire at the fore-deck, where the crew was sleeping. Soon this part of the ship looked like a sieve, and we could see through the holes the fires that were raging inside. Meanwhile, we sailed by the sinking ship and turned ready to run. Now we were being shot at from three sides — from the Schemtschuk and from two other directions which we could not exactly determine. We heard the whistling of the shells and saw the spots where they plunged into the water.'

A second torpedo finished the Russian cruiser, and the Emden turned to meet its new foes. Now the French destroyer, D'Iberville, was descried; now a cruiser was reported coming in, and now a torpedo boat. The supposed cruiser turned out to be a merchantman, but the torpedo boat, the French Mousquet, was a real menace in the narrow channel. Disdaining the obsolete D'Iberville, the Emden steamed to meet the oncoming Mousquet, which was disposed of in three broadsides. Picking up thirty-three survivors from the water, the unscathed raider slipped out of the harbor and made for the open sea from which it had come but a short half hour before. The night mists were lifting now, but there was left afloat in Penang no ship swift enough to pursue the audacious raider.

III

Twelve days later, on the ninth of November, the Emden landed a force under Lieutenant Mücke to destroy the wireless station at Keeling — sometimes called Cocos — Island. The little British colony received the heavily armed enemy philosophically, and just before Mücke began putting the radio apparatus out of commission the operator congratulated him upon having been awarded the Iron Cross. 'How do you know I have the Iron Cross?' asked the surprised German. 'I have just caught the message,' was the answer. It was the last one received at Keeling for some time.

Scarcely was the work of destroying the station completed, when Mücke heard the Emden's siren signaling him to return at once. Rushing his men into the launch, he started for his ship, only to see the Emden's anchor wound frantically in and the cruiser steam away at top speed. At first he thought that it was going to meet a collier, but just before the cruiser disappeared its *Gefechtsflagge* — the battle-pennant — was broken out, and columns of water flung high in the air told that guns of equal or greater power than the Emden's own were feeling for their range. The raider was nearing the end of its far-trailed tether.

Crushing down his chagrin at being thus helplessly marooned while his ship and captain were fighting for their lives, Mücke returned to the shore, hoisted the German flag, mounted his four machine-guns and declared the island under martial law. Not until a trench had been dug and preparations made to resist a landing from the enemy warship, did he find time to climb to a house-top and endeavor to follow the distant sea-duel.

His account of the fight between the Emden and Sydney is incomplete, dis-

jointed, inaccurate, and not especially fair, and I am not setting it down here. The raider put up a game fight against a swifter and more heavily armed adversary. It was foredoomed from the moment the speedy Australian cruiser picked up its smoke-trail, and its finish was not the least glorious moment of an unparalleled career.

Lieutenant Mücke was destined to receive two shocks on this eventful ninth of November, both from the English. The first was the sinking of the Emden, which, though staggering, was quite comprehensible. The second shock — but let Mücke tell the story himself. 'The battle over, I went back to the people on the island. Their behavior was characteristic. While we had all kinds of things to do to put the strand in a proper state of defense, and the battle was but a few minutes over, one of them came to me and exclaimed, "Do you play tennis? We always play about this time of day." Then one of them told me that they were really very glad that their cables to Australia were out of commission, as it would save them many hours of extra work every day.' Mücke's contempt struggles with his surprise, but the incident leaves one fairly safe in assuming of the English and German minds, that, as Kipling says of East and West, 'never the twain shall meet.'

When Mücke and his party landed at Keeling they passed a small schooner anchored in the bay, which he marked for sinking when time permitted on the ground that she was 'enemy shipping.' Luckily for him that opportunity did not offer, for if the Ayesha had been sent to the bottom, it is certain that the Germans would never have left the island alive except as British prisoners. Fearing the return of the Sydney, Mücke made up his mind to take his little band and run for one of the Dutch islands of Malaysia. The

English outdid themselves in speeding their guests on the way; Mr. Ross, the genial owner of the ship and the island, bade them good-bye with the comforting words, 'The bottom of the little schooner is rotten, but I wish you a pleasant voyage.'

To deceive the English, Mücke steered westerly, as though heading for East Africa, until out of sight of Keeling, and then put about and slanted up for Padang, a Dutch settlement in Sumatra. The Ayesha, which was of about a hundred tons and had formerly carried copra from Keeling to Batavia, proved a first-class sea-going boat. Her gear was in atrocious shape, however, and it was 'touch-and-go' all the way to the Dutch Indies. The water in three of her four tanks turned out to be 'rotten' and quite unfit to drink, and only a timely tropical shower saved the party from severe suffering from thirst. Storms alternated with calms during the latter portion of the voyage, and on a number of occasions the men were out in boats trying to tow the schooner a few miles nearer its goal.

Sighting Sumatra on the 27th of November, Mücke sailed the Ayesha into the three-mile zone, hoisted the German war-flag, and demanded of the captain of a Dutch destroyer which had been following him that he be allowed a warship's rights of twenty-four hours in Padang to provision and refit. After much parleying, the Dutch finally allowed the Ayesha to drop anchor in Padang, but that was about the extent of their concessions. 'The principal person in Padang,' observes Mücke, 'was the harbor master, a Belgian born, and naturally we could not expect from him any great amiability. The Ayesha did not seem good enough for him, and he acted as if he was in a coal-cellar until I gave him to understand that he was on a warship of His Majesty, the Kaiser.'

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As Mücke's men had landed at Keeling in their oldest uniforms, they were in rags by this time, and their leader confesses to an 'insane desire to make again the acquaintance of the tooth-brush and soap.' But the Dutch allowed them only water, provisions, and some tackle and sails, and the Ayesha was headed back to the open sea in not much better plight than when she arrived. 'My men were literally in their "paradise suits,"' says Mücke, 'and I had only one sock, a pair of shoes, and the remains of a shirt.' The crews of the several German ships interned in the harbor sped the Ayesha with cheers and 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' and two German reservists followed in a rowboat and boarded her beyond the three-mile limit.

The Ayesha had missed a Japanese warship by only a few hours on the day of her arrival at Padang, and her luck still held good after her departure. For the next three weeks she made herself as inconspicuous as possible, meanwhile making such headway as the fluky weather permitted toward one of those long-predetermined 'sea trysting-places,' remote from the regular trade lanes, where the German commerce destroyers were expected to repair for coal and refitting. Finally, on December 14, the Choising, a 1700-ton China coaster belonging to the North German Lloyd, hove in sight. 'Great was our joy now,' wrote Mücke. 'I had all my men come on deck and line up for review. The fellows had n't a rag on. Thus, in Nature's garb, we gave three rousing cheers for the German flag on the Choising. The men on the Choising told us afterwards, "We could n't make out what that meant, those stark-naked fellows all cheering!"'

After two days' delay on account of a storm, the men of the Emden were transferred to the Choising, and the brave little Ayesha, whose log showed

1,709 miles of sailing since she had left Keeling, was sent to the bottom.

'She was n't at all rotten and unseaworthy, as they had told me,' wrote Mücke, 'but nice and white and dry inside. I had grown fond of the ship, on which I could practice my old sailing manœuvres. . . . That was the saddest day of the month. We gave her three cheers, and my next yacht at Kiel will be named the Ayesha.'

IV

On the Choising Mücke came upon the story of a journey round the world by a man called Meyer, in which the statement was made that the Hedjaz or Pilgrim's Railway (which really runs from Damascus only to Medina), was completed to Hodeidah, on the Red Sea. As this appeared to offer the only possible chance of ultimately reaching Germany again, the young officer, who had temporarily assumed command of the Choising, resolved to run for the Arabian coast. The narrow Strait of Perim, 'swarming full of Englishmen,' was passed on the night of January 7. The next night, nosing in toward a string of lights which, it was thought, might mark the pier of Hodeidah, the Choising almost rammed a French armored cruiser lying at anchor, but managed to back away without awakening suspicion. The next night Mücke and his men, in four boats, effected a safe landing, and, after the usual parleys with a suspicious gathering of Arabs, made their way safely along to the sun-scorched streets of old Hodeidah. Here the Turkish soldiers saluted them as allies and friends, and assured them that, though the railway was still hundreds of miles to the north, it should not be difficult for them to make their way to it by caravan. Hearing this, Mücke, as soon as it was dark, sent up a red star rocket, the signal

agreed upon to let the captain of the Choising know that he was safely started on his way home and that the way was clear ahead. As a matter of fact, his troubles were just beginning.

It was Mücke's original plan to make his way northward by the interior route, not only because it was more salubrious than that along the coast, but because it took him beyond the reach of interference by the British blockaders. His party, however, appears never to have penetrated far beyond Sana, in the highlands of Yemen. He is quite silent in all his published interviews and lectures regarding what occurred during the two months following his departure from Hodeidah, the only explanation advanced being that 'the time spent in the highlands of Sana passed in lengthy inquiries and discussions that finally resulted in our foregoing the journey by land through Arabia for religious reasons.' Doubtless, this is as much as he would be permitted to reveal of the condition prevailing in a region which always has been, and probably still is, in revolt against the Turks. All the party, many of whom were suffering from fever, benefited greatly by the sojourn in the high, dry valley in the Yemen Mountains.

Returning to Hodeidah early in March, no alternative was left for Mücke but to work his way up the coast in boats to the better controlled region in the vicinity of Jeddah and Mecca, an undertaking which, what with the hostile Arabs ashore and the British patrol off-coast, placed him almost literally between 'the devil and the deep sea.' The party divided and set sail in two *tsambuks*, native craft of about fifty feet length and twelve feet beam. Mücke purposely set a Saturday evening for running through the British blockade line because, he writes, 'I knew the English liked their weekend rest so well.' Whether or not the

blockade was suspended at this time he does not state, but, at any rate, both *tsambuks* slipped safely through. After that, by keeping in the shallow coastal waters, the danger from warships was minimized, but the immunity was dearly bought. By keeping an incessant watch for three days, the boats managed to avoid the reefs among which they navigated. Then the larger craft, in endeavoring to thread a passage already safely negotiated by its lighter mate, struck a sharp rock, filled and sank. Twenty-eight men, among whom were four typhoid convalescents and Mücke himself, were thrown into the shark-infested water. An Arab fishing-boat stood by, but, observing the sun helmet of one of the Germans, its crew became suspicious and refused to take any chances in saving the Giaours. At last the other *tsambuk* hove in sight, and ultimately managed to pick up the men in the water by using its tender, a sort of dinghy in which only two could be taken at a time. The rescue work was not completed until far into the night, and one of the typhoid patients suffered so severely from the shock and his long immersion that he died a few days later. The next day two machine-guns and most of the rifles were brought up by Arab divers, but none of the recovered weapons proved entirely dependable afterwards. The worst loss, however, was the medicine, especially the quinine, for the want of which there was much suffering later.

The remaining *tsambuk* somehow managed to flounder on to Konfida, where another boat was secured to take the place of the one that had foundered. Four more days of creeping up the coast took the party to Lith, where definite word that three English ships were blockading Jeddah forced the amphibious men of the Emden back upon land again. The region of hostile Arabs was not yet passed, but Mücke

did not hesitate between the near certainty of an English prison and the risk of a fight with Bedouins. Hastily gathering a caravan of a hundred camels, the Germans set out overland for Jeddah, the nearest point where Turkish authority was fully established.

At first the Arabs contented themselves with circling in the distance out of rifle range; then, their audacity increasing with their numbers, they made an attack on the night of April first. Firing began from all sides in the darkness, but the Germans, hastily improvising rough defenses from their camels and baggage, held their ground till daylight, then rushed out and routed the enemy with bayonet charges.

'They fled, but returned again,' writes Mücke, 'this time from all sides. Several of the gendarmes who had been given us as escorts were wounded; the machine-gun operator, Rademacher, fell, killed by a shot through his heart; another was wounded; Lieutenant Schmidt, in the rear guard, was mortally hurt. He had received a bullet in his chest and abdomen.'

All day there was intermittent sniping, and in the intervals of firing the Germans worked hard on their fortifications — a circular barricade, fifty yards in diameter, of live camels, saddles, and rice- and coffee-sacks filled with sand. Using hands, bayonets, and tin plates, they scooped out a trench inside of this, and back of it built a shelter for the sick and wounded. In this strange fortress the precious water-supply — two jars and ten kerosene-cans — was buried in the sand.

The following morning, under a flag of truce, the Arabs made an offer to allow the Germans to go free on the delivery of all their arms, water, provisions, and twenty-two thousand Turkish pounds. Mücke responded that the money question did not interest him in the least, as he had not a single *piastre*;

and as for arms, it was not the custom for Germans to give them up as long as there was any one to fight with them. Then the shooting began anew, and continued throughout the day. During the night Lieutenant Schmidt died from his wound, and his grave was carefully smoothed over to obliterate it and thus protect his body from defilement by the Mohammedans should the camp have to be abandoned.

By the third day both munitions and water began to run short. The Arab *zaptiehs*, or gendarmes, with the party relieved the water situation somewhat by cutting the throats of the wounded camels and drinking the noisome yellow liquid from their 'reserve' stomachs. The Germans, unable to swallow this nauseous substitute, kept up as best they could on the three small cups of water a day that was served to them. The fact that they dared not wear their sun helmets for fear of offering better marks for the Bedouins made the suffering from heat intense, and sunstroke prostration was added to the other troubles. The guns became so hot that the barrels seared the flesh of the hands that touched them, while the air grew black with a plague of flies drawn by the decomposing bodies of the camels.

When night fell, the Germans dragged the carcasses of the animals which had been killed during the day as far as possible from the fortifications, but even then the odor was unbearable. It was good hunting for the hyenas. They came in droves with the darkness, their horrible laughter resounding through the desert silence. One could see them creeping like black shadows round the dead camels and hear them snarling. One of them, coming too near the redoubt, was shot by Mücke himself, who thought one of the Arabs was trying to creep up on them.

When another emissary from the attacking band approached again to

discuss terms of surrender, the situation appeared so desperate that Mücke asked for a parley with the Sheikh himself, intending to finish that worthy with his revolver, and then lead his men out to die fighting. The Arab leader, scenting trouble, declined to show himself; but the Germans, not to be balked, commenced preparations for a sally which, if successful, was to be extended to an attempt to cut through to Jeddah. Before the first of them had climbed the parapet, however, a commotion in the enemy's ranks was noticed, and presently the Arabs began to disperse in all directions. The cause of this became evident a few minutes later, when two camel-riders, waving white banners, topped a sand-dune to the north, and the Germans soon learned that a relief force dispatched by the Emir of Mecca was drawing near.

Under this strong escort the men of the Emden reached Jeddah the following day, only to learn that the Turks were powerless to protect the caravan route to the terminus of the Hedjaz Railway at Medina, and that they must either remain where they were indefinitely, or else take to the sea and brave the British blockade again. As usual, Mücke decided in favor of the alternative that promised to carry him most quickly homeward, irrespective of risk; and after a day or two of rest in the historic old ports he put his men on a couple of *tsambuks* and commenced another game of hide-and-seek with the British patrol. Gunboats of the enemy were sighted every day, but by keeping the Europeans out of sight the *tsambuks* were given so much the appearance of harmless Arab fisher-craft that they were not molested.

Not until nineteen days had passed, during which they skirted several hundred miles of reef-armed coast-line, did they reach a region where Turkish authority was sufficiently establish-

ed to allow the overland journey to the Hedjaz Railway to be attempted. The *tsambuks* were abandoned at El Wesh, where Suleiman Pasha provided a strong escort for the five-day caravan journey to El Ula, where a special train from Damascus awaited the long-expected men of the Emden.

The arrival at El Ula marks the end of the epic adventures of the little band of adventurers; the rest of their journey was a triumphal progress through

Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, culminating in the magnificent moment which stirred us to acclamations even on the 'movie' screen. Then we saw only the bowed head, the lowered sword-point, the moving of the lips of the young 'triumphator.' This is what he said:—

'Beg to report most obediently, Herr Admiral, landing corps of the Emden, forty-four men, four officers, one surgeon.'

WAR AND THE SEXES

BY ELLEN KEY

I

THE first year of the war was nearing its close when a middle-aged American woman, visiting in my home, said to me, 'Nowhere will the war bring about a more radical change, more unexpected changes, than in the relations between the sexes. What way out will be found by the millions of women who more than ever must give up all hope of realizing their longing for love and children?'

A few months later I had with me another American woman, — this time a young girl, — who put the same question, only with the alteration natural to her age. 'What will become of all us young girls who formerly could reasonably expect to marry, but who now see our chances infinitely diminished?'

Millions of older women are wondering, like the first one, for the sake of the younger ones; millions of younger ones are wondering for their own sakes.

The answer can only be this:—

After the war, woman's prospects, from the point of view of her natural duty — motherhood — will be dark indeed.

The number of women who will have to dismiss all thought of marriage — already far too large — is destined to become much larger still. The number of those who lead immoral lives and are childless, or who bear illegitimate children, will therefore increase. Others, from a sense of patriotic duty to which appeal has already been made, may marry invalids. How many of these will be disappointed in their most justified wishes for happiness! Those women who have chosen among the men who are rejected from military service quite often have defective children. The possibilities for millions of women who are now at the most favorable age for marriage decrease steadily, for with every day that goes by the number of young men who might return from the

war without severe bodily or mental injuries grows less and less — not to mention the millions who will never return. And, lastly, the higher the development of women, the more they chafe under the 'patriotic' mandate to bear many children to replace the nation's losses. For they know that, from the point of view of their personal development as well as that of the race, *fewer but better* children are to be preferred.

If, therefore, the future is dark for the women of the warring countries, is not the present much darker? Apart from all the women who, directly or indirectly, have been killed by the war before ever becoming wives or mothers, there are all those who have borne children during the horrors of war — children that died soon after birth; there are those who have been separated from children whom they will probably never recover; there are those who bear the children of the invading enemy. Added to these is the host of women who have lost their fathers and children; all the widows, all the homeless, that war has created. Any one who considers this carefully must admit that it is not only the flower of the nation that is blighted by war. No; war has the same effect on the tree of the race as the act of mischievous boys who girdle the trunks of birch trees in the spring, when the sap is flowing.

II

A considerable number of plans have already been suggested in Europe to relieve the abnormal sex-conditions, which have, of course, met with much formidable opposition.

Some one in London has conceived the idea of founding a 'society for the marrying of wounded heroes' — an appeal to woman's self-sacrifice and patriotism to make the lives of these

men bearable and to propagate children who will inherit their fathers' qualities of heroism. These wives, who would, in most cases, have to become the supporters of their families, would, therefore, be paid a man's wages and would, in many cases, also be given a stipend to facilitate their marriage. Moreover, in order to insure suitable mating, it is suggested that recourse be had to selective committees of clergymen and physicians; it is evidently not proposed to let the parties themselves choose. Women who are physically strong will be expected to marry men who need to be carried or pushed in a chair. Blind men, who can still at least enjoy good food, will be married to good cooks, and so forth.

It seems impossible to believe the statement that the society already has hundreds of thousands of female members. Can it be possible that women are willing to offer themselves for such a pitiful purpose — where love is quite out of the question?

In Germany some one has suggested that the government give invalids an opportunity to own their homes. This would enable the heroes of the war to found families — for it is to be expected that thousands of heroic women who are widowed by the war will remarry these invalids. Another thoughtful German has suggested that the government open a marriage department, partly to further early marriages, partly in order to help young men make suitable acquaintances. The young men who survive the war, he thinks, will not have time for the social life that formerly gave them opportunities for becoming acquainted.

At the beginning of the war, before any one suspected either its length or the number of its victims, a German feminist wrote an article decidedly consoling to the German women, pointing out that the greatest percentage of

marriages in Germany took place after the War of 1870. This was, however, the result of the great economic boom that this war brought Germany. It gave the young men of between twenty and thirty the chance that they otherwise too often lack, of having a family. The same authoress predicted the duplication of this state of affairs as the result of German victory in the present war; but after twenty months of desperate struggle, such an optimistic view can hardly be sustained. The capital accumulated by the prosperity of the last decades is quickly disappearing. The future of every country is being more deeply mortgaged with every hour that passes. The graves that are now being filled with the bodies of youths of sixteen and seventeen are growing in number. It is not strange, therefore, that here and there the idea of polygamy, which already had its advocates in Germany before the war, should now be considered as tenable from the standpoint of race-hygiene. Those men who return sound from the war know for a fact that young Germans puremindedly and seriously consider this idea from patriotic reasons.

And the same idea has been openly expressed by an Indian prince studying sociology and ethnology in Oxford. He points out that even before the war England had 1,200,000 more women than men; and with the present losses of young men between the ages of twenty and thirty, he estimates that every fourth woman in England must remain unmarried. Similar conditions must naturally follow in other countries. Of course, from the point of view of race-hygiene, only those men who are physically, psychically, and morally sound should be allowed to marry two wives. Love must, of course, be sacrificed for the sake of patriotism; and women (this prince believes) will sooner make this compromise than remain

single for life. From the standpoint of the race, to be sure, such marriages are infinitely to be preferred to invalid marriages; but it does not seem probable at present that any state will formally adopt this idea. It is probable, however, that there will actually be a state of polygamy such as existed after the Thirty Years' War. The increase of population will, therefore, probably be greater than a condition of strict monogamy would permit. But it is unlikely that many unmarried self-supporting women will replace marriage with free love. The question is, whether these women will want to become mothers; and if so, whether the community will lend dignity and responsibility to such form of matriarchal law.

In most countries where these questions have been seriously considered, very rational means have been found for increasing the birth-rate. In Germany, for instance, they have done away with the law preventing women with children from becoming teachers, as well as the difficulties attending military marriages, and the red tape attending the remarriage of the divorced; and they have also increased the salaries of the official class.

A question that is causing great anxiety in Germany is the danger to maternity in the increase and spreading of contagious diseases during the war. Another source of anxiety lies in the disastrous effect of nervous shock and life at the battle-front on the potential fatherhood of the race. For these reasons, many women who marry men returning from the war are destined to remain childless.

III

First in the sphere of literature, then in that of social work, and finally from the point of view of race-hygiene, people everywhere during the last few decades have been considering

the problem of the unmarried mother and her child. All those who, for humanitarian and social reasons, urged the care and protection of the community for these mothers and their children were considered apostles of immorality. This was the case, for instance, with the German women, who, ten years ago, formed a society for the protection of motherhood — a society that the woman's movement in Germany refused to recognize. The first year of the war, however, brought about a radical change in the attitude of the opposition. The war had the advantage of making it possible for a great number of engaged couples, who had a long period of waiting before them, to marry. Often, to be sure, they were separated immediately; often they never saw each other again; but the young wife or widow, in case she became a mother, had at least that happiness left her. And the race was increased by what science now considers the most valuable human product, the children of young lovers. In England the percentage of marriages in 1915 increased enormously, and two-thirds of these marriages were war marriages.

But war marriages have not always been possible; a great many soldiers left only a sweetheart at home. When later on in the course of the war the soldiers were given a furlough in the interest of the race, no difference was made between the married and the unmarried; and in the homes now opened in every country for the care of poor women during their confinements, no difference is made between married and unmarried mothers, just as no difference is made in corresponding homes for legitimate and illegitimate children. Thanks to these precautions, the birth-rate in Germany has not fallen as much as was feared. The fact that the battlefields swallow up millions of lives makes the birth-rate a national ques-

tion and revolutionizes ideas of sexual morality. Everything is now looked upon in a Spartan spirit as being a matter of the State. All these facilities for military marriages are being made because the State expects the men to propagate themselves before they die. It is to ensure a good crop of soldiers for the year 1935 that Joffre has, to the greatest possible degree, given the French soldiers four days' leave with free journeys home. It has been proposed in France to tax the unmarried and childless and to reduce the taxes of those who are married or have many children; and similar measures will probably be taken in the other warring countries.

What was formerly considered a sin — loveless marriages contracted simply for the purpose of having offspring — will perhaps, from the national point of view, come to be considered a duty hereafter. The bearing of children outside of marriage, and perhaps other deviations from the ideal of monogamy, will be practiced openly after the war to a far greater extent than was done secretly by people of Europe before the war. Twenty months of war have already dealt heavier blows to the foundations of 'Holy Marriage' than all the 'apostles of immorality' were able to compass. That all new forms of sex-relation will not be *officially* sanctioned is self-evident, but they may have the sanction of custom; and this, in some cases, means more than the approval of the State.

When the German 'Society for the Protection of Motherhood' celebrated its tenth anniversary in 1915, Helena Stocker was able to show that the protection of motherhood, which, ten years ago, was almost considered indecent, had become the watchword of the day. The 'Society for the Protection of Motherhood,' the German 'Society for the Increase of Population,' and another

er for the protection and growth of the race, all met in October, 1915. And for each of them the principal question was, how to diminish the mortality of infants, and how best to extend the protection of motherhood. For financial aid during confinement and illness, nursing premiums, and so on, they now turn to the State. The idea that I have so long advocated, that *mothers should be considered the servants of the State*, has already been taken up in Germany. And no difference is made between married and unmarried mothers.

Another moral question that was previously discussed — that of birth-prevention — has come up again during the war. In East Prussia the question has been discussed as to whether the law against abortion should be suspended for those women who fell victims to the Russian soldiers. And in France, where many women have, with great suffering, borne the children of their enemies, some people still advocate preventive measures; some one even suggested killing these children, in order to ensure the purity of the race. Surely one cannot go further from the ideals of Christian morality! And though these suggestions have been rejected, the mere fact that they have been discussed proved what this whole war has so clearly shown: that the religion of Europe is no longer that of *Christianity* but that of *nationalism*, and that everything that is considered good for the nation is assumed to be right.

IV

The question for the future will be whether patriotism will have become to such a degree a religion to women that they will be willing to sacrifice their idea of love — which, to the more advanced modern woman, had also become a religion — and marry for the convenience of the State. In the rela-

tions between the sexes love had for many women become so sacred that they were willing to sacrifice their joy in possessing a home and children, so as to remain true to the ideal of love they were unable to realize.

The gift of adaptability that the war has shown woman to possess in every other sphere will probably help most women to adapt themselves to new matrimonial conditions. Light women have, during the war, been satisfied with any lover chance brought along; they have easily replaced their husbands with others. To them, therefore, love is not a question of the heart, as it is to refined and true women. The same is the case with prosaic, earth-bound women, who will no doubt be satisfied to marry according to arrangement.

But one thing is certain, and that is that after the war very many women simply *will not have the strength* to undertake the duties of marriage, — at least, not if they are to have large families. Even before the war, many women found the fourfold duties of a wife — to help support the family, to bear and care for children, to be the companion of her husband, and to care for the home — too much of an undertaking. After this war, millions of women will have to become the supporters of their families, even if their invalidated husbands are able to contribute. Many women will have to be nurses to the husbands whom the war has returned to them a wreck. With the new taxes, the burden of making both ends meet will be greatly increased. Through the loss of the male members of the family, women have become the sole supporters of the old and helpless of the family. Many of these, to be sure, will not have been able to survive the sufferings and deprivations of the war, but those who are left will be dependent on the arm of a single woman. In some cases, no doubt, women will have become physi-

cally and psychically stronger through the work and sacrifices war has brought on them. Many imaginary illnesses will have disappeared, but such cases are, no doubt, comparatively few compared to those where women's health has been ruined by the sorrow and tribulations of war. Therefore they will have to spare themselves in some sphere. And the only possible sphere will be that in which the state will expect most of them: motherhood.

I have never agreed with those feminists who claim that the one way in which the married woman proves her worth is by her ability to earn a livelihood. Her ability to bear and educate her children and build a home is so handicapped by her leaving her home to procure a livelihood that the only way to solve the problem would be to consider her motherhood a state service, and reward it accordingly. In America, one state has already begun to give a 'Mothers' Pension' to poor mothers, so that they will be relieved of the duty of supporting the family during the tender years of the child, and will be able to devote themselves instead to the duties of upbringing.

But this ideal way of solving the problem of motherhood and self-support was very distant even before the war, and though now, in the interest of the birth-rate, there is a good deal of talk about different means of helping mothers, when peace comes the people will have to shoulder the mountain of war debt, and there will be hardly any funds left in Europe with which to help women. Therefore, this ideal solution of the problem will be postponed to a still more distant future. Among the nations so heavily oppressed by the war, it will inevitably be necessary to count on a far greater number of women having to become self-supporting than formerly. This will bring about very radical changes in the community, in

economic conditions, in family life, and in the increase of population. Family life, during the next generations, will be more sober, more prosaic. The death of so many men will, to a certain extent, do away with competition between the sexes, but also with marriage. The number of illegitimate children will increase, but they will be better cared for. On the whole, the increase of population will be hindered by woman's inability both to bear and provide for children, and to those who look upon woman as the producer of soldiers, this will seem a misfortune. To those, however, who look upon the matter in a more human way, it will, on the contrary, become a condition for future development that women resolutely refuse mass production of children, and more consistently seek to improve the quality of humanity, while they, at the same time, try more energetically to procure the right to have a share in dictating the politics on which the lives of their sons and daughters are so dependent.

V

Women were aiming at this already before the war. The more capitalistically organized the productions of a country are, the smaller the birth-rate. This fact had already begun to create what the eminent sociologist, Goldscheid, terms *Human Economy*. In an excellent pamphlet, *The Woman Question and Human Economy*, he shows that the woman's movement must centre round human economy. When woman, as a producer of humanity, becomes conscious of herself, she will rise up against the unfruitful fruitfulness that has been her lot. She will no longer bear a great number of children, half of whom die for lack of vitality or because the parents have not the means to bring them up, and the other

half of whom are quickly decimated by an industrialism that takes account only of the quantity produced, not of the human material involved. She will no longer bear sons to be used up for war; and when the majority of women revolt against the abuses that they have been subjected to, then even men will be forced to resort to human economy to replace the present waste in the field of labor, and, preëminently, in the field of war. Goldscheid wrote this *before* the war.

If women, after the war, willingly comply with the wish for 'national child-bearing,' and 'patriotically' support this competition, they do not deserve anything better than that their sons twenty years hence shall fill new trenches! Let us hope that they will not be willing!

If, for national reasons, woman should become untrue to the highest instincts of her nature, which lead her to give the race only children of love, she will sink so deep that neither the right to vote nor any other rights will be able to help her. Warning voices have already been heard pointing out that, from a biological point of view (that is, the transmission of hereditary traits), love is necessary. My intuition in this respect seems therefore to be verified. What love means to spiritual happiness every one knows who is truly loved. It may be selfish to think of one's self; but for the good of the race, one may well wish that the women of the generation out of which every fourth must remain single, will sooner bear this sacrifice than submit to bear loveless children for the sake of the nation. The more advanced youth of the Latin countries had already begun to embrace the idealism of the Germanic races, and to reject the old custom of marriages arranged by parents. Among the Germans and English, as well as other Germanic peoples, popu-

lar opinion had gone so far as to regard the *mariage de convenance* as a lower form of marriage. To return to this form would seem a sin to all emancipated souls, even if the temptation came in the disguise of 'national welfare.' The degradation of sexual morals that follows every war will be of little consequence compared to this lowering of our sex-ethics which have taken thousands of years to develop.

Camp life and long sojourns in conquered towns always lower the morals of otherwise pureminded men. Has not this war given proof enough of the degree to which the vicious elements of these vast armies can go, in spite of all discipline? In the long run, however, women's sacrifice of herself to the supposed needs of her country would be more detrimental to the race than these lapses, which, during the war, have already caused so many diseases and other unfortunate consequences.

It is to be noted here that many of the psychic disturbances due to the war are partly attributed to the arresting of normal sex-conditions. A German neurologist, for instance, thinks that the psychic epidemics which cause people to create, believe, and spread the wildest and most unreasonable rumors, are partly due to the unbalanced mental condition caused by an unnaturally arrested family life. It seems more likely, however, that a critical consideration of impressions and reports is made impossible through the absence of that reasoned restraint that in normal times keeps the imagination and judgment of the educated within certain bounds. This unbalanced state of mind is shown by a *new category of crimes* that have come up since the war, in which women play an unusually large rôle. They help to set afloat false and scandalous rumors—for instance, that another woman, during her husband's absence, has taken a lover. There are such cases,

and they often lead to tragic results on the husband's return. Yet the whole affair may not infrequently have started in another woman's unbalanced imagination. And, when they are driven to bay, such scandal-mongers often declare that they were impelled by some inexplicable mysterious power. It is not unusual, for instance, for women to tell their relatives sorrowful and quite unfounded news from the front. These psychic manifestations remind me of another form of false witness that was common during the witch-trials that flourished during the hysterical condition after the Thirty Years' War. That the German women throw flowers, cigarettes, chocolate, and the like, to prisoners of war may, in some cases, be attributed to compassion, but often also to a form of sentimentality which sometimes shows itself in a cruder way. The fact that a German woman was imprisoned for suggesting to a Russian prisoner that they marry on his release goes to prove that neither flirtation nor love is restricted by race-theories.

Abel Hermant speaks of the 'woman who does not know that there is war in Europe.' They are found in every country, and comprise a nation in themselves, just as the mothers do. The members of the first-mentioned class have, at all times, proved very inimical to any uplifting influences, but that they may have good sides that come to the fore in times of war is indisputable.

VI

The war has destroyed millions of homes. It has shattered happiness beyond all belief. It has spoiled innumerable lives, and yet we must remember that it has also made unforeseen happiness possible. The literature of the war is full of stories of the heroic women

who have braved every danger in order to be able to follow or become united with their lovers. It also tells of unions that have been sundered, and of anguished doubt that has become crushing certainty. Even in the love-life of the community, war brought some slight compensation with its incalculable evil. It has sometimes appeared as the deliverer as well as the enslaver.

The war has called forth a new and pathetic phenomenon in the nation of mothers. From many of these one has heard the cry, 'My son is dead — give me another.' They have heard of some homeless soldier, whom, without knowing him, they have overwhelmed with presents, even offering him a home. It is natural that many pathetic and comical discoveries have been made when the two have finally met. Such is also the case when many of the unmarried women, both young and old, meet their 'war-sons.' A small refined woman may discover that her war-son is a coarse brutal fellow; or the reverse may be the case. A young man who entertains romantic ideas about the woman he corresponded with, may return to find her an ugly old maid, or a young girl may find her war-friend to be a serious, elderly man. In many cases, however, these new relationships have been a source of harmless joy.

The fact that many little war-children have been adopted by mothers who have lost their own children, or by women who have never known what motherhood means, shows one of the ways in which women have been able to glean some sweetness from the bitterness of war. But how meagre, how artificial are these joys compared to all the natural, life-giving, promising human relationships that have been crushed under the iron hoofs of the black horse of War!

A DIFFERENT WORLD AFTER THE WAR

BY BOUCK WHITE

SAID Lord Rosebery at London University not long ago: 'All Europe is disappearing, never to return in its present shape. At the conclusion of the war, the form it will assume will be unlike anything with which the world has grown familiar.'

His words stand too nakedly. It is not a time for cocksure prophesying. The breakup is over too wide an area, and is of so dismaying a complexity, that no intelligence is sufficiently cosmic to receive all of the factors and mould them into a coherent forecast. This much of his prognostication, however, is certain: Christendom at the close of the war will be in a state favorable for a reshaping into something different, something higher than it ever has been before.

The termination of hostilities is going to be the signal for a volcanic outburst. Through a large part of the last year I have been in Europe. I was in the trenches, field-hospitals, dugouts, and headquarters of high military command. I conversed with the men, sharing their dangers, their hardships, their pleasures. At the rear likewise, removed from the shouting and the tumult, I talked with peasants in their ancient habitations. I went over into Spain and traveled through France; I was in Switzerland and Italy; I touched at Greece when the Balkan outburst was preparing; I was in Asiatic Turkey; I passed through Bulgaria a couple of times, and was in Rome. From both Flanders and the Dutch coast I watched the naval activities on the

restless North Sea waves. I visited Germany, and England immediately thereafter. Front and back, on both sides of the battle-lines, I have seen.

In Europe's populace a restive spirit is setting in. Not articulate as yet. It has not bubbled up to the surface. But deep down, the fires are boiling; the brew is simmering. At the front in Flanders, I lived in a hamlet where the reserve trenches were dug. Here the troops from the front fire-line would come back at periodic intervals for recuperation, preparatory to a new turn at the parapets some miles across the meadow. A railroad train came once a day, connecting with the world outside. This train brought us the mail, including daily papers. Two dailies largely circulated among the soldiers were *La Bataille Syndicaliste* and *La Guerre Sociale*. The censor could expurgate the red matter from their pages, but he could not expurgate the title at the top, or the hundred subtle suggestions of revolt everywhere in their columns; and they were sold openly by hawkers. I asked one of them how these two papers went. 'Grandly,' said he; 'I sell 'em by the dozens.'

I am not saying that the presence of these papers betokens any trend toward present rebellion. The people in the trenches opposite are a sufficient deterrent. But I am saying that, with the coming of peace, the minds of soldiers nourished on this daily nutriment will be in a mood for anything but tame acquiescence if the terms of that peace should prove the war to have

been fruitless. One day, so it is reported, a sign appeared above the German parapet: 'The English are fools.' The sign disappeared, was succeeded by a second: 'The French are fools.' A third: 'We Germans are fools.' A fourth pointed the moral: 'Let's go home.'

I was riding on the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad into Constantinople. Traveling in a compartment with me were some German soldiers, sent to the Levant. One in particular interested me. He had no enthusiasm for the war. Not that he was a shirker. Grit was finely in his composition. But he had no liking to throw his young life into a conflict of dynasties. I asked him then why he was in the war. He told me it was because he was forced. He quickly sought to cover up the nakedness of the avowal — for we were in the zone of martial law, and girt with espionage — by deriding the British. 'The English Tommy,' said he, 'is bribed into the war by belly-bait — roast chicken and jam tarts. Anybody would fight, if he could see that kind of ration-limber driving up through the communication trenches three times a day.' Thereupon he went off into a description of the hard fare that the Teuton Tommy got. It recalls the prediction of Herr Bebel: 'As long as all goes well and victory crowns our banners, they [the German Socialists] can do little but let themselves be swept along with the triumphant flood. But once let the impression take root that Hohenzollern prestige has lost its magic — once let the War Lord's pride be humbled by a genuine disaster to his arms — then prepare for a miracle.'

The prevailing sentiment in Austria I found to be one of profound lethargy. There the war is most unpopular. Now that they are in, they have got to keep on — like men in a treadmill, exhausted but still ceaselessly tramping on, because sharp knives wait at the bottom

to impale whoso faints or lies down. Said the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Austria's Socialist organ, recently, 'Duty bids us be silent, but our hearts are burning.'

Throughout the central empires the idea I received from all save the military was that of a people who had got into the war without knowing it, and were now stunned by the fact beyond the power of intelligent activity to redress the evil. The Socialist organ, *Soltbrecht*, publishes this excerpt from a secret manifesto circulated by the Socialists of Austria-Hungary: 'After the war we shall imitate the French, who found a way to a republic through revolution.'

The voices of unrest in England are many. I was talking in London with J. Ramsay Macdonald, Member of Parliament, who has been foremost in protesting against the war. 'You would be surprised,' said he, 'to see the letters I get from people who wish to hearten me in my stand, and to assure me that I am not alone.' And he pointed to a great heap of correspondence on his desk.

In Italy I was talking with a high official in one of the legations at Rome. The conversation turned on the slow progress made by the Italian troops. 'There's a reason,' said he; 'Italy has not called out her full force.' 'Why not?' I asked. He looked at me a moment. 'Don't you know,' said he, 'that Italy has been for a number of years on the verge of a social overthrow?' Count Tasso Tassinari, defending Italy for not taking part in the recent Balkan campaign of the Allies, writes: 'Salandra and Sonnino were loath to try the dangerous experiment of sending our men to foreign soil. Italy is enough for us, is the battle-cry of Italian Socialists; and Socialism in Italy is a very powerful party indeed.'

One night I was traveling through the Thracian Plain in European Tur-

key. It was on the railroad that fed the Gallipoli front. A Turkish officer was aboard, returning from service in the trenches. At a country station our train was side-tracked — it was a one-track road — to give troop-trains the right of way. The officer and I had got acquainted, and, as he spoke French, we were able to converse. It was moonlight. We left the train, climbed upon a stack of hay by the side of the railroad that had been accumulated for the transport horses, and spent the midnight hour in talk. Knowing that I was a war reporter, the burden of his talk was for me to use my influence to get America to intervene and stop the war. 'Not that we are afraid of the enemy,' said he; 'don't get that idea, Mr. White! We can take care of all that come against us. But of what use is the bloodshed? Slaughter, slaughter, slaughter! And on both sides. Yes, we have heavy casualties, as well as England. I'm willing to tell you the truth. No good will come of it all. More graves, more people mutilated, more families without a head. Help persuade America to stop the war, Mr. White. You will be doing a splendid thing.'

The sudden martial-law dissolution of the Duma some time ago is eloquent of the ferment within Russia's vast territories. And an order found on a French captive this past winter tells the same tale: 'The army commander has learned with indignation that, at several places on the front, conversations and even handshaking with the Germans have taken place. I am at a loss to understand how a Frenchman can sink so low as to shake hands with such bandits.'

Everywhere, save among the officers who are gaining glory, or among the army contractors who are heaping up riches, the war is growingly unpopular. The people impressed me as flies caught all in the same trap, and buzzing angri-

ly to find some outlet from the intolerable situation; colliding with each other the while. Life in Europe becomes every day more insufferable. As the back grows weaker, the load waxes heavier. Irritation is heaping up, mountain high. At present this irritation vents itself in wrath against the enemy. But with the coming of peace, that enemy will fold its tents and vanish. Then the dynamic hour will strike.

Always the disbandment of an army is a time of difficulty; and for good reason. War is a kind of playtime. It is a break in the monotony. One of the facts that most strongly impressed me in Europe was the zest of life at the front compared with the humdrum existence of those who were left behind. I saw both classes and I know. Not that I am underestimating the privation of the men in the trenches. I know what it is for soldiers to tramp in the mire. I have done it with them. I know what it is for weary men to sleep in the rain-soaked straw within gun-fire of the foe. I have shared that straw with them. I know what it is to be amid the screech of shells and the buzzing of bullets. None the less, I am certain that in time of war the army is the privileged class. They live a life in the outdoors in cheering *camaraderie*; they have no anxiety as to their daily bread; they are ministered unto in the matter of clothing and medical supplies. Each detail of their life is thought out for them by another. Their lot, of course, is one of peril, but the excitement nullifies the psychological effect of it. I remember being in a front trench in Flanders, at a point where the enemy was very close. The bullets were whistling, so that in walking about I ducked my head. The officer with me pooh-pooed my fear. 'You don't need to be afraid,' said he. 'Why, those bullets are at least three feet over our heads.' Danger gets to be a negligible factor in

the soldier's life. His existence is one long camping-out party, with the privations, to be sure, that always attend a camping existence, but also with the happiness that goes with a bivouac in the open. When men habituated to the care-free life of the camp come back into civil surroundings, with their normal restraints and their drudgery, they are ill at ease. It is ever a time of stress to the social fabric.

There is still another reason. A time of war is a time of gag-law. Discontent may arise in the heart, but it is not allowed utterance. A prime purpose of the declaration of martial law is to put padlocks on every tongue, whereby turbulent spirits are forced to keep an unwilling silence. Therefore, during an extended reign of martial law, inflammable material accumulates in the heart. With the coming of peace this lid is lifted. As a consequence the pent-up dissatisfaction, which in many cases has festered and gone morbid because of the unnatural restraint, surges forth. The spirit of criticism in the people is then like a young and vigorous dog which has been a long time tethered and is suddenly let loose — it dashes forth with an energy proportioned to the length of time of its tethering. Hearts now dumb in silence will not permanently hold their peace, but will voice their displeasure at the secret diplomacies which led the world into so evil a conflict — diplomacies wherein the masses were as sheep appointed for meat.

The experience of Paris after the Franco-Prussian war is to the point. The opening of the gates of Paris to the Prussian conquerors was the signal for an uprising of the larger part of the French army. Three hundred thousand of the National Guard refused to surrender their arms to the French government located at Bordeaux. Baricading the streets of Paris, they drag-

ged cannon to the heights of Montmartre, and from thence resisted all overtures of surrender. Pitched battles were fought between the rebels and the regular army at Versailles. The latter finally pierced the barricades, but even then the fury and the folly of the Communists were not at an end. They had put the direction of their affairs in the hands of half a dozen men as wild of head as themselves, and now this self-styled 'Committee of Public Safety' began an era of destruction. They murdered their prisoners and set public buildings in Paris afire. The 'Red Week' in May, 1871, will not soon be forgotten by students of social history. At one time four or five of the splendid architectural monuments of this queenliest of cities were in flames. Even the Tuileries did not escape the fire-brand, so that the Louvre, with its ageless and irreplaceable treasures of art, was threatened. Fortunately, the troops from Versailles burst into that part of the city in time to extinguish the flames and save the Louvre; but the Tuileries palace was beyond saving. It is a melancholy fact that Paris suffered more from her own infuriated populace after the war than she did from the Prussians.

The soldiers who will come back to the haunts of peace at the close of the present conflict will have abundant pegs upon which to hang the themes of their discontent. Of these, the burden of taxation will probably be the chief one. Holiday-makers ordinarily take their outing on money saved up beforehand, so that their return to the work-a-day world, when the vacation is at an end, is not made more cheerless by debts. Military campers, however, pay for the outing after they go home. In other words, the expenses of a war are paid out of borrowed money which must be repaid when the soldiers return.

On a dining-car in France, traveling from Paris to Havre, I was seated opposite a Frenchman of some position in the world of affairs. We conversed on various things. As we were approaching the military zone, I broached the subject of the army. 'Let us not talk about the war,' he entreated. Nor was I long in learning the reason. 'The economic crisis after the war,' said he, 'will be something formidable.' A time of war is ever a time of inflation. The artificial prosperity produced by armament orders and the disbursement of huge war budgets creates a semblance of business activity. Helfferich, Minister of Finance of the German Empire, reckons the cost of the war at seventy million dollars daily. That amounts to \$25,000,000,000 each year. Borrowers ride prosperously for a season, but their judgment day is never far off.

There is still a further cause for the popular restiveness that always follows war. During the military operations, the people are in a semi-hysterical state of excitement which prevents them from taking due note of the miseries that the war is accumulating. With the signing of peace, this excited state of the nerves passes, and, like the ebbing of a tide, lays bare the mud-flats of reality in all their unsightliness. Some of the governments are refusing to publish the number of the dead, or any statistics as to the wounded. But these figures will refuse to be covered up forever. The casualties will some day be reckoned. The returning soldiers and the communities that greet them will have full leisure to count the losses and to observe the mutilated wretches of men dragging their bodies along every street.

All of this spells a popular reaction when peace is finally ratified. War is like the debauch of a drunkard. In the evening, among the wine-cups, his state is glorious, but with the morning after

comes headache and a time of irritation against himself and the world. Unless all auguries are at fault, the present conflict will not be attended by decisive victory on either side. There will be, therefore, no spoil to divide; nowhere an indemnity to restore the ravages. So that in all of the countries the returning soldier will be faced by a diminishing budget and a swollen debt. The greater part of Europe will feel the heave of the rebellious tide. A wave always gains in height as the breadth and volume of the creating disturbance extend. Europe, when the peace concordat is signed, must face a time of tumult. A fire will be kindled, and it will be tempestuous.

There is likelihood that uprisings will blaze out against the wealthy in Europe's chief cities. When the common soldiers come back from the war and face the misery and mutilation round about them, they are going to behold along the Wilhelmstrasse and Piccadilly and the Champs Élysées mansions little touched by privation. They will see palaces full of all manner of goods; a life of sumptuous splendor, not pinched to the point of pain by the desolation of the residue of the people. An irritation will be kindled within them, particularly when they remember that the statesmanship which precipitated the war was in the hands largely of the same ruling aristocracy. Some of them will go against those palaces with a shout.

The tide of passion sweeping over Europe will make itself felt in America. The world is at last one. Oceans no longer separate. The Atlantic is a broad and smooth highway rather than a barrier. This internationalizing of the world will envelop America in the tumult; she will feel the backwash of the European wave. In 1776, our Revolution had a quick repercussion in Europe. Lafayette and his compatri-

ots went back from Yorktown to carry the sacred fire to the avenues and the thoroughfares of Paris; the French Revolution that broke out in 1789 was the lineal descendant of the American Revolution of 1783. There would, therefore, be a working of the law of compensation if the direction of the tidal advance should now be reversed, and America were caught in the swell of a European wave, as Europe aforetime was caught in the swell of the American wave. A windy storm is on its way.

The important thing is that this stirring and upheaval on the part of the multitude be turned to reconstructive account; else it will go off into red excess. Indeed, very clear and foresighted eyes have detected this darker possibility, and on both sides of the battle-front. Said von Bülow to the wife of a Roman minister some months ago: 'Germany's efforts are indeed great, but she has an army, the best army in the world. Next spring this army will be increased by 4,000,000 new men, and even if we do not win at once our resistance will be long and may be changed into victory. The war will be frightful, monstrous. It will exhaust both belligerents and neutrals, who next year will suffer famine. Revolts will follow. And the world has never seen anything equaling such a great disaster.' The London *Economist* is even more explicit: 'As soon as the main issues for which we are fighting can be achieved, it is just as much the duty of our statesmen to make peace as it was in the view of Sir Edward Grey to make war at the end of July last. The time may come before long when it will be possible to consult the dictates of humanity and at the same time secure the objects indicated by Sir Edward Grey. If such an opportunity is lost, the war will not go on forever. It will end in Revolutionary chaos, be-

ginning no one can say where and ending in no one can say what.'

In order to put a programme, something of clear-sightedness and sure-footedness, into a folk-movement, leaders of trained intelligence will be essential. Here is the danger-point in the whole situation. At present, the college minds and the people of cultivated mentalities generally, are not with the forces that make for change, but are still lolling at ease in the comfortable camp of the established order. This means that the populace is being left at present to the leadership of minds as undisciplined as itself, who, when the moment of action comes, will lead the multitude into wild orgies of excess.

It is a time for calm nerves. Tempest weather is gathering. The ship of civilization is headed for stormy seas. Wisdom commands that we read the barometer intrepidly, trim ship expertly, and set ourselves with stout hearts to ride the gale. The months still intervening should be utilized in getting ready. The 'Let-me-sleep' and 'We'll-muddle-through' policy is by every portent antiquated. Supposing that, after the war, the world should sink back into its old condition — naught to show for the waste and the blood and the infinite birth-pangs: would it not be an incalculable sorrow, an irreparable blow to mankind? Society now, if never before, must begin consciously to shape its future. And the first step to take is for the educated class in America to join itself to the disinherited mass at the bottom, sharing their privations and uncertainties and dangers.

The identification of the people of culture with the disinherited mob, while always a blessed thing, would be of transcendent value in the present crisis. I spoke of the likelihood that the stormy bosoms of the victims of the present war will, if undirected, vent their storminess in shoutings and de-

predations that will go off into blood-guilty riot. The way — the only way — to prevent that crimson outbreak is to turn those turbulent energies into constructive channels. To seek to quell the storm by screwing a lid down over the boiling pot only prepares a more violent explosion. Give the people a serious and weighty enterprise of social reconstruction; it will sober their doings. Instead of dampening their vehemence, it will encourage vehemence; but will turn those mighty energies into an adventure wherein an architectonic responsibility will guide the exuberant forces into a work of building up, instead of a work of still further tearing down.

After the war, civilization will be in the melting-pot. That will be a time of grave peril, but it will also be a time of superlative opportunity. Whenever mankind is melted up, the hot human lava can wander undirected into waste heaps and desolations; or it can be poured into channels prepared for it, and be remoulded into forms of utility and of a beauty unspeakable. Without the least question we are going to see a fluid world after the war. Upon the willingness of the people of education and culture to identify themselves with the masses in personal self-commitment, will depend whether that fluid world shall be a reflux into savagery, or an advance into a democratic reordering that shall bring industrial paradise visibly within our human horizon.

As to-day is a culmination for which long ages have worked in slow, toilsome preparation, and from which ages

still further-stretching will take their form and texture, so it is a day charged with fateful destinies that can go either into brightness or into blackness. Not often is humankind in a migratory mood. The inertia of the mind of man has ever been the despair of social dreamers: inertia, against which, as against an immovable wall, heaven-born idealists have dashed their heads in desperation and defeat. Now, however, and as a gift unasked-for, that migratory mood has arrived. The war's world-earthquake has shaken man out of his slumberings. The soul is awake, and it will rouse up in even greater alertness when the European populace, now drugged into insensibility by martial law and the battle-fever, shall wake up out of its sleep. Man is willing, as he has not been before in eighteen hundred years, to break camp, pull up stakes, leave the spot where he has been stagnating so long and so ignobly, and renew the journey of pilgrimage. It is a moment of incomparable preciousness — and of incomparable responsibility. For if man, now that he is shaking off his sloth of soul and is gathering together his spiritual effects for a resumption of his pilgrim's task, can be guided into the upward heaven-seeking path, it will be a gain worth even the blood-cost whereby it was purchased. But if, for lack of competent guides, mankind's new travel mood wears itself out in byways, its end will be in swamps and wilderness. A reaction will set in that will thenceforth make stagnation more stagnant. And the earth will have been disquieted in vain.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DISCONTENT IN A GARDEN

OUR literature has recently been enriched by a fragrant phrase, 'Content in a Garden.' The words breathe of boxwood and of roses, but observation leads me to the opinion that the phrase, 'Content in a Garden,' is as fallacious as it is fragrant.

I write as one who has for unnumbered years lived with gardeners without becoming one. I have never planted or transplanted anything, or weeded anything, but I have been torn from many a book, wrenched away from performing many a charitable deed, caught back to earth when I was walking the sky on many a country ramble, by people who demanded that I stop, look, and listen to the doings of the dirt. Gardeners among my kinsfolk and acquaintance have grasped me by the inoffensive nape of my neck and incontinently thrust my nose into the mud in order that I might see therein an indiscernible green line of lettuce.

Now, unlike other germs, the horticultural bacillus is increasing in virulence. More people garden to-day than ever before in history. Against the spread of the epidemic I have exerted my personal influence and private eloquence, but so far with small effect. I have therefore resolved to appeal to a larger public and to raise in print my warning voice, pointing out the perils to poise and to peace inherent in any intimacy with the soil.

Theoretically, I should expect as much disquietude among gardeners as I have practically observed. They voluntarily expose themselves to disillusion.

Much may be said in favor of hitching your hopes to a star, but what about burying your hopes in sixty square feet of spring mud? The wise ancients always represented the devious ways of deviltry as taking place in the hidden bowels of the earth, yet the modern horticulturist is always expecting archangelic behavior from the blackest bit of mould into which he dares to delve. In the fifth act of *The Bluebird*, where the little unborn mortals are exhibiting their transcendent inventions, portentous with future disappointment, the preponderance of disillusion is given to the gardeners. The gardeners who are going to be born and the gardeners who have been born long enough to know better are alike in expecting their daisies to be big as cartwheels, their peas to be larger than grapes, their apples to rival melons, their melons to outstrip the pumpkin. Should an intelligent investor of his life's happiness bank all on the uncertain behavior of the weather and the weevil?

Intelligence, however, is not a quality to be looked for *a priori* in a gardener. What clearness of view could you expect from people who are continually curled into a ball tending sordid seedlings? Does one not shudder to mention the mental and moral disintegration risked by association with vegetables, — instance the gross irregularities of cucumbers and cantaloupes when they neighbor each other! Is there anything in the nature of the case that should make intimacy with cabbage-heads and beet-tops contribute to spiritual uplift? Yet such is the popular fallacy.

Passing from theory to experience, one finds the gardener of all men most dissatisfied. Live with a gardener, and then prove him-her (in a discussion of horticulture, I may be excused for Burbanking my pronouns) contented if you can! Often have I welcomed a roomful of visitors and launched them into spirit-warming talk, only to have them, at some unguarded allusion, make for the open, demanding the titles of the lady-roses at the windows, and pressing on into the private life of the spinach and the cucumber — conversation that leaves me out in the cold, for not even appendicitis can produce the clacking congeniality of comparing flower-beds. After the guests are gone, I am called upon to comfort my household horticulturists for envy implanted by boastful visitors; I am told that our peas and our pansies are not so large as we supposed — and yet they tell me they are contented folk, these gardeners!

To me the gardening mania is but one more example of the modern unrest, so extensively advertised. True, there might be content in gardens if owners were ever satisfied with them as they are; but they are haunted by new combinations, new experiments. They are always wanting to paw their parterres to pieces and set them out anew. You no sooner get used to a garden than it is n't there. You try to follow a primrose path and you become entangled in blackberry bushes. You put forth your hand to pluck a violet and you prod up a radish.

Another form of restlessness exhibited by gardeners is their fret after fertilizer. They can never get enough, and they can never get the right kind. If only they could, their dreams might come true. Fertilizer becomes an obsession from which they never escape. If you take a gardener with you on a country ramble, he-she will be want-

ing to dig up the woodland loam to enrich the back yard. He-she will never see the white-dotting loveliness of old farms, without wanting to scoop whole barnyards into the picnic lunch-basket. If you are caught up to the sky on the wings of the sunset, you will be hauled down with the Whitmanesque appeal for your sympathy,

'Behold this compost! behold it well!'

I have noted with pain the subtle disintegration of mind and character which awaits those addicted to horticulture. The utter uncertainty of the material with which they deal causes the sanest people to become superstitious, so that you will have them solemnly declaring that certain seeds must be planted at the waning of the moon. Sweet peas have some mysterious association with St. Patrick's Day. I am not sure whether some of my friends would not go the length of an incantation, or of a pact with Satan, to achieve a perfect cantaloupe.

You might expect the winter solstice, by its absence of stimulus, to repair the moral ravages of the summer, with its demoralizing sowing and reaping. On the contrary, when the winds of January whip the windows, out come the flower catalogues, those glowing monuments of false promise. Forgetful of last season's failures, the gardener's eyes, feasting on pictured roses, grow bright with delirium. In hectic rhapsody he whispers enchanted names — Fiery Cross, Phantom Blue, Sunnysbrook Earliana, Arabis Alpina, Beauty of Hebron (this last a potato). By means of the flower catalogue is the gardener rendered perpetually credulous, only to be perpetually disillusioned — a hardy perennial of discontent. These same ornate annuals corrupt honest minds, so that you will discover gardeners practicing deception, concealing their bright flower-books in laps that

appear to be reading the war news, and you are constantly intercepting clandestine trips to the mail-box and the dropping therein of surreptitious mail-orders.

A love of gardening is the root of still another evil: misanthropy. Gardeners become suspicious of even their nearest and dearest; they bring monstrous accusations, charging them with rolling upon the asparagus bed, with blighting the strawberry blossoms, with devouring a ten-foot row of young onions. Cynicism extends even to the birds of the blue, so that for all their singing throats they are looked upon as marauders only, and cheery redbreast is despised for his delinquencies in regard to ripe cherries. Thus does the gardener, his soul buried fast in furrow and flower-bed, look askance at both man and nature. I ask, do any of the qualities he exhibits justify his pride in that gentle phrase, 'Content in a Garden'?

WHISKERS IN PEACE

WAR and whiskers have always alliterated; no defense or explanation need be offered for the *poilus*. Heroes and fighting men have been bearded since the beginning; in war the razor rusts.

But in peace the beard should be carefully appraised. Why do men wear beards? And in offering the question for sober thought I am revealing an important index of human nature. In running over the names of men whom I have known personally, the bearded and the shaven separate themselves easily. All the bearded have traits in common; the shaven show greater variety of characters, yet they are essentially different from the bearded, despite shaven chins.

It is not easy to express what I feel to be true of bearded men whose traits are so cleverly hidden, or betrayed, by the whisker as almost to defy words.

With or without the 'watery smile,' the educated whisker is of first importance. The educated whisker is not an unconscious growth; it is willfully cultivated and shows attention. Marks of distinction, upon examination, are sometimes found to reside wholly in the educated whisker; one often feels that the distinguished man, shorn of his beard, would be as commonplace as the rest of us.

A difficulty arises when one puts the very personal question: Is the whisker a sign of irrepressible manliness, or is it merely a decoration, an ornament? Is it, to change Shakespeare slightly, an excrescence of strength? An increment of valor? Judicious observation and experience lead me to think that this is far from being the case. My bearded friends are no braver than the shaven. Indeed — and here one goes deeper into the subject — I have noticed signs of extreme caution, of nervous withdrawal from difficulty, of actual timidity, among bearded men. Not always separable from the beard, however, I have also noticed signs of self-importance, assertion, even pomposity — qualities that not only do not preclude timidity, but are apt to arise from a constitutional sense of fear.

The most terrifying bearded man that I ever knew was an atheist and anarchist. His beard radiated with the violence of his ideas. The safe and sane avoided him, mothers forbade their daughters to receive him at the house. He rebuked church-goers by passing them in jacket and breeches, averting his gaze in contempt for silk hats and the conventional observance of the Sabbath day. He was a dangerous man; no man with such a beard could be persuaded or controlled. I never shared the common opinion, for his uncomfortable doctrines seemed to me to be merely sentimental. Years afterwards I found him married to a gentle

Catholic lady, content with a small salary, and wearing two waistcoats, although the day was warm.

I have rather sadly to record the conviction that in so far as beards are supposed to reveal valor, learning, professional ability, wisdom, or virtue, they are far from reliable. So fallacious are they that the more luxuriant and cultivated the beard, the fewer of these prime qualities do I expect to find. This is a hard saying; yet a bit of psychology may justify the contention.

Let us consider the man with retreating chin. He may grow a beard and hide it, or he may frankly shave the exiguous offender, careless whether it recedes or not. The utmost candor may be seen in a shaven chin; and of all the manly, valorous qualities that of candor, downrightness, may be ranked first. The weakness attributed to a retreating chin may be canceled by shaving it. The man who accepts his face as nature gave it to him, braving it to the world without concealment or decoration, must be classed among those with the manly quality. Cartoonists and novelists have waved the weak chin to the limbo of the inefficient and inept. Let the man without the masterful jaw take heart; he has but to shave to show the qualities desired.

Or, with whatever degree of pain, let us contemplate the mobile or protrusive Adam's apple. Shall a man allow it to divulge its movements up and down, or conceal it with a beard? Upon the decision of this question, essentially a social one, hangs the character of a man. The shaven throat asks no quarter; it bares its incongruities to the irresponsibilities of débutantes, to the ridicule of eager girls. It may disappear in the comfort of a cigarette; it may rise to the exigencies of the misunderstood Filipinos. Meanwhile the bearded man across the mahogany does not betray himself; his girl listens in proud content-

ment, secretly exulting over the profile of a well-kept beard.

If the beard is cultivated for decoration rather than concealment or disguise, less should be said. The mirror is a woman's refuge and retreat; only actors and the bridegroom may employ it self-consciously. Yet a mirror is necessary for decoration. The round head requires contrasting contour of beard; the long face will instinctively select one of compensatory nature. Most men recoil from whiskers obviously grown for beauty. Yet few men have been so dull as not to respond to the inspiration of Simon de Vos's portrait of himself. No man may study that picture, blessing a room where it is hung, without craving some likeness to the painter. The beard seems the distinguishing feature, but the charm lies in the wide sympathy of the eyes, the refinement and sensitiveness of the lips. The eyes would betray the character, were there no beard; but men have grown whiskers from that picture.

With America at peace the warrior-beard, the Continental mark of masculine *élan*, invites special note. I have in mind two Continental scholars whose beards are Homeric. But upon careful analysis neither shows the initiative of his Yankee congeners. Behind the learning, the dogmatism, the intellectual system, there lurk suspicion and envy. They are at heart afraid — afraid of human nature, of representative government, of the majority, of the crude world outside of books. What a sorry figure is that of the shaven Philistine in the presence of a Homeric beard! Still, discounting face-values, what indurated fibre, as it were, — what finely tempered quality of manhood one may find in the unadorned and undisguised producers of the Commonwealth, fearlessly displaying irregularities, blemishes, and wrinkles of visage in large unconsciousness!

THE SATURDAY-NIGHT BATH

CERTAIN aspirations are so deeply rooted in the souls of men that they persist through generations in spite of every obstacle. I write in defense of one of these — a time-honored ceremonial, the Saturday-night bath.

If you are city-bred, and accustomed from childhood to step from a warm bed to a warm bathroom and thrill to an every-morning scrub, you are probably scornful of me and my theme. Let me ask you a question. Did you ever, on a freezing winter day, stand precariously in one slippery wash-basin while you sponged your shivering self with about a quart of water from another china bowl? If you think you would have persisted in this, morning after morning, in an unheated bedroom, through zero weather, I salute you! You belong to the elect. I know there are such people; my sister Frances was one of them. I remember that mother called in the family doctor to see if he did n't think it was this peculiar habit that made Frances so thin.

My own childhood, as it stretches out behind me, is punctuated at regular intervals by furiously busy Saturdays and shining, immaculate Sundays. The weekly bath was a fixed institution — no one ever went to church without it; but the problem of bathing eleven boisterous (and occasionally rebellious) children, and getting everybody finished and out of the way by nine o'clock at night, made Saturday an interesting day for mother. Considering the difficulties we had to contend with, I think we were a very industrious family about bathing. In the first place, the reservoir on the kitchen range had to be filled thirteen separate times. It was the unvarying rule that each member of the family old enough to carry a pail must bring water from the cistern in the wood-shed for the one

next in turn. It was a sad day for the wretch who used all the water and forgot to fill the reservoir. Then the tub had to be emptied each time, by dipping out the water until it was light enough to carry. Gerald and Charlie got around this once by using the same water; but mother strongly discouraged them from ever trying it again.

We bathed according to age. The baby, whoever he was, had his bath right after breakfast, while such members of the family as were not otherwise occupied stood around in an adoring circle, ready to hand the safety-pins, to warm blankets, or fly upstairs for some forgotten accessory. (I must not give the impression that the baby was washed only on Saturday. He had his bath every morning until there was a newer one.) After he was tucked away for his nap the younger children, one at a time, engaged mother's attention until dinner. She did n't superintend any but the very smallest; but she rigidly inspected each child before he was allowed to step from the tub — and woe to the culprit who had failed to wash behind his ears! We older ones took turns during the afternoon, and we had to be ready promptly and be swift in action, for getting thirteen baths out of an ordinary range-reservoir requires a high grade of efficiency. Six o'clock found us gathered around the supper table, radiantly clean and ravenously hungry. But the crowning ceremonial of the whole day occurred at nine in the evening, when mother filled the tub for father and laid out his clean things. Mother always encouraged father in bathing, and made it as easy for him as she could. In fact, as I look back upon it, I think it was mother's deep yearning for the bath that kept us all in the paths of virtue. Her own ablutions occurred late at night, after the rest of the family were sound asleep.

Stationary tubs and running water were virtually unknown in Brierly at that time, and our experiments with substitutes were varied and interesting. I remember a tin tub, painted blue outside and white inside, with a back to lean against like a sleepy-hollow armchair, and little round soap-dishes on each side of the rim. We children sat Turk-fashion in it, and could lean back comfortably between scrubs. It must have been in one of these intervals of rest that Caroline, burning with injury over some family disagreement, scratched the following sentence on the inside of the rim, with a pin: "Edward is an ugly, naughty boy. Hi yi, ki yi!" Edward's bath came after Caroline's, and this judgment confronted him weekly, as long as the tin tub endured.

The rubber tub was bought when Tryphena had inflammatory rheumatism, and was a great luxury in those days. It was made of pliant rubber, and hung from a wooden frame which rested on two chairs. In repose it was about the size and shape of an ordinary porcelain tub, but it "gave" so unexpectedly when occupied, and was so very slippery, that getting in was a science, staying in an adventure, and getting out an art.

The courthouse burned down just about the time that mother read *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and I think a vision of Roman *tepidaria* must have lingered in her mind when she built the Little Room. Father sent home two tall glass doors from the courthouse fire — all that was left of the building. Presumably they were given to him because he was the judge. Mother conceived the idea of walling in the little porch just off the kitchen and using these glass doors as part of the east wall. This was how the Little Porch became the Little Room. In the floor of this room mother instructed the surprised carpenter to build a tub, about

six feet long by two and a half wide. He made it beautifully smooth inside, and calked the seams so that it could not leak. A drain was constructed leading into a gravel bank under the porch. The tub had a cover which matched the floor and which, when let down, transformed our bathroom to sun parlor. We were jubilant over this invention when it was finished; but long before the carpenter's bill was paid on the installment plan, our illusions were dispelled. The drain refused to work as it should, and for a discouraging length of time after each bath the tub would stand half full of water. After the cover had been left up once or twice, and several of the family had walked into it in the dark, we gradually gave up using it.

We had one small room called the Bathing Room, but no one ever bathed in it within my memory. The old black walnut washstand used to be kept there, which perhaps gave rise to its name. Later, as the family grew and closets became congested, hooks were installed all around the Bathing Room, and we hung our Sunday clothes on them. Still later, the baby's crib stood there — but the name remained. This, and another room called the China Closet, where no china ever was, together with the Library, where mother kept her canned fruit, were a source of never-failing glee to visitors.

In summer we sometimes bathed upstairs, but we objected to this in our youth because the water had to be carried up and down. It is true that Sherman and John conceived the labor-saving idea of pouring it out on the wood-shed roof, but they did it only once. Mother happened to be giving an order to the grocery boy at the moment, and he came out of the back door just in time to get the soapy flood squarely down his back.

As we grew older, we developed an

etiquette of bathing. A small clique, led by Frances, insisted that it was only decent to save half the water to rinse off in. Some of the rest of us warmly argued this point. We held that it was impossible to take a real bath in half a reservoir of water, and that the results obtained by rinsing did n't compensate for the extra labor involved. Personally, I went through life unrinsed until we moved to the city. Arthur was the one to found a cult of outdoor bathing. In an angle formed by the walls of the dining-room and the library he constructed an impromptu room of sheets strung on clothes-lines, with the russet apple tree for one corner. "No roof but the blue above us. No floor but the beaten sod." The idea took like wildfire. Bathing out of doors, with the apple blossoms and blue sky over our heads, took on a tinge of romance that was not to be resisted. But of course it was limited to the very warmest days in summer.

When all was said and done, the thing we always came back to, like returning to the old-fashioned safety-pin after all these new-fangled contrivances to keep your skirt in place, was a wooden wash-tub by the kitchen stove. There we arranged clothes-bars and

chairs, draped them with sheets, blankets, and father's army blanket, to insure privacy, and successively performed the Saturday rite, while the rest of the family waited their turn.

Of course the old order changed in time. Galvanized tubs succeeded wooden ones, and finally a windmill and a tank on top of the house brought running water. When father gave up a country judgeship for a law office in town, and we moved to the city, bathing became an everyday affair.

I would not say a word in deprecation of modern plumbing. Beyond a doubt it is one of our greatest blessings and the herald of a true democracy, when there shall be neither a "great unwashed" nor a "submerged tenth." But, somehow, Saturday has lost its savor. Life is tamer than it used to be. No man in his senses would wish, in this day of Pullman sleepers, to cross the Great Plains in a prairie schooner, but the names of the men who risked their lives to do it are enshrined in history. And so I think we ought to build a little altar to the middle-class country mothers who, in the face of every obstacle, kept the Saturday-night bath a sacred institution, and handed it down to their children inviolate.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

The experience of your anonymous contributor, as told in the May *Atlantic*, is singular but not unique. From a scrapbook of the war-days of 1861, I extract the subjoined stanza of a poem in which the writer tells how he approached the Infinite. No name is given; it was but the vagrant verse from the poets' corner of a country

newspaper; but it is of a quality that makes it live ever after in the memory of the reader.

Only sometimes we lie,
Where autumn sunshine streams like purple
wine
Through dusky branches, gazing on the sky;
And shadowy dreams divine,
Our troubled hearts invest,
With the faint fantasy of utter rest—
And for one moment we
Hear the long wave-roll of the infinite sea.

